

Library

St. Olaf College

Northfield, Minn.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM
WYCHERLEY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE SECOND VOLUME *containing*

❧ THE COUNTRY WIFE ❧ THE PLAIN DEALER

❧ LETTERS

SOHO

THE NONESUCH PRESS

30 Gerrard Street, W.

MCMXXIV

PR 3771
98
v. 2

*This edition was printed and made in England
in the Summer of 1924. It is limited to nine
hundred sets of four volumes on antique laid paper,
and seventy-five sets of four volumes on English
hand-made paper.*

The Contents

THE COUNTRY WIFE: P. 1.

THE PLAIN DEALER: P. 89.

LETTERS: P. 197.

 Upon Several Occasions: P. 199.

 To Pope (complete version): P. 205.

 To Pope (as edited by Pope): P. 221.

 Two Hitherto Unpublished Letters: P. 242.

 Epistles in Verse: P. 243.

Textual Notes: P. 277.

Explanatory Notes: P. 285.

THE
COUNTRY-WIFE
A
C O M E D Y

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL

Written by Mr. *WYCHERLEY*

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.*
Horat.

Source

THE suggestion of the main theme of *The Country-Wife*, Horner's device, Wycherley derived, no doubt, from the *Eunuchus* of Terence, but it is only the barest hint which he has thence. The *Eunuchus* is the finest of Terence's surviving comedies, and Suetonius (*Terentii Uita*) tells us that it was immensely popular: "*Eunuchus* quidem bis die acta est; meruitque pretium quantum nulla antea cuiusquam comœdia, id est, octo millia nummum." Donatus also writes of the extraordinary, but not undeserved, success of this fine play: "Et acta est tanto successu ac plausu atque suffragio, ut rursus esset uendita, et ageretur iterum pro noua: proque ea pretium, quod nulli ante ipsam fabulam contigit, octo millibus sestertiûm numerarent poetae." The *Eunuchus* was first produced at the Megalensian Games, A.U.C. 591 (B.C. 162). It is largely founded upon a comedy of the same name by Menander, as Terence himself avows in the Prologue:

Quam nunc acturi sumus,
Menandri Eunuchum.

With this material Terence combined a second of Menander's comedies, Κόλαξ, which had, indeed, been previously used both by Naevius and Plutus. Athenaeus quotes from the original play by Menander, and Nonius Marcellus cites the expression *batiola aurea* (a golden goblet) from the *Colax* of Plutus.

The *Eunuchus* has been given on the English stage; for on 9 July, 1717, at Drury Lane was performed *The Eunuch*, translated from Terence by L'Estrange and Echard. It was acted twice.

Terence was also adapted in a farce by Thomas Cooke, *The Eunuch; or, The Darby Captain*, some twenty scenes following the French arrangement, interspersed with songs. This was first performed at Drury Lane, 17 May, 1737, as an afterpiece to *Cato*. There is some borrowing from Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus*. Courtly Senior (Este) presents Dorinda, his mistress (Miss Brett), with the Eunuch (Leigh), and Courtly Junior (Stoppeleer) takes the place of the castrato to gain access to Belinda (Mrs. Villeneuve). The intrigue is assisted by Trusty (Winstone), servant to Courtly Senior. Macklin played Captain Brag, and Dick Turbutt, Needy his parasite; Pyrgopolinices and Artotrogus of Plutus. The term a Derby Captain is thus explained: There was a house in Covent Garden celebrated for selling nappy Derbyshire ale, cheap and much drunk. After the Peace of Utrecht a number of officers who had been in Malborough's wars were much reduced, and those who lived in London frequented this house in great numbers, whence arose this particular appellation. So in *The Confederates*, a rhyming farce, unacted, printed 8vo, 1717, as by Joseph Gay,—for whom see *The Dunciad*, II:

Curl stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone:
He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a *John*;

(a *Joseph* being an old-fashioned coat)—, but which is in truth from the pen of Captain John Durant Breval, and a smart burlesque upon *Three Hours after Marriage*, we have the following lines:

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Not far from hence, there is a noted lane,
Where *Darby Captains* ev'ry night abound,
For want of valour and of pence renown'd,
Those I'll engage; and that they may not fail
Bribe them with mutton chops and pots of ale.

The Eunuch ; or, The Darby Captain was printed 8vo [1737].

In Duffett's rhyming comedy, *The Spanish Rogue*, produced by Killigrew's company in 1673, the device employed by Mingo and his counterfeiting himself to be a eunuch may be derived from Terence.

The Eunuchus was largely utilized by Sir Charles Sedley in his best comedy, *Bellamira ; or, The Mistress*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1687, and licensed for printing 24 May of that year. This excellent piece is a very frank satire upon Lady Castlemaine. Lionel (Chærea), in order to visit Isabella (Pamphila), passes himself off as Pisquil (Dorus), and so obtains admittance to Bellamira's house.

Crowne, in his trenchant satire upon disloyalty, *City Politiques*, produced after delays and difficulties with the Lord Chamberlain, either in December, 1682, or early in January, 1682-3 (4to, 1683), has taken from Wycherley the episode of Florio, who feigns illness in order to pursue his amours with Rosaura, the Lord Podesta's wife. Clever and amusing as Crowne's scenes are—his political satire is poignant in the highest degree—they pale in comparison with Wycherley's master touches.

Of the resemblance between an episode in Burnaby's *The Ladies Visiting-Day*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1701, and *The Country-Wife* a detailed account may be found in the Introduction.

From *L'École des Femmes*, produced 26 December, 1662, with Molière as Arnolphe and Mlle de Brie as Agnès, Wycherley has taken a mere hint. He has also employed two incidents in *L'École des Maris*, produced 24 June, 1661. The scene where Mrs. Pinchwife makes her husband the bearer of a missive to Horner may be paralleled with Act II, Scenes 5, 6, 7, 8, of the French comedy, where Sganarelle, at Isabelle's direction, presents Valère with a letter thinking it to be the gallant's own billet-doux. The device which enables Mrs. Pinchwife to be conducted to Horner by her husband, who imagines he is escorting Alithea, has its counterpart when Sganarelle, deeming her to be Léonor, brings Isabelle to Valère. But it must be acknowledged that whatsoever Wycherley has borrowed he has made his own and wrought it with his native genius.

Theatrical History

AFTER the initial success of Wycherley's brilliant comedy, *The Country-Wife* passed into the repertory of the theatre, and being frequently acted was as frequently received with unbounded applause. At the Union of the two Companies in 1682 and the retirement of many members of the original cast, some new allotment of the rôles became necessary for a special performance in 1683. No detailed record, however, seems to have been preserved of this, but Cibber tells us that Mountfort excelled as Sparkish. This famous actor "could at once throw off the Man of Sense for the brisk, vain, rude, and lively Coxcomb, the false, flashy Pretender to Wit, and the Dupe of his own Sufficiency: Of this he gave a delightful Instance in the Character of *Sparkish* in *Wycherley's Country-Wife*." There were also important productions in 1688 and 1695.

On 12 April, 1709, *The Country-Wife* was given at Drury Lane for the Benefit of Mrs. Bicknell who acted Mrs. Pinchwife. The play, which was announced as "Not acted 6 years," a statement which need not be taken too literally, was repeated several times during that season. Robert Wilks appeared as Horner; Mills, Harcourt; Powell, Pinchwife; Dicky Estcourt, the mimic, the Quack; Colley Cibber, Sparkish, in which he was altogether admirable; William Bullock, "the best comedian since Nokes and Leigh," Sir Jaspas Fidget; Mrs. Bradshaw, Alitheia; and Mrs. Powell, My Lady Fidget.

In *The Tatler* of 16 April Steele published the following remarks upon this performance:

"Will's Coffee-house, April 14.

"This evening the Comedy, called *The Country Wife*, was acted in Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. *Bignell*. The Part which gives name to the Play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty Figure, and exactly entered into the Nature of the Part. Her husband, in the Drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the Town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age makes him choose a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The Poet, on many occasions, where the propriety of the Character will admit of it, insinuates that there is no defence against vice but the contempt of it: and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted Innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good Education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous Coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his Pain by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of *Horner*, and the design of it, is a good Representation of the Age in which that Comedy was written: at which time Love and Wenching were the Business of Life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at Court. To this only it is to be imputed that a Gentleman of Mr *Wycherley's* character and sense condescends to represent the Insults done to the honour of the Bed without just Reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations had been a Monster, and a Poet had at that time dis-

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

covered his want of knowing the Manners of the Court he lived in, by a virtuous Character in his fine gentleman, as he would show his ignorance by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience."

On 18 May, 1715, *The Country-Wife*, again announced as "Not acted 6 years," was revived at the same theatre. Wilks played Horner; Barton Booth, Pinchwife; Cibber, Sparkish; Mills, Harcourt; Ryan, Dorilant; "Jubilee" Norris, who, according to Mrs. Oldfield, was the best figure for a cuckold she had ever seen, Sir Jaspar Fidget; Mrs. Pinchwife, Mrs. Bicknell; Alitheia, Hester Santlow of the soft voice, innocent aspect, modest attire, decent gestures, but a strumpet, having been the very mercenary mistress of the Duke of Malborough and Mr. Secretary Craggs, a lady afterwards married to Booth; My Lady Fidget, Mrs. Saunders, Pope's Betty, the friend and confidante of Mrs. Oldfield; Mrs. Dainty and Mrs. Squeamish by Miss Younger and Miss Willis, described as "Young Persons." Mrs. Willis lived to a great age, and in after years was much applauded "in low humour," the rôle she made particularly her own being the Old Lady in *Henry VIII*, a study full of truth and nature.

On 4 October, 1725, *The Country-Wife* was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, "Never acted there." Ryan acted Horner; Quin, Pinchwife, one of the greatest creations of his genius; Hippiisley, a merry grig, Sir Jaspar; Eggleton, Sparkish; Walker, the original Macheath—Quin refused the part—Harcourt; Digges, Dorilant; Hall, the Quack; Mrs. Pinchwife, Mrs. Younger, "her first appearance on that stage"; My Lady Fidget, Mrs. Christopher Bullock, the daughter of Wilks and Mrs. Jane Rogers; Alitheia, Mrs. Parker; Lucy, Mrs. Morgan; Mrs. Dainty, Mrs. Ward; Mrs. Squeamish, Mrs. Butcher. The comedy was repeated eight times that season.

Owing to Quin's superlative performance *The Country-Wife* was frequently to be seen during his stage career. On 4 February, 1735, he played Pinchwife to the Horner of William Mills, supported by Theophilus Cibber as Sparkish; Griffin as Sir Jaspar; Mills, Harcourt; Shepherd, the Quack; Kitty Clive, Mrs. Pinchwife; Mrs. Butler, a duke's illegitimate daughter, and the original Millwood in *The London Merchant* (*George Barnwell*), an actress of much real merit but whom a foolish faction tried to set up as a rival to Mrs. Cibber, Alitheia; and Hannah Pritchard—of whom more than a quarter of a century later Churchill wrote:

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still—

gave a magnificent rendering of my Lady Fidget.

At Covent Garden, 12 January, 1742, Quin being absent in Ireland where he played for two seasons, Bridgewater, an actor of most grave and solemn manner, appeared as Pinchwife; with Ryan as Horner; Hippiisley, Sir Jaspar; Tom Chapman, famous for Shakespearean clowns but eager for Richard III, Othello, and Oroonoko, Sparkish; Hale, Harcourt; Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Pinchwife; and my Lady Fidget, Mrs. Mullart.

Quin, however, returned to England in 1742, and at Covent Garden on 15 November of that year he was acting Pinchwife to the Mrs. Pinchwife of Mrs. Cibber.

The Country-Wife was given at Drury Lane, 28 November, 1748, with Palmer as Horner; Bridgewater, Pinchwife; Richard Yates, "Laugh'd at by all, and to him—

THEATRICAL HISTORY

self unknown," Sir Jaspar; Woodward, Sparkish; and Kitty Clive, Mrs. Pinchwife. This was the last production of *The Country-Wife* until the present century.

On 26 April, 1765, at Drury Lane, "for the benefit of Miss Slack and Mr. Lee," Mrs. Hopkins appeared as Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, and there followed a farce in two acts, adapted from Wycherley by John Lee, entitled *The Country-Wife*. Horner, Sir Jaspar, and my Lady Fidget, with several other characters, entirely disappear. By some strange contortion Dorilant is made the lover of Mrs. Pinchwife. The second act commences with the scene where Harcourt is disguised as a parson; then follows the writing of the letter by Mrs. Pinchwife. Her husband gives it to Dorilant, who in anger casts it on the floor. Sparkish picks it up and reads it aloud. Pinchwife is furious, but Alithea suggests that he shall allow his wife all reasonable liberties. In a moment he calmly consents and—the curtain falls. The whole thing is frankly muddled, miserably flat and banal. Lee played Pinchwife; King, Sparkish; Parsons, Harcourt; Packer, Dorilant; Miss Slack, Mrs. Pinchwife; and Mrs. Hopkins, Alithea.

This vapid amalgam was seen at Covent Garden, "never acted there," 13 April, 1768, after *All for Love*, with Clarke as Pinchwife; Dyer, Sparkish; and Miss Ward, Mrs. Pinchwife. It appears at the same house, 16 December, 1776, after Mason's *Caractacus*. Lee played Pinchwife; Lee Lewis, Sparkish; and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Pinchwife. At the same house, 7 February, 1786, it follows *As You Like It*. The cast was: Pinchwife, Hull; Harcourt, Davies; Sparkish, Palmer; Mrs. Pinchwife, Mrs. Brown; Alithea, Mrs. Bates.

But not even Lee had reached the apogee of banality. That was reserved for the nice taste of Garrick, whose *The Country Girl* was produced at Drury Lane, 25 October, 1766. Here everything is altered; even several of the names. The cast was: Moody (Pinchwife), Holland; Harcourt, Palmer; Sparkish, Dodd; Belville (Harcourt's nephew), Cautherley; Peggy (Mrs. Pinchwife), Miss Reynolds; Alithea, Mrs. Palmer; Lucy, Miss Pope. We also have William, a servant; a Countryman; a Footman. Garrick had taken great pains with Miss Reynolds and specially trained her for the rôle of Peggy. This eviscerated and offensive caricature of Wycherley's comedy was applauded, and seems to have been played some fourteen times during the first season. It is impossible to imagine anything more devastatingly dull than *The Country Girl*. Garrick has added follies from Lee to his own insipidities, and the result is crystallized boredom. Says Genest, most kindly of critics: "The scenes which Garrick has substituted for those which he has omitted are insipid to the last degree." Moore has an entry in his diary: "Looked over Garrick's alteration from *The Country-Wife*. Though the very rinsings of Wycherley's play has a raciness in them that is indestructible, yet *The Country Girl* hangs flat on the palate after the other." There are hints from *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*; the catastrophe is from *L'Ecole des Maris*; several speeches and the song trolled by Sparkish are from Lee. It would be a heavy task, but fortunately it is not necessary, to detail the stage history of *The Country Girl*, and it will amply suffice to mention a few more recent revivals. Yet first it should be remarked that on 18 October, 1785, Mrs. Jordan appeared at Drury Lane as Peggy, and won a triumphant success, although it seems almost impossible that even so great a comic genius can have infused life and spirit into such flaccid scenes. *The Country Girl* has been given at intervals throughout the nineteenth century. In 1881 at the Gaiety Theatre Miss Litton played Peggy with William Farren as Moody. On 16 February, 1884, at Daly's Theatre, New York, Ada Rehan appeared as

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Peggy. Garrick's piece was also revived in London, at the Strand Theatre, 19 June, 1887; at Daly's Theatre, January, 1894; at Terry's Theatre in June, 1898, with Miss Kate Vaughan as Peggy. It is even yet occasionally seen in the provinces and the suburbs, but to sit through this play is a sensation not easily to be endured.

After a lapse of one hundred and seventy-six years, on 17 and 18 February, 1924, *The Country-Wife* was revived by the Phoenix at the Regent Theatre, London. The cast was as follows: Horner, Baliol Holloway; Harcourt, Henry C. Hewitt; Dorilant, Douglas Burbidge; Pinchwife, Howard Rose; Sparkish, Ernest Thesiger; Sir Jasper Fidget, Stanley Lathbury; Mrs. Pinchwife, Isabel Jeans; Alithea, Nell Carter; My Lady Fidget, Athene Seyler; Mrs. Dainty, Joan Vivien-Rees; Mrs. Squeamish, Colette O'Niel; Old Lady Squeamish, Louise Holbrooke; Boy, Alfred Farrell; Quack, Orlando Barnett; Lucy, Theodora Birkbeck. Wycherley's comedy, brilliantly acted in every part, was received with unbounded applause by a thronging theatre. Baliol Holloway and Athene Seyler gave performances of the most exquisitely finished art. As Margery Pinchwife, Isabel Jeans was consummate perfection.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Hart.

Pets, like Cudgel'd Bullies, never do
At first, or second blow, submit to you;
But will provoke you still, and ne'er have done,
Till you are weary first, with laying on :
The late so baffled Scribler of this day,
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we before most Playes are us'd to do,
For Poets out of fear, first draw on you;
In a fierce Prologue, the still Pit defie,
And e're you speak, like Castril, give the lye;
But though our Bayles Battels oft I've fought,
And with bruis'd knuckles, their dear Conquests bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd Odds upon the Stage,
In Prologue dare not Hector with the Age,
But wou'd take Quarter from your saving hands
Though Bayle within all yielding Countermands,
Says you Confed'rate Wits no Quarter give,
Ther'fore his Play shan't ask your leave to live :
Well, let the vain rash Fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;
But we the Actors humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full Pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder Poets for you, on our Stage :
We set no Guards upon our Tying-Room,
But when with flying Colours, there you come,
We patiently you see, give up to you,
Our Poets, Virgins, nay, our Matrons too.

The Persons

M R. <i>Horner,</i>	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
Mr. <i>Harcourt,</i>	Mr. <i>Kenaston.</i>
Mr. <i>Dorilant,</i>	Mr. <i>Lydal.</i>
Mr. <i>Pinchwife,</i>	Mr. <i>Mohun.</i>
Mr. <i>Sparkish,</i>	Mr. <i>Haynes.</i>
Sir <i>Jaspar Fidget,</i>	Mr. <i>Cartwright.</i>
Mrs. <i>Margery Pinchwife,</i>	Mrs. <i>Bowtel.</i>
Mrs. <i>Alithea,</i>	Mrs. <i>James.</i>
My Lady <i>Fidget,</i>	Mrs. <i>Knep.</i>
Mrs. <i>Dainty Fidget,</i>	Mrs. <i>Corbet.</i>
Mrs. <i>Squeamish,</i>	Mrs. <i>Wyatt.</i>
Old Lady <i>Squeamish,</i>	Mrs. <i>Rutter.</i>

Waiters, Servants, *and* Attendants.

A <i>Boy.</i>	
A <i>Quack,</i>	Mr. <i>Schotterel.</i>
<i>Lucy, Alithea's Maid,</i>	Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>

The SCENE London.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.

Hor. A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd ; they are still but in their way, both helpers of Nature.—[*aside.*]
—Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired?

Qu. I have undone you for ever with the Women, and reported you throughout the whole Town as bad as an *Eunuch*, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earnest.

Hor. But have you told all the Midwives you know, the Orange Wenches at the Play-houses, the City Husbands, and old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for they'l be the readiest to report it.

Qu. I have told all the Chamber-maids, Waiting-women, Tyre-women, and Old Women of my acquaintance; nay, and whisper'd it as a secret to 'em, and to the Whisperers of *Whitehal*; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread, and you will be as odious to the handsome young Women, as—

Hor. As the small Pox.—Well——

Qu. And to the married Women of this end of the Town, as——

Hor. As the great ones; nay, as their own Husbands.

Qu. And to the City Dames as Annis-feed *Robin*, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their Children with your name, especially their Females.

Hor. And cry *Horner's* coming to carry you away : I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd; you told 'em it was by an *English-French* Disaster, and an *English-French* Chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a Cure, but an Antidote for the future, against that damn'd Malady, and that worse Distemper, love, and all other Women's evils.

Qu. Your late journey into *France* has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not: Well I have been hired by young Gallants to belye 'em t'other way; but you are the first wou'd' be thought a Man unfit for Women.

Hor. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain Rogues be contented only to be thought abler Men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lyes another way.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Qu. You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we Operators in Physic, shou'd put forth Bills to disparage our Medicaments, with hopes to gain Customers.

Hor. Doctor, there are Quacks in love, as well as Physick, who get but the fewer and worse Patients, for their boasting; a good name is seldom got by giving it ones self, and Women no more than honour are compass'd by bragging: Come, come Doctor, the wisest Lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the tryal; the wealthiest Man conceals his Riches, and the cunning Gamster his Play; Shy Husbands and Keepers, like old Rooks are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractic'd trick; false friendship will pass now no more than false dice upon 'em; no, not in the City.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two Ladies and a Gentleman coming up.

Hor. A Pox, some unbelieving Sisters of my former acquaintance, who I am afraid, expect their sense shou'd be satisfy'd of the falsity of the report.

No——this formal Fool and Women!

Qu. His Wife and Sister.

*{ Enter Sir Jasp. Fidget,
Lady Fidget, and Mrs.
Dainty Fidget.*

Sr. Jasp. My Coach breaking just now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occasional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kissing your hands, Sir, since your coming out of *France*, Sir; and so my disaster, Sir, has been my good fortune, Sir; and this is my Wife, and Sister, Sir.

Hor. What then, Sir?

Sr. Jasp. My Lady, and Sister, Sir.—— Wife, this is Master *Horner*.

Lad. Master *Horner*, Husband!

Sr. Jasp. My Lady, my Lady *Fidget*, Sir.

Hor. So, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. Won't you be acquainted with her Sir?

[So the report is true, I find by his coldness or aversion to the Sex; but I'll play the wag with him.] *[Aside.]*

Pray salute my Wife, my Lady, Sir.

Hor. I will kiss no Man's Wife, Sir, for him, Sir; I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the Sex already, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. Hah, hah, hah; I'll plague him yet.
Not know my Wife, Sir? *[Aside.]*

Hor. I do know your Wife, Sir, she's a Woman, Sir, and consequently a Monster, Sir, a greater Monster than a Husband, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. A Husband; how, Sir?

Hor. So, Sir; but I make no more Cuckolds, Sir.

[makes horns.]

Sr. Jasp. Hah, hah, hah, *Mercury, Mercury.*

Lad. Pray, Sir *Jaspar*, let us be gone from this rude Fellow.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mrs. Daint. Who, by his breeding, wou'd think, he had ever been in France?

Lad. Foh, he's but too much a French Fellow, such as hate Women of quality and virtue, for their love to their Husbands, *Sr. Jaspas*; a Woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her Husband, as for loving their Money: But pray let's be gone.

Hor. You do well, Madam, for I have nothing that you came for: I have brought over not so much as a Bawdy Picture, new Postures, nor the second Part of the *Escole de Filles*; Nor——

Qu. Hold for shame, Sir; what d'ye mean? you'll ruine your self for ever with the Sex———
[*apart to Horner.*

Sr. Jasp. Hah, hah, hah, he hates Women perfectly I find.

Dain. What pitty 'tis he shou'd.

Lad. Ay, he's a bafe rude Fellow for't; but affectation makes not a Woman more odious to them, than Virtue.

Hor. Because your Virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam.

Lad. How, you sawcy Fellow, wou'd you wrong my honour?

Hor. If I cou'd.

Lad. How d'y mean, Sir?

Sr. Jasp. Hah, hah, hah, no he can't wrong your Ladyship's honour, upon my honour; he poor Man———hark you in your ear———a meer Eunuch.

Lad. O filthy French Beast, foh, foh; why do we stay? let's be gone; I can't endure the sight of him.

Sr. Jasp. Stay, but till the Chairs come, they'l be here presently.

Lad. No, no.

Sr. Jasp. Nor can I stay longer; 'tis—let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past eleven; the Council will be fate, I must away; business must be preferr'd always before Love and Ceremony with the wife Mr. *Horner*.

Hor. And the Impotent Sir *Jaspas*.

Sr. Jasp. Ay, ay, the Impotent Master *Horner*, hah, hah, hah.

Lad. What leave us with a filthy Man alone in his Lodgings?

Sr. Jasp. He's an innocent Man now, you know; pray stay, I'll hasten the Chairs to you.——Mr. *Horner* your Servant, I shou'd be glad to see you at my house; pray come and dine with me, and play at Cards with my Wife after dinner, you are fit for Women at that game yet, hah, ha.——['Tis as much a Husband's prudence to provide innocent diversion for a Wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had better employ her, than let her employ her self.
Farewel.
[*Aside.*

[*Exit Sir Jaspas.*

Hor. Your Servant *Sr. Jaspas*.

Lad. I will not stay with him, foh———

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see, I can be as civil to Ladies yet, as they wou'd desire.

Lad. No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to Ladies.

Dain. You as civil as Ladies wou'd desire.

Lad. No, no, no, foh, foh, foh.

[*Exeunt Ladie Fid. and Dainty.*]

Qu. Now I think, I, or you your self rather, have done your business with the Women.

Hor. Thou art an Afs, don't you see already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave Man of business leaves his Wife in my Lodgings, invites me to his House and Wife, who before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

Qu. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the Husbands, but the less with the Wives.

Hor. Let me alone, if I can but abuse the Husbands, I'll soon disabuse the Wives: Stay——I'll reckon you up the advantages, I am like to have by my Stratagem: First, I shall be rid of all my old Acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts of Duns, that invade our Lodgings in a morning: And next to the pleasure of making a New Mistress, is that of being rid of an old One, and of all old Debts; Love when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Qu. Well you may be so rid of your old Acquaintances; but how will you get any new Ones?

Hor. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good Chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient; ask but all the young Fellows of the Town, if they do not lose more time like Huntsmen, in starting the game, than in running it down; one knows not where to find 'em, who will, or will not; Women of Quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and a Man is often mistaken; but now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me loves the sport, as those Women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right: And then the next thing, is your Women of Honour, as you call 'em, are only chary of their reputations, not their Persons, and 'tis scandal they wou'd avoid, not Men: Now may I have, by the reputation of an Eunuch, the Privileges of One; and be seen in a Ladies Chamber in a morning as early as her Husband; kiss Virgins before their Parents, or Lovers; and may be in short the *Pas par tout* of the Town. Now, Doctor.

Qu. Nay, now you shall be the Doctor; and your Process is so new, that we do not know but it may succeed.

Hor. Not so new neither, *Probatum est* Doctor.

Qu. Well, I wish you luck and many Patients whilst I go to mine.

[*Exit Quack.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Enter Harcourt, and Dorilant to Horner.

Har. Come, your appearance at the Play yesterday, has I hope hardned you for the future against the Womens contempt, and the Mens raillery; and now you'l abroad as you were wont.

Hor. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dor. With a most Theatrical impudence; nay more than the Orange-Wenches shew there, or a drunken Vizard Mask, or a great belly'd Actress; nay, or the most impudent of Creatures, an ill Poet; or what is yet more impudent, a second-hand Critick.

Hor. But what say the Ladies, have they no pitty?

Har. What Ladies? the Vizard Masques you know never pitty a Man when all's gone, though in their Service.

Dor. And for the Women in the Boxes, you'd never pitty them, when 'twas in your power.

Har. They say, 'tis pitty but all that deal with common Women shou'd be serv'd so.

Dor. Nay, I dare fwear, they won't admit you to play at Cards with them, go to Plays with 'em, or do the little duties which other Shadows of men are wont to do for 'em.

Hor. Who do you call Shadows of Men?

Dor. Half Men.

Hor. What Boyes?

Dor. Ay, your old Boyes, old *Beaux Garcons*, who like superannuated Stallions are suffer'd to run, feed, and whinney with the Mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing else.

Hor. Well, a Pox on love and wenching. Women serve but to keep a Man from better Company; though I can't enjoy them, I shall you the more; good fellowship and friendship, are lasting, rational and manly pleasures.

Har. For all that give me some of those pleasures, you call effeminate too, they help to relish one another.

Hor. They disturb one another.

Har. No, Mistresses are like Books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by 'em.

Dor. A Mistress shou'd be like a little Country Retreat near the Town, not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away; to taste the Town the better when a Man returns.

Hor. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Women, as 'tis to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Money: You cannot follow both, then choose your side; Wine gives you liberty, Love takes it away.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Hor. Wine gives you joy, Love grief and tortures; besides the Chirurgeon's Wine makes us witty, Love only fots: Wine makes us sleep, Love breaks it.

Dor. By the World he has reason, *Harcourt.*

Hor. Wine makes——

Dor. Ay, Wine makes us———makes us Princes, Love makes us Beggars, poor Rogues, y gad———and Wine———

Hor. So, there's one converted.——No, no, Love and Wine, Oil and Vinegar.

Har. I grant it; Love will still be uppermost.

Hor. Come, for my part I will have only those glorious, manly pleasures of being very drunk, and very slovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. *Sparkish* is below, Sir.

Har. What, my dear Friend! a Rogue that is fond of me, only I think for abusing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the Men laugh at him, than that Women jilt him, his opinion of himself is so good.

Hor. Well, there's another pleasure by drinking, I thought not of, I shall lose his acquaintance, because he cannot drink; and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him, for he's one of those nauseous offerers at wit, who like the worst Fiddlers run themselves into all Companies.

Har. One, that by being in the Company of Men of sense wou'd pass for one.

Hor. And may so to the short-sighted World, as a false Jewel amongst true ones, is not discern'd at a distance; his Company is as troublesome to us, as a Cuckolds, when you have a mind to his Wife's.

Har. No, the Rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but ravishes our conversation, though he signifies no more to't, than Sir *Martin Mar-all's* gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the Lute, does to his Man's Voice, and Musick.

Dor. And to pass for a Wit in Town, shews himself a Fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

Hor. Such Wits as he, are, to a Company of reasonable Men, like Rooks to the Gamesters, who only fill a room at the Table, but are so far from contributing to the play, that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do.

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like Rooks too, snub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the Rogues will hang on.

Hor. A Pox on 'em, and all that force Nature, and wou'd be still what she forbids 'em; Affectation is her greatest Monster.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Har. Most Men are the contraries to that they wou'd seem; your Bully you see, is a Coward with a long Sword; the little humbly fawning Physician with his Ebony Cane, is he that destroys Men.

Dor. The Ufurer, a poor Rogue, possess'd of moldy Bonds, and Mortgages; and we they call Spend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchases of pleasure.

Hor. Ay, your errantest Cheat, is your Trustee, or Executor; your jealous Man, the greatest Cuckold; your Church-man, the greatest Atheist; and your noisy pert Rogue of a Wit, the greatest Fop, dullest Ass, and worst Company, as you shall see: For here he comes.

Enter Sparkish to them.

Spar. How is't, Sparks, how is't? Well Faith, *Harry*, I must railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha, upon the report in Town of thee, ha, ha, ha, I can't hold y Faith; shall I speak?

Hor. Yes, but you'll be so bitter then.

Spar. Honest *Dick* and *Franck* here shall answer for me, I will not be extream bitter, by the Universe.

Har. We will be bound in ten thousand pound Bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor sharp, nor sweet.

Hor. What, not down right insipid?

Spar. Nay then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows; you must know, I was discoursing and raillying with some Ladies yesterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new signes in Town.

Hor. Very fine Ladies I believe.

Spar. Said I, I know where the best new sign is. Where, says one of the Ladies? In *Covent-Garden*, I reply'd. Said another, in what street? In *Russel-street*, answer'd I. Lord says another, I'm sure there was ne're a fine new sign there yesterday. Yes, but there was, said I again, and it came out of *France*, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A Pox, I can hear no more, prethee.

Hor. No hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

Har. The worst Musick the greatest preparation.

Spar. Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, says a third Lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth Lady,——

Hor. Look to't, we'll have no more Ladies.

Spar. No.——then mark, mark, now, said I to the fourth, did you never see Mr. *Horner*; he lodges in *Russel-street*, and he's a sign of a Man, you know, since he came out of *France*, heh, hah, he.

Hor. But the Devil take me, if thine be the sign of a jest.

Spar. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiss'd themselves? what, but it do's not move you, methinks? well see one had as good go to

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Law without a witness, as break a jest without a laughter on ones side.—
Come, come Sparks, but where do we dine, I have left at *Whitehal* an Earl to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadst lov'd a Man with a Title better, than a Suit with a *French* trimming to't.

Har. Go to him again.

Spar. No, Sir, a wit to me is the greatest Title in the World.

Hor. But go dine with your Earl, Sir, he may be exception; we are your Friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do assure you.

Har. Nay, faith he shall go to him.

Spar. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Dor. We'll thrust you out, if you wo'not, what disappoint any Body for us?

Spar. Nay, dear Gentlemen hear me.

Hor. No, no, Sir, by no means; pray, go Sir.

Spar. Why, dear Rogues.

[*They all thrust him out of the room.*]

Dor. No, no.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Spar. returns.*]

Spar. But, Sparks, pray hear me; what d'ye think I'll eat then with gay shallow Fops, and silent Coxcombs? I think wit as necessary at dinner, as a glass of good wine, and that's the reason I never have any stomach when I eat alone——Come, but where do we dine?

Hor. Ev'n where you will.

Spar. At *Chateline's*.

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spar. Or at the *Cock*.

Dor. Yes, if you please.

Spar. Or at the *Dog* and *Partridge*.

Hor. Ay, if you have a mind to't, for we shall dine at neither.

Spar. Pshaw, with your fooling we shall loose the new Play; and I wou'd no more miss seeing a new Play the first day, than I wou'd miss setting in the Wits Row; therefore I'll go fetch my Mistress and away.

[*Exit Sparkish.*]

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; *Enter to them* Mr. Pinchwife.

Hor. Who have we here, *Pinchwife*?

Mr. Pin. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Hor. Well, *Jack*, by thy long absence from the Town, the grumness of thy countenance, and the slovenlyness of thy habit; I shou'd give thee joy, shou'd I not, of Marriage?

Mr. Pin. [Death does he know I'm married too? I thought to have conceal'd it from him at least.]

[*Aside.*]

My long stay in the Country will excuse my dress, and I have a suit of Law,

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

that brings me up to Town, that puts me out of humour; besides I must give *Sparkish* to morrow five thousand pound to lye with my Sister.

Hor. Nay, you Country Gentlemen rather than not purchase, will buy any thing, and he is a crackt title, if we may quibble: Well, but am I to give thee joy, I heard thou wert marry'd?

Mr. Pin. What then?

Hor. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is thou'rt a Cuckold.

Mr. Pin. Insupportable name. [*Aside.*

Hor. But I did not expect Marriage from such a Whoremaster as you one that knew the Town so much, and Women so well.

Mr. Pin. Why, I have marry'd no *London* Wife.

Hor. Pshaw, that's all one, that grave circumspection in marrying a Country Wife, is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the Country.

Mr. Pin. A Pox on him and his Simile. [*Aside.*

At least we are little surer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether soyl'd or unsound.

Hor. Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in *Wales*, and there are Cozens, Justices Clerks, and Chaplains in the Country, I won't say Coachmen; but she's handsome and young?

Mr. Pin. I'll answer as I shou'd do. [*Aside.*

No, no, she has no beauty, but her youth; no attraction, but her modesty, wholesome, homely, and huswifely, that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a Grasier as he looks.

Mr. Pin. She's too auker'd, ill-favour'd, and filly to bring to Town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her, to be taught breeding.

Mr. Pin. To be taught; no, Sir, I thank you, good Wives, and private Souldiers shou'd be Ignorant.—[I'll keep her from your instructions, I warrant you.

Har. The Rogue is as jealous, as if his wife were not ignorant. [*Aside.*

Hor. Why, if she be ill-favour'd, there will be less danger here for you, than by leaving her in the Country; we have such variety of dainties that we are seldom hungry.

Dor. But they have alwayes course, constant, fwinging stomachs in the Country.

Har. Foul Feeders indeed.

Dor. And your Hospitality is great there.

Har. Open house, every Man's welcome.

Mr. Pin. So, so, Gentlemen.

Hor. But prethee, why woud'st thou marry her? if she be ugly, ill bred, and filly, she must be rich then.

Mr. Pin. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pound out of this Town, for she'l be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a *London*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what it wou'd: so 'tis all one: then because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since filly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a Man of one and twenty, and one of forty.

Hor. Nine—to my knowledge; but if she be filly, she'll expect as much from a Man of forty nine, as from him of one and twenty: But methinks wit is more necessary than beauty, and I think no young Woman ugly that has it, and no handsome Woman agreeable without it.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis my maxim, he's a Fool that marrys, but he's a greater that does not marry a Fool; what is wit in a Wife good for, but to make a Man a Cuckold?

Hor. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Mr. Pin. A Fool cannot contrive to make her Husband a Cuckold.

Hor. No, but she'll club with a Man that can; and what is worse, if she cannot make her Husband a Cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

Mr. Pin. Well, well, I'll take care for one, my Wife shall make me no Cuckold, though she had your help, *Mr. Horner*; I understand the Town, Sir.

Dor. His help!

[*Afide.*

Har. He's come newly to Town it seems, and has not heard how things are with him.

[*Afide.*

Hor. But tell me, has Marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does.

Har. 'Tis more than age can do.

Hor. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest; but a Marriage vow is like a penitent Gamester's Oath, and entering into Bonds, and Penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager, and not being able to hold out, loses his Money again, and his forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a Gamester will be a Gamester, whilst his Money lasts; and a Whoremaster, whilst his vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known 'em, when they are broke and can loose no more, keep a fumbling with the Box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other Gamesters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes.

Mr. Pin. Well, Gentlemen, you may laugh at me, but you shall never lye with my Wife, I know the Town.

Hor. But prethee, was not the way you were in better, is not keeping better than Marriage?

Mr. Pin. A Pox on't, the Jades wou'd jilt me, I cou'd never keep a Whore to my self.

Hor. So then you only marry'd to keep a Whore to your self; well, but

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

let me tell you, Women, as you say, are like Souldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by Oaths and Covenants, therefore I'd advise my Friends to keep rather than marry; since too I find by your example, it does not serve ones turn, for I saw you yesterday in the eighteen penny place with a pretty Country-wench.

Mr. Pin. How the Devil, did he see my Wife then? I fate there that she might not be seen; but she shall never go to a play again. [*Aside.*]

Hor. What dost thou blush at nine and forty, for having been seen with a Wench?

Dor. No, Faith, I warrant 'twas his Wife, which he seated there out of sight, for he's a cunning Rogue, and understands the Town.

Har. He blushes, then 'twas his Wife; for Men are now more ashamed to be seen with them in publick, than with a Wench.

Mr. Pin. Hell and damnation, I'm undone, since *Horner* has seen her, and they know 'twas she. [*Aside.*]

Hor. But prethee, was it thy Wife? she was exceedingly pretty; I was in love with her at that distance.

Mr. Pin. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your Servant Gentlemen. [*Offers to go.*]

Hor. Nay, prethee stay.

Mr. Pin. I cannot, I will not.

Hor. Come, you shall dine with us.

Mr. Pin. I have din'd already.

Hor. Come, I know thou hast not; I'll treat thee dear Rogue, thou sha't spend none of thy *Hampshire* Money to day.

Mr. Pin. Treat me; so he uses me already like his Cuckold. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Nay, you shall not go.

Mr. Pin. I must, I have business at home. [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

Har. To beat his Wife, he's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapside* Husband of a *Covent-garden* Wife.

Hor. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old Whoremaster without Jealousie and the Gout, as a young one without Fear or the Pox.

As Gout in Age, from Pox in Youth proceeds;
So Wenching past, then Jealousie succeeds:
The worst Disease that Love and Wenching breeds.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, and Alithea: Mr. Pinchwife
peeping behind at the door.*

Mrs. Pin. **P**RAY, Sister, where are the best Fields and Woods, to walk in, in *London*?

Alit. A pretty Question; why Sister! *Mulberry Garden*, and *St. James's Park*; and for close walks the *New Exchange*.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Sister, tell me why my Husband looks so grum here in Town? and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best Gown yesterday?

Alith. O he's jealous, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Jealous, what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you shou'd love another Man.

Mrs. Pin. How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another Man, when he will not let me see any but himself.

Alith. Did he not carry you yesterday to a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but we fate amongst ugly People; he wou'd not let me come near the Gentry, who fate under us, so that I cou'd not see 'em: He told me none but naughty Women fate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I wou'd have ventur'd for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the Play?

Mrs. Pin. Indeed I was aweary of the Play, but I lik'd hugeoufly the Actors; they are the goodlyest properest Men, Sister.

Alith. O but you must not like the Actors, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, how shou'd I help it, Sister? Pray, Sister, when my Husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. A walking, hah, ha; Lord, a Country Gentlewomans pleasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her Husbands Horses. *[Aside.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife to them.

But here comes your Husband; I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Mrs. Pin. He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the Pox.

Alith. Fie, the small Pox you shou'd say.

Mrs. Pin. Oh my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why dost thou look so fropish, who has nanger'd thee?

Mr. Pin. You're a Fool.

[Mrs. Pinch. goes aside, & cries.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. Faith so she is, for crying for no fault, poor tender Creature!

Mr. Pin. What you wou'd have her as impudent as your self, as errant a Jilfirt, a gadder, a Magpy; and to say all, a meer notorious Town-Woman?

Alith. Brother, you are my only Censurer; and the honour of your Family shall sooner suffer in your Wife there, than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the Town.

Mr. Pin. Hark you Mistrifs, do not talk so before my Wife, the innocent liberty of the Town!

Alith. Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what Lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill Women frequent my Lodgings? I keep no Company with any Women of scandalous reputations.

Mr. Pin. No, you keep the Men of scandalous reputations Company.

Alith. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? answer 'em in a Box at the Plays? in the Drawing-room at *Whitehal*? in *St. James's Park*? *Mulberry-garden*? or——

Mr. Pin. Hold, hold, do not teach my Wife, where the Men are to be found? I believe she's the worfe for your Town-documents already? I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed be not angry with her Bud, she will tell me nothing of the Town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Mr. Pin. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pin. Not I, indeed, Dear, I hate *London*; our Place-houfe in the Country is worth a thousand of't, wou'd I were there again.

Mr. Pin. So you shall I warrant; but were you not talking of Plays, and Players, when I came in? you are her encourager in such discourfes.

Mrs. Pin. No indeed, Dear, she chid me juft now for liking the Player Men.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't——

Come my poor Rogue, but thou lik'ft none better than me? [*Afide*]

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I do, the Player Men are finer Folks.

Mr. Pin. But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pin. You are my own Dear Bud, and I know you, I hate a Stranger.

Mr. Pin. Ay, my Dear, you must love me only, and not be like the naughty Town Women, who only hate their Husbands, and love every Man else, love Plays, Visits, fine Coaches, fine Cloaths, Fiddles, Balls, Treats, and so lead a wicked Town-life.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a Town life, *London* is not so bad a place, Dear.

Mr. Pin. How! if you love me, you must hate *London*.

Alith. The Fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the Town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself.

Mrs. Pin. But, Husband, do the Town-women love the Player-men too?

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pin. Aye, I warrant you.

Mr. Pin. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, Bud; but why have we no Player-men in the Country?

Mr. Pin. Ha——Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a Play.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why, Love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make as 'twere desire it.

Alith. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, let me go to a Play, Dear.

Mr. Pin. Hold your Peace, I wo'not.

Mrs. Pin. Why, Love?

Mr. Pin. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, why, Dear?

Mr. Pin. First, you like the Actors, and the Gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pin. What, a homely Country Girl? no Bud, no body will like me.

Mr. Pin. I tell you, yes, they may.

Mrs. Pin. No, no, you jest——I won't believe you, I will go.

Mr. Pin. I tell you then, that one of the lewdest Fellows in Town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed! who, who, pray who was't?

Mr. Pin. I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware; how overjoy'd she is!

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Was it any *Hampshire* Gallant, any of our Neighbours? I promise you, I am beholding to him.

Mr. Pin. I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds: he has no other love for Women, but that, such as he, look upon Women like Basilicks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that: methinks he shou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

Enter Sparkish and Harcourt.

But here comes Company, get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pin. But pray, Husband, is he a pretty Gentleman, that loves me?

Mr. Pin. In baggage, in.

[*Thrusts her in, shuts the door.*

What, all the lewd Libertines of the Town brought to my Lodging, by this easie Coxcomb! S'death, I'll not suffer it.

Spar. Here *Harcourt*, do you approve my choice? Dear, little Rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my Friends, the wits and——

[*Harcourt salutes her.*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spar. This is one of those, my pretty Rogue, that are to dance at your Wedding to morrow; and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Mr. Pin. Monstrous!—

[*Aside.*

Spar. *Harcourt* how dost thou like her, Faith? Nay, Dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a Wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Mr. Pin. Wonderful!

Spar. Tell me, I say, *Harcourt*, how dost thou like her? thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me.

Har. So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a Mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Master *Sparkish* has often told me, that his Acquaintance were all Wits and Raillieurs, and now I find it.

Spar. No, by the Universe, Madam, he does not railly now; you may believe him: I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true hearted Gentleman—A Man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a Lady, he does not mean.

Mr. Pin. Praising another Man to his Mistress!

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that—

Spar. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extreamly, I see't in your Eyes.—He does admire you, Madam.—By the World, don't you?

Har. Yes, above the World, or, the most Glorious part of it, her whole Sex; and till now I never thought I shou'd have envy'd you, or any Man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for Marriage I ever knew.

Alith. Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfied you are of the Society of the Wits, and Raillieurs, since you cannot spare your Friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an Enemy to Marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad Wine.

Har. Truly, Madam, I was never an Enemy to Marriage, till now, because Marriage was never an Enemy to me before.

Alith. But why, Sir, is Marriage an Enemy to you now? Because it robs you of your Friend here; for you look upon a Friend married, as one gone into a Monastery, that is dead to the World.

Har. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see Madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the Match, by Heavens I wou'd.

Spar. Poor *Franck*!

Alith. Wou'd you be so unkind to me?

Har. No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spar. Poor *Franck*, no gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Great kindness to you indeed; insensible Fop, let a Man make love to his Wife to his face. [*Afide.*]

Spar. Come dear *Franck*, for all my Wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes dear Rogue; by my honour, we Men of wit condole for our deceased Brother in Marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, *Harcourt*?——But come *Franck*, be not melancholy for me.

Har. No I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spar. Prethee, *Franck*, dost think my Wife that shall be there a fine Person?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spar. How, as I am! how!

Har. Because you are a Lover, and true Lovers are blind, stockblind.

Spar. True, true; but by the World she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and trye if she has wit, talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

Har. Indeed if a Woman wants wit in a corner, she has it no where.

Alith. Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time.——

[*Afide to Sparkish.*]

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam let me have an earnest of your obedience, or
——go, go, Madam—— [*Harcourt courts Alitheia afide.*]

Mr. Pin. How, Sir, if you are not concern'd for the honour of a VVife, I am for that of a Sister; he shall not debauch her: be a Pander to your own VVife, bring Men to her, let 'em make love before your Face, thrust 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your Town wit and conduct?

Spar. Hah, ha, ha, a silly wife Rogue, wou'd make one laugh more than a stark Fool, ha, ha; I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the World.

[*Struggles with Pinch. to keep him from Harcourt and Alith.*]

Alith. The Writings are drawn, Sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and past all revocation.

Har. Then so is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjust to him.

Har. Then why to me so?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants you see jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue, besides he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you, is no more sign of his love, than bribing your

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity: Marriage is rather a sign of interest, then love; and he that marries a Fortune, covets a Mistress, not loves her: But if you take Marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, Sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation wou'd suffer in the World else.

Har. No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your reputation suffers in the World, and you wou'd be thought in necessity for a cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.—Mr. *Sparkish*, pray come hither, your Friend is very troublefom, and very loving.

Har. Hold, hold,——

[*Aside to Alitheia.*

Mr. Pin. D'ye hear that?

Spar. Why, d'ye think I'll seem to be jealous, like a Country Bumpkin?

Mr. Pin. No, rather be a Cuckold, like a credulous Cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been so little generous as to have told him.

Alith. Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous, as to wrong him.

Har. Wrong him, no Man can do't, he's beneath an injury; a Bubble, a Coward, a senseless Idiot, a Wretch so contemptible to all the World but you, that——

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my Husband, I am resolv'd to like him: Nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him, you are not his Friend.—Master *Sparkish*, Master *Sparkish*.

Spar. What, what; now dear Rogue, has not she wit?

Har. Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. [*Speaks furiously.*

Alith. Mr. *Sparkish*, do you bring People to rail at you?

Har. Madam——

Spar. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest I warrant; what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides he has been making love to me.

Har. True damn'd tell-tale-Woman. [*Aside.*

Spar. Pshaw, to shew his parts—we Wits rail and make love often, but to shew our parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we——

Alith. He said you were a Wretch, below an injury.

Spar. Pshaw.

Har. Damn'd, senseless, impudent, virtuous Jade; well since she won't let me have her, she'll do as good, she'll make me hate her.

Alith. A common Bubble.

Spar. Pshaw.

Alith. A Coward.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Spar. Pshaw, Pshaw.

Alith. A senseless driveling Idiot.

Spar. How, did he disparage my parts? Nay, then my honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, Sir; by the World, Brother help me to kill him; (I may draw now, since we have the odds of him:— 'tis a good occasion too before my Mistriss)—— [Aside. [Offers to draw.

Alith. Hold, hold.

Spar. What, what.

Alith. I must not let 'em kill the Gentleman neither, for his kindness to me; I am so far from hating him, that I wish my Gallant had his person and understanding:——

(Nay if my honour——

[Aside.

Spar. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold, indeed to tell the truth, the Gentleman said after all, that what he spoke, was but out of friendship to you.

Spar. How! say, I am, I am a Fool, that is no wit, out of friendship to me.

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you, and made love to me only to be satisfy'd of my virtue, for your sake.

Har. Kind however——

[Aside.

Spar. Nay, if it were so, my dear Rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith.

Har. Because I did not think on't, faith.

Spar. Come, *Horner* does not come, *Harcourt* let's be gone to the new Play.—Come, Madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the Box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

Spar. Pshaw, I'll leave *Harcourt* with you in the Box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I fate in the Box, I shou'd be thought no Judge, but of trimmings.—Come away *Harcourt*, lead her down.

[Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alithea.

Mr. Pin. Well, go thy wayes, for the flower of the true Town Fops, such as spend their Estates; before they come to 'em, and are Cuckolds before they'r married. But let me go look to my own Free-hold—— How——

Enter my Lady Fidget, Mistriss Dainty Fidget, and Mistriss Squeamish.

Lad. Your Servant, Sir, where is your Lady? we are come to wait upon her to the new Play.

Mr. Pin. New Play!

Lad. And my Husband will wait upon you presently.

Mr. Pin. Damn your civility——

[Aside.

Madam, by no means, I will not see Sir *Jaspar* here, till I have waited

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

upon him at home; nor shall my Wife see you, till she has waited upon your Ladyship at your lodgings.

Lad. Now we are here, Sir——

Mr. Pin. No, Madam.

Dain. Pray, let us see her.

Squeam. We will not stir, till we see her.

Mr. Pin. A Pox on you all——

(*Aside.*) [*Goes to the door, and returns.*]

she has lock'd the door, and is gone abroad.

Lad. No, you have lock'd the door, and she's within.

Dain. They told us below, she was here.

Mr. Pin. [Will nothing do?]*]*——Well it must out then, to tell you the truth, Ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, lest it might endanger your lives, my Wife has just now the small Pox come out upon her, do not be frighten'd; but pray, be gone Ladies, you shall not stay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone Ladies.

Lad. No, no, we have all had 'em.

Squeam. Alack, alack!

Dain. Come, come, we must see how it goes with her, I understand the disease.

Lad. Come.

Mr. Pin. Well, there is no being too hard for Women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the Field.

(*Aside.*) [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

Squeam. Here's an example of jealousy.

Lad. Indeed as the World goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, since Wives are so neglected.

Dain. Pshaw, as the World goes, to what end shou'd they be jealous?

Lad. Foh, 'tis a nasty World.

Squeam. That Men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality, shou'd take up with, and spend themselves and fortunes, in keeping little Play-house Creatures, foh.

Lad. Nay, that Women of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, shou'd fall a keeping too of little Creatures, foh.

Squeam. Why, 'tis the Men of qualities fault, they never visit Women of honour, and reputation, as they us'd to do; and have not so much as common civility, for Ladies of our rank, but use us with the same indifference, and ill breeding, as if we were all marry'd to 'em.

Lad. She says true, 'tis an errant shame Women of quality shou'd be so flighted; methinks, birth, birth, shou'd go for something; I have known Men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only.

Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think Men of honour shou'd not love no more, than marry out of their own rank.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Dain. Fye, fye upon 'em, they are come to think crofs breeding for themselves beft, as well as for their Dogs and Horfes.

Lad. They are Dogs and Horfes for't.

Squeam. One wou'd think, if not for love, for vanity a little.

Dain. Nay, they do fatisfy their vanity upon us fometimes; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the World they lye with us.

Lad. Damn'd Rascals, that we shou'd be only wrong'd by 'em; to report a Man has had a Perfon, when he has not had a Perfon, is the greateft wrong in the whole World, that can be done to a Perfon.

Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant fhame, Noble Perfons shou'd be fo wrong'd, and neglected.

Lad. But ftill 'tis an erranter fhame for a Noble Perfon, to neglect her own honour, and defame her own Noble Perfon, with little inconfiderable Fellows, foh!——

Dain. I fuppofe the crime againft our honour, is the fame with a Man of quality, as with another.

Lad. How! no fure, the Man of quality is likeft one's Husband, and therefore the fault shou'd be the lefs.

Dain. But then the pleafure shou'd be the lefs.

Lad. Fye, fye, fye, for fhame Sifter, whither fhall we ramble? be continent in your difcourfe, or I fhall hate you.

Dain. Befides an intrigue is fo much the more notorious for the man's quality.

Squeam. 'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private Man, and therefore with him, 'tis more fecret, and the crime's the lefs, when 'tis not known.

Lad. You fay true; y faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a Husband, till it be an injury to our honours; fo that a Woman of honour lofes no honour with a private Perfon; and to fay truth——

Dain. So the little Fellow is grown a private Perfon——with her——
[*Apart to Squeamish.*]

Lad. But ftill my dear, dear Honour.

Enter Sir Jafpar, Horner, Dorilant.

Sr. Jaf. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou haft ftill fo much honour in thy mouth——

Hor. That fhe has none elfewhere——

[*Aside.*]

Lad. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in thefe upon us?

Dain. Foh, thefe are as bad as Wits.

Squeam. Foh!

Lad. Let us leave the Room.

Sr. Jaf. Stay, ftay, faith to tell you the naked truth.

Lad. Fye, Sir *Jafpar*, do not ufe that word naked.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Sr. Jaf. Well, well, in fhort I have bufinefs at *Whitehal*, and cannot go to the Play with you, therefore wou'd have you go——

Lad. With thofe two to a Play?

Sr. Jaf. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. *Horner*, there can be no more fcandal to go with him, than with Mr. *Tattle*, or Mafter *Limberham*.

Lad. With that nafty Fellow! no——no.

Sr. Jaf. Nay, prethee Dear, hear me. [Whifpers to Lady Fid.

Hor. Ladies. [Horner, Dorilant drawing near Squeamifh, and Daint.

Dain. Stand off.

Squeam. Do not approach us.

Daint. You heard with the Wits, you are obfcenity all over.

Squeam. And I wou'd as foon look upon a Picture of *Adam* and *Eve*, without fig-leaves, as any of you, if I cou'd help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us fick.

Dor. What a Divel are thefe?

Hor. Why thefe are pretenders to honour, as criticks to wit, only by cenfuring others; and as every raw, peevifh, out-of-humour'd, affected, dull, Tea-drinking, Arithmetical Fop fets up for a wit, by railing at Men of fence, fo thefe for honour, by railing at the Court, and Ladies of as great honour, as quality.

Sr. Jaf. Come, Mr. *Horner*, I muft defire you to go with thefe Ladies to the Play, Sir.

Hor. H! Sir.

Sr. Jaf. Ay, ay, come, Sir.

Hor. I muft beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs, I will not be feen in Womens Company in publick again for the World.

Sr. Jaf. Ha, ha, ftrange Averfion!

Squeam. No, he's for Women's Company in private.

Sr. Jaf. He——poor Man——he! hah, ha, ha.

Dain. 'Tis a greater fhame amongft lewd Fellows to be feen in virtuous Women's Company, than for the Women to be feen with them.

Hor. Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous Women, but now I hate the other too; I beg your pardon Ladies.

Lad. You are very obliging, Sir, becaufe we wou'd not be troubled with you.

Sr. Jaf. In fober fadnefs he fhall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo'tot, I am ready to wait upon the Ladies; and I think I am the fitter Man.

Sr. Jaf. You, Sir, no I thank you for that——Mafter *Horner* is a privileged Man amongft the virtuous Ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are fo; heh, he, he, he's my Wife's Gallant, heh, he, he; no pray withdraw, Sir, for as I take it, the virtuous Ladies, have no bufinefs with you.

Dor. And I am fure he can have none with them; 'tis ftrange a Man

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

can't come amongst virtuous Women now, but upon the same terms, as Men are admitted into the great Turk's Seraglio; but Heavens keep me, from being an hombre Player with 'em: but where is *Pinchwife*——

[*Exit Dorilant.*]

Sr. Jaf. Come, come, Man; what avoid the sweet society of Woman-kind? that sweet, soft, gentle, tame, noble Creature Woman, made for Man's Companion——

Hor. So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble Creature a Spaniel, and has all their tricks, can fawn, lye down, suffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your Friends, when they come to see you; makes your Bed hard, gives you Fleas, and the mange sometimes: and all the difference is, the Spaniel's the more faithful Animal, and fawns but upon one Master.

Sr. Jaf. Heh, he, he.

Squeam. O the rude Beast.

Dain. Insolent brute.

Lad. Brute! stinking mortify'd rotten French Weather, to dare——

Sr. Jaf. Hold, an't please your Ladyship; for shame, Master *Horner*, your Mother was a Woman—— (Now shall I never reconcile 'em) (*Aside.*) Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger; you know, you often want one to make up your droling pack of hombre Players; and you may cheat him easily, for he's an ill Gamester, and consequently loves play; Besides you know, you have but two old civil Gentlemen (with stinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad, take in the third, into your service; the others are but crazy; and a Lady shou'd have a supernumerary Gentleman Usher, as a supernumerary Coach-horse, lest sometimes you shou'd be forc'd to stay at home.

Lad. But are you sure he loves play, and has money?

Sr. Jaf. He loves play as much as you, and has money as much as I.

Lad. Then I am contented to make him pay for his scurrility; money makes up in a measure all other wants in Men——Those whom we cannot make hold for Gallants, we make fine.

[*Aside.*]

Sr. Jaf. So, so; now to mollify, to wheedle him,——

[*Aside.*]

Master *Horner* will you never keep civil Company, methinks 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them: Come, come, Man you must e'en fall to visiting our Wives, eating at our Tables, drinking Tea with our virtuous Relations after dinner, dealing Cards to 'em, reading Plays, and Gazets to 'em, picking Fleas out of their Shocks for 'em, collecting Receipts, New Songs, Women, Pages, and Footmen for 'em.

Hor. I hope they'll afford me better Employment, Sir.

Sr. Jaf. Heh, he, he, 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place; and since you are unprovided of a Lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my Wife Mistrefs, and she shall call you Gallant, according to the custom.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. Who I?—

Sr. Jas. Faith, thou sha't for my sake, come for my sake only.

Hor. For your sake—

Sr. Jas. Come, come, here's a Gamester for you, let him be a little familiar sometimes; nay, what if a little rude; Gamesters may be rude with Ladies, you know.

Lad. Yes, losing Gamesters have a privilege with Women.

Hor. I always thought the contrary, that the winning Gamester had most privilege with Women; for when you have lost your money to a Man, you'll loose any thing you have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he pleases.

Sr. Jas. Heh, he, he, well, win or lose, you shall have your liberty with her.

Lad. As he behaves himself; and for your sake, I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Hor. All sorts of freedom, Madam?

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of freedom thou can't take, and so go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jest with her, and be better acquainted one with another.

Hor. I think I know her already, therefore may venter with her, my secret for hers—

[*Aside.*

[*Horner, and Lady Fidget whisper.*

Sr. Jas. Sister Cuz, I have provided an innocent Play-fellow for you there.

Dain. Who, he!

Squeam. There's a Play fellow indeed.

Sr. Jas. Yes sure, what, he is good enough to play at Cards, Blindman's-buff, or the fool with sometimes.

Squeam. Foh, we'll have no such Play-fellows.

Dain. No, Sir, you shan't chuse Play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sr. Jas. Nay, pray hear me.

[*Whispering to them.*

Lad. But, poor Gentleman, cou'd you be so generous? so truly a Man of honour, as for the sakes of us Women of honour, to cause your self to be reported no Man? No Man! and to suffer your self the greatest shame that cou'd fall upon a Man, that none might fall upon us Women by your conversation; but indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly, the same Man as before your going into *France*, Sir; as perfectly, perfectly, Sir.

Hor. As perfectly, perfectly, Madam; nay, I scorn you shou'd take my word; I desire to be try'd only, Madam.

Lad. Well, that's spoken again like a Man of honour, all Men of honour desire to come to the test: But indeed, generally you Men report such things of your selves, one does not know how, or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words no more than your

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Taylor, without some staid Servant of yours be bound with you; but I have so strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

Hor. No, Madam, you shou'd not need to forfeit it for me, I have given you security already to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the World, Madam.

Lad. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a suspicion of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you your self shou'd betray your trust, dear Sir; I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

Hor. If I did, no body wou'd believe me; the reputation of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the World, as that of cowardice, dear Madam.

Lad. Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear, Sir.

Sr. Jaf. Come, is your Ladyship reconciled to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to *Whitehall*.

Lad. Why indeed, Sir *Jaspar*, Master *Horner* is a thousand, thousand times a better Man, than I thought him: Cozen *Squeamish*, Sister *Dainty*, I can name him now, truly, not long ago you know, I thought his very name obscenity, and I wou'd as soon have lain with him, as have nam'd him.

Sr. Jaf. Very likely, poor Madam.

Dain. I believe it.

Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sr. Jaf. Well, well—that your Ladyship is as virtuous as any she, —I know, and him all the Town knows—heh, he, he; therefore now you like him, get you gone to your business together; go, go, to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

Lad. Come then dear Gallant.

Hor. Come away, my dearest Mistress.

Sr. Jaf. So, so, why, 'tis as I'd have it.

[Exit Sir Jaspar.]

Hor. And as I'd have it.

Lad. Who for his business, from his Wife will run;

Takes the best care, to have her business done. [Exeunt omnes.]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

ACT III. SCENE I.

Alithea, and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alith. Sifter, What ailes you, you are grown melancholy?

Mrs. Pin. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whil't I must stay at home like a poor lonely, fullen Bird in a Cage?

Alith. Ay, Sifter, but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage, so that I thought you lik'd it; and cou'd be as chearful in't, as others that took their flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open Air.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I confes I was quiet enough, till my Husband told me, what pure lives the *London Ladies* live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and drest every day in their best Gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine Pins every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the Town Pleasures in her head, and setting her a longing.

Alith. Yes, after Nine-pins; you suffer none to give her those longings, you mean, but your self.

Mr. Pin. I tell her of the vanities of the Town, like a Confessor.

Alith. A Confessor! just such a Confessor, as he that by forbidding a filly Oastler, to grease the Horse's teeth, taught him to do't.

Mr. Pin. Come Mistriss *Flippant*, good Precepts are lost, when bad Examples are still before us; the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it; and out of humour at home, poor Wretch! she desired not to come to *London*, I wou'd bring her.

Alith. Very well.

Mr. Pin. She has been this week in Town, and never desired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

Alith. Was she not at a Play yesterday?

Mr. Pin. Yes, but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the cause of her going.

Alith. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my example.

Mr. Pin. Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and the next day before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the Town, and my dreadful appre-

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

henfions: Come, be not melancholy, for thou ſha't go into the Country after to morrow, Deareſt.

Alith. Great comfort.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, what d'ye tell me of the Country for?

Mr. Pin. How's this! what, piſh at the Country?

Mrs. Pin. Let me alone, I am not well.

Mr. Pin. O, if that be all——what ailes my deareſt?

Mrs. Pin. Truly, I don't know; but I have not been well, ſince you told me there was a Gallant at the Play in love with me.

Mr. Pin. Ha——

Alith. That's by my example too.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if you are not well, but are ſo concern'd, becauſe a lew'd Fellow chanc'd to lye, and ſay he lik'd you, you'l make me ſick too.

Mrs. Pin. Of what ſickneſs?

Mr. Pin. O, of that which is worſe than the Plague, Jealouſy.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, you jear, I'm ſure there's no ſuch diſeaſe in our Receipt-book at home.

Mr. Pin. No, thou never met'ſt with it, poor innocent——well, if thou Cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault——for Cuckolds and Baſtards, are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. Pin. Well, but pray Bud, let's go to a Play to night.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis juſt done, ſhe comes from it; but why are you ſo eager to ſee a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Faith, Dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the Player-men, and wou'd ſee, if I cou'd, the Gallant you ſay loves me; that's all dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Is that all dear Bud?

Alith. This proceeds from my Example.

Mrs. Pin. But if the Play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Come, have a little patience, and thou ſhalt go into the Country on Friday.

Mrs. Pin. Therefore I wou'd ſee firſt ſome ſights, to tell my Neighbours of: Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cauſe of this deſire too.

Mr. Pin. But now I think on't, who, who was the cauſe of *Horner's* coming to my Lodging to day? that was you.

Alith. No, you, becauſe you wou'd not let him ſee your handſome Wife out of your Lodging.

Mrs. Pin. Why, O Lord! did the Gentleman come hither to ſee me indeed?

Mr. Pin. No, no;——You are not the cauſe of that damn'd queſtion too, Miſtriſs *Alitheia*?——[Well ſhe's in the right of it; he is in love with my Wife——and comes after her——'tis ſo——but I'll nip his love in the

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

bud; lest he shou'd follow us into the Country, and break his Chariot-wheel near our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't; but I think I know the Town. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Pin. Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Mr. Pin. So! the obstinacy already of the Town-wife, and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. *[Aside.]*

Sister, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known?

Alith. Let her put on her Mask.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, a Mask makes People but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise, as a stage-beard; her shape, stature, habit will be known and if we shou'd meet with *Horner*, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the Devil and all; no, I'll not use her to a Mask, 'tis dangerous; for Masks have made more Cuckolds, than the best faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pin. Nay, shall we go? the *Exchange* will be shut, and I have a mind to see that.

Mr. Pin. So—I have it—I'll dress her up in the Suit, we are to carry down to her Brother, little Sir *James*; nay, I understand the Town tricks: Come, let's go dress her; a Mask! no———a Woman mask'd, like a cover'd Dish, gives a Man curiosity, and appetite, when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twou'd turn his stomach; no, no.

Alith. Indeed your comparison is something a greasie one: but I had a gentle Gallant, us'd to say, a Beauty mask'd, like the Sun in Eclipse, gathers together more gazers, than if it shin'd out. *[Exeunt.]*

The Scene changes to the new Exchange: Enter Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dor. Engag'd to Women, and not Sup with us?

Hor. Ay, a Pox on 'em all.

Har. You were much a more reasonable Man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a Widdower of a weeks liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think, to see you keep company with Women in vain?

Hor. In vain! no———'tis, since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Har. Now your Sting is gone, you look'd in the Box amongst all those Women, like a drone in the hive, all upon you; shov'd and ill us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other.

Dor. Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other old beetle-headed, lycorish drones; avoid 'em, and hate 'em as they hate you.

Hor. Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em; you may see by Marriage, nothing makes a Man hate a Woman more,

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

than her constant conversation: In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich Fools, to laugh at 'em, and use 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more Sup with Women, unless I cou'd lye with 'em, than Sup with a rich Coxcomb, unless I cou'd cheat him.

Hor. Yes, I have known thee Sup with a Fool, for his drinking, if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd; and if he were a Wine-swallowing mouth 'twas enough.

Hor. Yes, a Man drinks often with a Fool, as he toffes with a Marker, only to keep his hand in Ure; but do the Ladies drink?

Hor. Yes, Sir, and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a Bottle; and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em, as formerly t'other.

Har. Perhaps you may prove as weak a Brother amongst 'em that way, as t'other.

Dor. Foh, drinking with Women, is as unnatural, as scolding with 'em; but 'tis a pleasure of decay'd Fornicators, and the basest way of quenching Love.

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning Love, instead of quenching it; but leave us for civil Women too!

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em; we hardly pardon a Man, that leaves his Friend for a Wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Hor. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd disappoint his Company at *Lewis's*, for a Gossiping?

Har. Foh, Wine and Women good apart, together as nauseous as Sack and Sugar: But hark you, Sir, before you go, a little of your advice, an old maim'd General, when unfit for action, is fittest for Counsel; I have other designs upon Women, than eating and drinking with them: I am in love with *Sparkish's* Mistrifs, whom he is to marry to morrow, now how shall I get her?

Enter Sparkish, looking about.

Hor. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my Rival, and will hinder my love.

Hor. No, a foolish Rival, and a jealous Husband assist their Rivals designs, for they are sure to make their Women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another Man.

Har. But I cannot come near his Mistrifs, but in his company.

Hor. Still the better for you, for Fools are most easily cheated, when they themselves are accessaries; and he is to be bumbled of his Mistrifs, as of his Money, the common Mistrifs, by keeping him company.

Spar. Who is that, that is to be bumbled? Faith let me snack, I han't met with a buble since Christmas: 'gad, I think bubbles are like their Brother Woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Har. A Pox, he did not hear all I hope.

[Apart to Horner.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Spar. Come, you bubling Rogues you, where do we Sup——Oh, *Har-court*, my mistrifs tells me, you have been making fierce love to her all the Play long, hah, ha——but I——

Har. I make love to her?

Spar. Nay, I forgive thee; for I think, I know thee, and I know her, but I am fure I know my felf.

Har. Did fhe tell you fo? I fee all Women are like thefe of the *Exchange*, who to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their fond Customers offers which were never made 'em.

Hor. Ay, Women are apt to tell before the intrigue, as Men after it, and fo fhew themselves the vainer Sex; but haft thou a Mistrifs, *Sparkish*? 'tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever had'st a buble, as you brag'd juft now.

Spar. O, your Servant, Sir; are you at your raillery, Sir? but we are fome of us before-hand with you to day at the Play: the Wits were something bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Har. Yes, But I thought you had gone to Plays, to laugh at the Poets Wit, not at your own.

Spar. Your Servant, Sir, no I thank you; 'gad I go to a Play as to a Country-treat, I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or elfe I'm fure I fhould not be merry at either; and the reason why we are fo often lowder than the Players, is, becaufe we think we fpeak more wit, and fo become the Poets Rivals in his audience: for to tell you the truth, we hate the filly Rogues; nay, fo much, that we find fault even with their Bawdy upon the Stage, whilst we talk nothing elfe in the Pit as lowd.

Hor. But, why fhould'st thou hate the filly Poets, thou haft too much wit to be one, and they like Whores are only hated by each other; and thou doft fcorn writing, I'm fure.

Spar. Yes, I'd have you to know, I fcorn writing; but Women, Women, that make Men do all foolifh things, make 'em write Songs too; every body does it: 'tis ev'n as common with Lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help Rhyming to your *Phyllis*, than drinking to your *Phyllis*.

Har. Nay, Poetry in love is no more to be avoided, than jealoufy.

Dor. But the Poets damn'd your Songs, did they?

Spar. Damn the Poets, they turn'd 'em into Burlefque, as they call it; that Burlefque is a *Hocus-Pocus* trick, they have got, which by the virtue of *Hicliius doctius*, *topfey turvey*, they make a wife and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage you know not how; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own cafe; for they'll put a Man into a Play for looking a Squint: Their Predeceffors were contented to make Serving-men only their Stage-Fools, but thefe Rogues muft have Gentlemen, with a Pox to 'em, nay Knights; and indeed you fhall hardly fee a Fool upon the Stage, but he's a Knight; and to tell you the truth,

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

they have kept me these six years from being a Knight in earnest, for fear of being Knighted in a Play, and dubb'd a Fool.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they must follow their Copy, the Age.

Har. But why should'st thou be afraid of being in a Play, who expose your self every day in the Play-houses, and at publick Places.

Hor. 'Tis but being on the Stage, instead of standing on a Bench in the Pit.

Dor. Don't you give money to Painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your Pictures, at length in a Play-house, where all your Mistresses may see you.

Spar. A Pox, Painters don't draw the small Pox, or Pimples in ones face; come damn all your silly Authors what-ever, all Books and Book-sellers, by the World, and all Readers, courteous or uncourteous.

Har. But, who comes here, *Sparkish*?

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife, and his Wife in Man's Cloaths,
Alithea, Lucy her Maid.*

Spar. Oh hide me, there's my Mistress too.

[Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.]

Har. She sees you.

Spar. But I will not see her, 'tis time to go to *Whitehal*, and I must not fail the drawing Room.

Har. Pray, first carry me, and reconcile me to her.

Spar. Another time, faith the King will have sup't.

Har. Not with the worse stomach for thy absence; thou art one of those Fools, that think their attendance at the King's Meals, as necessary as his Physicians, when you are more troublesome to him, than his Doctors, or his Dogs.

Spar. Pshaw, I know my interest, Sir, prethee hide me.

Hor. Your Servant, *Pinchwife*,—what he knows us not—

Mr. Pin. Come along.

[To his Wife aside.]

Mrs. Pin. Pray, have you any Ballads, give me six-penny worth?

Clasp. We have no Ballads.

Mrs. Pin. Then give me *Covent-Garden-Drollery*, and a Play or two—
Oh here's *Tarugos Wiles*, and the Slighted Maiden, I'll have them.

Mr. Pin. No, Plays are not for your reading; come along, will you discover your self?

[Apart to her.]

Hor. Who is that pretty Youth with him, *Sparkish*?

Spar. I believe his Wife's Brother, because he's something like her, but I never saw her but once.

Hor. Extremely handsome, I have seen a face like it too; let us follow 'em.

{ Exeunt Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife.

{ Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant following them.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Har. Come, *Sparkish*, your Mistress saw you, and will be angry you go not to her; besides I wou'd fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, dear Friend.

Spar. Well that's a better reason, dear Friend, I wou'd not go near her now, for her's, or my own sake, but I can deny you nothing; for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee, as well as a new Acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear Friend, I wou'd be well with her only, to be well with thee still; for these ties to Wives usually dissolve all ties to Friends: I wou'd be contented, she shou'd enjoy you anights, but I wou'd have you to my self adayes, as I have had, dear Friend.

Spar. And thou shalt enjoy me adayes, dear, dear Friend, never stir; and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee; come along——

Har. So, we are hard put to't, when we make our Rival our Procurer; but neither she, nor her Brother, wou'd let me come near her now: when all's done, a Rival is the best cloak to steal to a Mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off like other Cloaks. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.*]

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife in Man's Cloaths.

Mr. Pin. Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you——

[*To Alithea.*]

The Fool her Gallant, and she, will muster up all the young fanterers of this place, and they will leave their dear Semstresses to follow us; what a swarm of Cuckolds, and Cuckold-makers are here? [*Aside.*]

Come, let's be gone Mistress *Margery*.

Mrs. Pin. Don't you believe that, I han't half my belly full of fights yet.

Mr. Pin. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what a power of brave Signs are here? stay——the Bull's-head, the Ram's-head, and the Stag's-head, Dear——

Mr. Pin. Nay, if every Husband's proper sign here were visible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pin. What d'ye mean by that, Bud?

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

Mrs. Pin. Pray tell me; nay, I will know.

Mr. Pin. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams-heads.

[*Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

Re-enter Sparkish, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, at t'other door.

Spar. Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

Alith. For your sake I hate him.

Har. That's something too cruel, Madam, to hate me, for his sake.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Spar. Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my Friend for my fake.

Alith. I hate him, because he is your Enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spar. That's a good one, I hate a Man for loving you; if he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help, and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you: I hate a Man for being of my opinion, I'll ne'er do't, by the World.

Alith. Is it for your honour or mine, to suffer a Man to make love to me, who am to marry you to morrow?

Spar. Is it for your honour or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a sign you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is a sign you are virtuous, that I think is for your honour.

Alith. But 'tis your honour too, I am concerned for.

Har. But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concern'd for his honour, than he is himself; let his honour alone for my fake, and his, he, he, has no honour——

Spar. How's that?

Har. But what, my dear Friend can guard himself.

Spar. O ho——that's right again.

Har. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear Friend here; therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

Spar. Ay, ay, were it for my honour to marry a Woman, whose virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a Friend's hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to loose me?

Har. He afraid to loose you, Madam! No, no——you may see how the most estimable, and most glorious Creature in the World, is valued by him; will you not see it?

Spar. Right, honest *Franck*, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him, he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spar. Lord, Madam, I see you are jealous; will you wrest a poor Man's meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousy.

Spar. And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue, and honour; gad, I see virtue makes a Woman as troublesome, as a little reading, or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. [Well to see what easie Husbands these Women of quality can meet with, a poor Chamber-maid can never have such Lady-like luck; besides he's thrown away upon her, she'll make no use of her fortune, her blessing, none to a Gentleman, for a pure Cuckold, for it requires good breeding to be a Cuckold.]

[*Behind.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spar. Pshaw.——

Har. Come, Madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me; my dear Friend is the kindest Creature in the World to me.

Spar. Poor fellow.

Har. But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour; your good opinion, dear Madam, 'tis that must perfect my happiness; good Gentleman he believes all I say, wou'd you wou'd do so, jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the World.

Spar. Look you there; hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so.

[*Alitheia walks carelessly, to and fro.*]

Har. I love you, Madam, so——

Spar. How's that! Nay——now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much I confess, I say I love you, that I wou'd not have you miserable, and cast your self away upon so unworthy, and inconsiderable a thing, as what you see here.

[*Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Sparkish.*]

Spar. No, faith, I believe thou wou'dst not, now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wou'dst not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid, the glory of her Sex shou'd fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemptible Wretch, the least of Mankind——my dear Friend here——I injure him. [*Embracing Sparkish.*]

Alith. Very well.

Spar. No, no, dear Friend, I knew it: Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving himself such names.

Alith. Do not you understand him yet?

Spar. Yes, how modestly he speaks of himself, poor Fellow.

Alith. Methinks he speaks impudently of your self, since——before your self too; inasmuch that I can no longer suffer his scurrilous abusiveness to you, no more than his love to me.

[*Offers to go.*]

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam, pray stay, his love to you: Lord, Madam, has he not spoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes indeed, I shou'd think so.

Spar. Well then, by the World, a Man can't speak civilly to a Woman now, but presently she says, he makes love to her: Nay, Madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since you have not yet understood him, till he has made an éclaircissement of his love to you, that is what kind of love it is; answer to thy Catechisme: Friend, do you love my Mistress here?

Har. Yes, I wish she wou'd not doubt it.

Spar. But how do you love her?

Har. With all my Soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

- Spar.* You are out still. [To Alithea.]
But with what kind of love, *Harcourt* ?
Har. With the best, and truest love in the World.
Spar. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I'm sure.
Alith. How's that, do you say matrimonial love is not best?
Spar. Gad, I went too far e're I was aware: But speak for thy self
Harcourt, you said you wou'd not wrong me, nor her.
Har. No, no, Madam, e'en take him for Heaven's sake.
Spar. Look you there, Madam.
Har. Who shou'd in all justice be yours, { Claps his hand
on his breast.
he that loves you most.
Alith. Look you there, Mr. *Sparkish*, who's that?
Spar. Who shou'd it be? go on *Harcourt*.
Har. Who loves you more than Women Titles, or fortune Fools. [Points at Spark.]
Spar. Look you there, he means me still, for he points at me.
Alith. Ridiculous!
Har. Who can only match your Faith, and Constancy in love.
Spar. Ay.
Har. Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much beauty and
virtue.
Spar. Ay.
Har. Whose love can no more be equall'd in the world, than that Heav-
enly form of yours.
Spar. No——
Har. Who cou'd no more suffer a Rival, than your absence, and yet
cou'd no more suspect your virtue, than his own constancy in his love to you.
Spar. No——
Har. Who in fine loves you better than his eyes, that first made him
love you.
Spar. Ay—nay, Madam, faith you shan't go, till——
Alith. Have a care, lest you make me stay too long——
Spar. But till he has saluted you; that I may be assur'd you are friends,
after his honest advice and declaration: Come pray, Madam, be friends
with him. *Enter Master Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife.*
Alith. You must pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.
Mr. Pin. What, invite your Wife to kifs Men? Monstrous! are you
not asham'd? I will never forgive you.
Spar. Are you not asham'd, that I shou'd have more confidence in the
chastity of your Family, than you have; you must not teach me, I am a man
of honour, Sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir——
Mr. Pin. Very frank, Sir, to share your Wife with your friends.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Spar. He is an humble, menial Friend, such as reconciles the differences of the Marriage-bed; you know Man and Wife do not alwayes agree, I design him for that use, therefore wou'd have him well with my Wife.

Mr. Pin. A menial Friend—you will get a great many menial Friends, by shewing your Wife as you do.

Spar. What then, it may be I have a pleasure in't, as I have to shew fine Clothes, at a Play-house the first day, and count money before poor Rogues.

Mr. Pin. He that shews his Wife, or Money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

Spar. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a Wife, that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull, as eating alone; is it not a frank age, and I am a frank Person? and to tell you the truth, it may be I love to have Rivals in a Wife, they make her seem to a Man still, but as a kept Mistress; and so good night, for I must to *Whitehal*. Madam, I hope you are now reconcil'd to my Friend; and so I wish you a good night, Madam, and sleep if you can; for to morrow you know I must visit you early with a Canonical Gentleman. Good night, dear *Harcourt*. [*Exit Sparkish.*]

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to morrow, if it shou'd be earlier with a Canonical Gentleman, than *Mr. Sparkish's*?

Mr. Pin. This Gentle-woman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir.

[*Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.*]

Har. Must, Sir——

Mr. Pin. Yes, Sir, she is my Sister.

Har. 'Tis well she is, Sir——for I must be her Servant, Sir, Madam——

Mr. Pin. Come away Sister, we had been gone, if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd Rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

Enter Horner, Dorilant to them.

Hor. How now *Pinchwife*?

Mr. Pin. Your Servant.

Hor. What, I see a little time in the Country makes a Man turn wild and unfociable, and only fit to converse with his Horfes, Dogs, and his Herds.

Mr. Pin. I have business, Sir, and must mind it; your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

Hor. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young Gentleman——

[*Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

Har. The Lady——

Dor. And the Maid——

Hor. Shall stay with us, for I suppose their business is the same with ours, pleasure.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath he knows her, she carries it so fillily, yet if he does not, I shou'd be more filly to discover it first. [*Aside.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. Pray, let us go, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Come, come——

Hor. Had you not rather stay with us? [To Mrs. Pinchwife.

Prethee Pinchwife, who is this pretty young Gentleman?

Mr. Pin. One to whom I'm a guardian.

[I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands—— [Aside.

Hor. Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, do not look upon him so much, he's a poor bashful youth, you'll put him out of countenance. Come away Brother.

[Offers to take her away.

Hor. O your Brother!

Mr. Pin. Yes, my Wife's Brother; come, come, she'll stay supper for us.

Hor. I thought so, for he is very like her I saw you at the Play with, whom I told you, I was in love with.

Mrs. Pin. O Jeminy! is that he that was in love with me, I am glad on't I vow, for he's a curious fine Gentleman, and I love him already too. [Aside. Is this he Bud? [To Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come away, come away.

[To his Wife.

Hor. Why, what hast are you in? why won't you let me talk with him?

Mr. Pin. Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him debauch'd for any thing in the World.

How she gazes on him! the Devil—— [Aside.

Hor. *Harcourt, Dorilant*, look you here, this is the likeness of that Dow-dey he told us of, his Wife, did you ever see a lovelyer Creature? the Rogue has reason to be jealous of his Wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make all that see her, in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

Hor. Very pretty, a very pretty commendation—she is a glorious Creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

Mr. Pin. So, so.

Har. More beautiful than a Poets first Mistriss of Imagination.

Hor. Or another Man's last Mistriss of flesh and blood.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me——

Mr. Pin. Come, come. [By Heavens, she'll discover her self. [Aside.

Hor. I speak of your Sister, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Ay, but saying she was handsome, if like him, made him blush. I am upon a wrack—— [Aside.

Hor. Methinks he is so handsome, he shou'd not be a Man.

Mr. Pin. O there 'tis out, he has discovered her, I am not able to suffer any longer.

[Come, come away, I say——

[To his Wife.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. Nay, by your leave, Sir, he shall not go yet——
Harcourt, Dorilant, let us torment this jealous Rogue a little. [To them.]

Har. } How?
Dor. }

Hor. I'll shew you.

Mr. Pin. Come pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer;
I tell you his Sister stays supper for us.

Hor. Do's she, come then we'll all go sup with her and thee.

Mr. Pin. No, now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant
she's gone to Bed——

[I wish she and I were well out of their hands——] [Aside.
Come, I must rise early to morrow, come.]

Hor. Well then, if she be gone to Bed, I wish her and you a good night.
But pray, young Gentleman, present my humble service to her.

Mrs. Pin. Thank you heartily, Sir.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath, she will discover her self yet in spite of me. [Aside.
He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his Sister, than I
am, it seems.]

Hor. Tell her, dear sweet little Gentleman, for all your Brother there,
that you have reviv'd the love, I had for her at first sight in the Play-house.

Mrs. Pin. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Mr. Pin. So, so. [Aside.
Away, I say.]

Hor. Nay, stay; yes indeed, and indeed, pray do you tell her so, and
give her this kiss from me. [Kisses her.]

Mr. Pin. O Heavens! what do I suffer; now 'tis too plain he knows
her, and yet—— [Aside.]

Hor. And this, and this—— [Kisses her again.]

Mrs. Pin. What do you kiss me for, I am no Woman.

Mr. Pin. So——there 'tis out. [Aside.
Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.]

Hor. Nay, they shall send your Lady a kiss too; here *Harcourt, Dorilant*,
will you not? [They kiss her.]

Mr. Pin. How, do I suffer this? was I not accusing another just now,
for this rascally patience, in permitting his Wife to be kiss'd before his face?
ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips. [Aside.]

Come, come.

Hor. Good night, dear little Gentleman; Madam, good-night; farewell
Pinchwife. [Did not I tell you I wou'd raise his jealous gall?

[Apart to *Harcourt, and Dorilant*.

[Exeunt *Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant*.

Mr. Pin. So, they are gone at last; stay, let me see first if the Coach be
at this door. [Exit.]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. What not gone yet? will you be fure to do as I desired you, 'sweet Sir?
[*Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant return.*]

Mrs. Pin. Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

Hor. Any thing, come away into the next walk.

[*Exit Horner, haling away Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

Alith. Hold, hold,———what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, stay, hold——

Har. Hold, Madam, hold, let him present him, he'l come presently; nay, I will never let you go, till you answer my question.

Lucy. For God's sake, Sir, I must follow 'em.

Dor. No, I have something to present you
with too, you shan't follow them. { *Alitheia, Lucy struggling with Harcourt, and Dorilant.*

Pinchwife returns.

Mr. Pin. Where?——how?——what's become of? gone——whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the Gentleman, who will give him something, an't please your Worship.

Mr. Pin. Something——give him something, with a Pox——where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, Brother.

Mr. Pin. Only, only; where, where?

[*Exit Pinchwife, and returns presently, then goes out again.*]

Har. What's the matter with him? why so much concern'd? but dearest Madam——

Alith. Pray let me go, Sir, I have said, and suffer'd enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pity my sufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pity, therefore I will never see you more.

Har. Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a banished Lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell reason; why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you shou'd not take that wretch my Rival.

Alith. He only, not you, since my honour is engag'd so far to him, can give me a reason, why I shou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I must be so to him; your Servant, Sir.

Har. Have Women only constancy when 'tis a vice, and like fortune only true to fools?

Dor. Thou shan't not stir thou robust Creature, you see I can deal with you, therefore you shou'd stay the rather, and be kind.

[*To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.*]

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone, ten thousand plagues go with 'em; which way went they?

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. But into t'other walk, Brother.

Lucy. Their businefs will be done prefently fure, an't please your Wor-
ship, it can't be long in doing I'm fure on't.

Alith. Are they not there?

Mr. Pin. No, you know where they are, you infamous Wretch, Eternal
fhame of your Family, which you do not difhonour enough your felf, you
think, but you muft help her to do it too, thou Legion of Bawds.

Alith. Good Brother.

Mr. Pin. Damn'd, damn'd Sifter.

Alith. Look you here, fhe's coming.

*Enter Miftrifs Pinchwife in Mans Gloaths, running with her Hat under her
arm, full of Oranges and dried fruit, Horner following*

Mrs. Pin. O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, fee.

Mr. Pin. And what I have got here too, which you can't fee.

[*Afide, rubbing his forehead.*

Mrs. Pin. The fine Gentleman has given me better things yet.

Mr. Pin. Has he fo? [Out of breath and colour'd——

I muft hold yet.

[*Afide.*

Hor. I have only given your little Brother an Orange, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Thank you, Sir. [To Horner.

You have only fqueezed my Orange, I fuppofe, and given it me again; yet
I muft have a City-patience. [A*fide.*

Come, come away——

[To his Wife.

Mrs. Pin. Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

Enter Sir Jafpar Fidget.

Sr. Jaf. O Mafter *Horner*, come, come, the Ladies ftay for you; your
Miftrifs, my Wife, wonders you make not more haft to her.

Hor. I have ftaid this half hour for you here, and 'tis your fault I am
not now with your Wife.

Sr. Jaf. But pray, don't let her know fo much, the truth on't is, I was
advancing a certain Project to His Majefty, about——I'll tell you.

Hor. No, let's go, and hear it at your houfe: Good night fweet little
Gentleman; one kifs more, you'll remember me now I hope.

[*Kiffes her.*

Dor. What, Sir *Jafpar*, will you feparate Friends? he promis'd to fup
with us, and if you take him to your houfe, you'll be in danger of our
company too.

Sr. Jaf. Alas Gentlemen, my houfe is not fit for you, there are none but
civil Women there, which are not for your turn; he you know can bear
with the fociety of civil Women, now, ha, ha, ha; befides he's one of my
Family;——he's——heh, heh, heh.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Dor. What is he?

Sr. Jaf. Faith, my Eunuch, since you'll have it, heh, he, he.

[*Exit Sir Jaspar Fidget, and Horner.*]

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his, or my Cuckold: *Harcourt*, what a good Cuckold is lost there, for want of a Man to make him one; thee and I cannot have *Horner's* privilege, who can make use of it.

Har. Ay, to poor *Horner*, 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a Man can't be the better for't.

Mr. Pin. Come.

Mrs. Pin. Presently Bud.

Dor. Come let us go too: Madam your Servant.

[*To Alithea.*]

Good night Strapper——.

[*To Lucy.*]

Har. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, or night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good night, Sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know where to put this here, dear Bud, you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine Gentlemans good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Mr. Pin. Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnish'd the best part of it.

[*Strikes away the Orange.*]

The Gallant treats, presents, and gives the Ball;
But 'tis the absent Cuckold, gives for all.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In Pinchwife's House in the Morning.

Lucy, Alithea drefs'd in new Cloths.

Lucy. **W**ELL——Madam, now have I drefs'd you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence, and pulvilio; and all this for no other purpose, but as People adorn, and perfume a Corps, for a stinking second-hand grave, such or as bad I think Master *Sparkish's* Bed.

Alith. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reason, why you wou'd banish poor Master *Harcourt* for ever from your sight? how cou'd you be so hard-hearted?

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

Alith. It was so; I wou'd see him no more, because I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day, a very pretty reason.

Alith. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may your self.

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you see, another Man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive, or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat, or wrong done to a Man, than to give him your person, without your heart; I shou'd make a conscience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

Lucy. The Woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken, as the Wencher that marries to live better. No, Madam, marrying to encrease love, is like gaming to become rich; alas, you only loose what little stock you had before.

Alith. I find by your Rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart you see against your word, and rigid honour; but what a Divel is this honour? 'tis sure a disease in the head, like the Megrim, or Falling-sickness, that always hurries People away to do themselves mischief; Men lose their lives by it: Women, what's dearer to 'em, their love, the life of life.

Alith. Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Master *Harcourt*; I wish the other wou'd come, to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alith. Certainly, I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant Natural, to t'other fine Gentleman.

Alith. I own he wants the wit of *Harcourt*, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealousy, which men of wit seldom want.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your Husband, you intend to be honest, don't you? then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could suspect my virtue, shou'd have cause to do it; 'tis *Sparkish's* confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his opinion may last.

Alith. I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him: Jealousie in a Husband, Heaven defend me from it, it begets a thousand plagues to a poor Woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her——

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Lucy. And her pleasure.

Alith. What d'ye mean, Impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleasure, Madam.

Alith. I say los of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the los of this Town, that is, she is sent into the Country, which is the last ill-usage of a Husband to a Wife, I think.

Lucy. O do's the wind lye there?

[*Afide.*

Then of necessity, Madam, you think a Man must carry his Wife into the Country, if he be wise; the Country is as terrible I find to our young English Ladies, as a Monastery to those abroad; and on my Virginity, I think they wou'd rather marry a *London-Gaoler*, than a high Sheriff of a County, since neither can stir from his employment: formerly Women of wit married Fools, for a great Estate, a fine feat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty feat only in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, *St. James's-Fields*, or the *Pall-mall*.

Enter to them Sparkish, and Harcourt drefs'd like a Parson.

Spar. Madam, your humble Servant, a happy day to you, and to us all.

Har. Amen.——

Alith. Who have we here?

Spar. My Chaplain faith——O Madam, poor *Harcourt* remembers his humble service to you; and in obedience to your last commands, refrains coming into your sight.

Alith. Is not that he?

Spar. No, fye no; but to shew that he ne're intended to hinder our Match has sent his Brother here to joyn our hands; when I get me a Wife, I must get her a Chaplain, according to the Custom; this is his Brother, and my Chaplain.

Alith. His Brother?

Lucy. And your Chaplain, to preach in your Pulpit then—— [*Afide.*

Alith. His Brother!

Spar. Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it; I told you, Sir, she wou'd take you for your Brother *Franck*.

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. His Brother! hah, ha, he, he has a trick left still it seems——

[*Afide.*

Spar. Come my dearest, pray let us go to Church before the Canonical hour is past.

Alith. For shame, you are abus'd still.

Spar. By the World 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

Spar. Dearest of my life, here me, I tell you this is *Ned Harcourt* of *Cambridge*, by the World, you see he has a sneaking Colledge look; 'tis true

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

he's something like his Brother *Franck*, and they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were Twins.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he.

Aliih. Your Servant, Sir, I cannot be so deceiv'd, though you are; but come let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently?

Spar. Why, I'll tell you all; *Franck Harcourt* coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his service to you: I ask'd him, if he cou'd help me to a Parson, whereupon he told me, he had a Brother in Town who was in Orders, and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me.

Aliih. Yes, *Franck* goes, and puts on a black coat, then tells you, he is *Ned*, that's all you have for't.

Spar. Pshaw, Pshaw, I tell you by the same token, the Midwife put her Garter about *Franck's* neck, to know 'em afunder, they were so like.

Aliih. *Franck* tells you this too.

Spar. Ay, and *Ned*, there too; nay, they are both in a Story.

Aliih. So, so, very foolish.

Spar. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best trye him by your Chamber maid there; for Chamber-maids must needs know Chaplains from other Men, they are so us'd to 'em.

Lucy. Let's see; nay, I'll be sworn he has the Canonical smirk and the filthy, clammy palm of a Chaplain.

Aliih. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling.

Har. With all my foul, Divine, Heavenly Creature, when you please.

Aliih. He speaks like a Chaplain indeed.

Spar. Why, was there not, Soul, Divine, Heavenly, in what he said?

Aliih. Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a Conclusion of this ridiculous love.

Har. I had forgot, I must fute my Stile to my Coat, or I wear it in vain.
[*Aside.*]

Aliih. I have no more patience left, let us make once an end of this troublesome Love, I say.

Har. So be it, Seraphick Lady, when your honour shall think it meet, and convenient so to do.

Spar. 'Gad I'm sure none but a Chaplain cou'd speak so, I think.

Aliih. Let me tell you, Sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn, though you delay our Marriage, you shall not hinder it.

Har. Far be it from me, Munificent Patroness, to delay your Marriage, I desire nothing more than to marry you presently, which I might do, if you your self wou'd; for my Noble, Good-natur'd, and thrice Generous Patron here wou'd not hinder it.

Spar. No, poor man, not I faith.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Har. And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, no body else shall marry you, by Heavens, I'll die first, for I'm sure I shou'd die after it.

Lucy. How his love has made him forget his Function, as I have seen it in real Parsons.

Alith. That was spoken like a Chaplain too, now you understand him, I hope.

Spar. Poor Man, he takes it hainously to be refus'd; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an indignity upon him not to be suffer'd, but you'll pardon me, Madam, it shan't be, he shall marry us, come away, pray Madam.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he, more ado! 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible stupidity, I tell you he wou'd marry me, as your Rival, not as your Chaplain.

Spar. Come, come Madam.

[*Pulling her away.*]

Lucy. I pray, Madam, do not refuse this Reverend Divine, the honour and satisfaction of marrying you; for I dare say, he has set his heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope, or design by this?

Har. I cou'd answer her, a reprieve for a day only, often revokes a hasty doom? at worst, if she will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the Lovers second pleasure, hindring my Rivals enjoyment, though but for a time.

Spar. Come Madam, 'tis e'ne twelve a Clock, and my Mother charg'd me never to be married out of the Canonical hours; come, come, Lord here's such a deal of modesty, I warrant the first day.

Lucy. Yes, an't please your Worship, married women shew all their Modesty the first day, because married Men shew all their love the first day.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Alitheia, Harcourt, and Lucy.*]

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife, and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come tell me, I say.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over.

Mr. Pin. I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the least circumstance, for if her story be false, she is so too.

[*Aside.*]

Come, how was't Baggage?

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it sure!

Mr. Pin. No, you take more in telling it I find; but speak, how was't?

Mrs. Pin. He carried me up into the house, next to the Exchange.

Mr. Pin. So, and you two were only in the room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dried Fruit, and China Oranges.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Did he so? Damn him for it——and for——

Mrs. Pin. But presently came up the Gentlewoman of the house.

Mr. Pin. O, 'twas well she did, but what did he do whilst the Fruit came?

Mrs. Pin. He kifs'd me an hundred times, and told me he fancied he kifs'd my fine Sister, meaning me you know, whom he said he lov'd with all his Soul, and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window, by eleven of the clock this morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Mr. Pin. And he was as good as his word, very punctual, a pox reward him for't. [*Afide.*]

Mrs. Pin. Well, and he said if you were not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me you know, Bud, still.

Mr. Pin. So——he knew her certainly, but for this confession, I am oblig'd to her simplicity. [*Afide.*]

But what you stood very still, when he kifs'd you?

Mrs. Pin. Yes, I warrant you, wou'd you have had me discover'd my self?

Mr. Pin. But you told me, he did some beastliness to you, as you call'd it, what was't?

Mrs. Pin. Why, he put——

Mr. Pin. What?

Mrs. Pin. Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips and so musl'd me——and I said, I'd bite it.

Mr. Pin. An eternal canker seize it, for a dog.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, for to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Mr. Pin. The Devil——you were satisfied with it then, and wou'd do it again.

Mrs. Pin. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Mr. Pin. Force you, changeling, I tell you no woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, but she may sure, by such a one as he, for he's a proper, goodly strong man, 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Mr. Pin. So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me, but the sight of him will increase her aversion for me, and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfy him, all Idiot as she is: Love, 'twas he gave Women first their craft, their art of deluding; out of natures hands they came plain, open, filly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love——Well——I must strangle that little Monster, whilst I can deal with him.

Go fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper out of the next room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, Bud.

[*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Why should Women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, more soliciting passions, more lust, and more of the Devil. [Aside.]

Mistress Pinchwife returns.

Come, Minks, sit down and write.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, dear Bud, but I can't do't very well.

Mr. Pin. I wish you cou'd not at all.

Mrs. Pin. But what shou'd I write for?

Mr. Pin. I'll have you write a Letter to your Lover.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, to the fine Gentleman a Letter!

Mr. Pin. Yes, to the fine Gentleman.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, you do but jeer; sure you jest.

Mr. Pin. I am not so merry, come write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pin. What, do you think, I am a fool?

Mr. Pin. She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling; but you had best begin.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

Mr. Pin. Why?

Mrs. Pin. Because he's in Town, you may send for him if you will.

Mr. Pin. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; is it come to this? I say take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that Letters are never writ, but from the Countrey to *London*, and from *London* into the Countrey; now he's in Town, and I am in Town too; therefore I can't write to him you know.

Mr. Pin. So, I am glad it is no worse, she is innocent enough yet. [Aside.] Yes you may, when your Husband bids you, write Letters to people that are in Town.

Mrs. Pin. O may I so! Then I'm satisfied.

Mr. Pin. Come begin——Sir——

[Dictates.]

Mrs. Pin. Shan't I say, Dear Sir? You know one says always something more than bare Sir.

Mr. Pin. Write as I bid you, or I will write Whore with this Penknife in your Face.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, good Bud——Sir——

[She writes.]

Mr. Pin. Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd Kisses and Embraces——Write.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why shou'd I say so? you know I told you, he had a sweet breath.

Mr. Pin. Write.

Mrs. Pin. Let me but put out, loath'd.

Mr. Pin. Write I say.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mrs. Pin. Well then.

[*Writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's see, what have you writ?
Though I suffer'd last night your kisses and embraces——

[*Takes the Paper, and reads.*

Thou impudent creature, where is nauseous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pin. I can't abide to write such filthy words.

Mr. Pin. Once more write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this, I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief.

[*Holds up the penknife.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, I will.

Mr. Pin. So——so——let's see now!

[*Reads.*

Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd kisses, and embraces; go on——Yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them——So——

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. I have writ it.

Mr. Pin. On then——I then conceal'd my self from your knowledge, to avoid your infolencies——

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. The same reason now I am out of your hands——

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent frolick, of being in man's cloths.

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. That you may for evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you——

[*She writes on.*

Mrs. Pin. So—— h——

[*Sighs.*

Mr. Pin. What do you sigh?——detests you——as much as she loves her Husband and her Honour——

Mrs. Pin. I vow Husband he'll ne'er believe, I shou'd write such a Letter.

Mr. Pin. What he'd expect a kinder from you? come now your name only.

Mrs. Pin. What, shan't I say your most faithful, humble Servant till death?

Mr. Pin. No, tormenting Friend; her stile I find wou'd be very soft.

[*Afide.*

Come wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the back side, For Mr. *Horner*.

[*Exit Pinchwife.*

Mrs. Pin. For Mr. *Horner*——So, I am glad he has told me his name; Dear Mr. *Horner*, but why should I send thee such a Letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me;——well I will not send it——Ay, but then my Husband will kill me——for I see plainly, he won't let me

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

love Mr. *Horner*——but what care I for my Husband——I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. *Horner* such a Letter——but then my Husband——But oh——what if I writ at bottom, my Husband made me write it——Ay, but then my Husband wou'd see't——Can one have no shift, ah, a *London* woman wou'd have had a hundred presently; stay——what if I shou'd write a Letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too; ay, but then my Husband wou'd see't——I don't know what to do——But yet y vads I'll try, so I will——for I will not send this Letter to poor Mr. *Horner*, come what will on't.

Dear, Sweet Mr. *Horner*——so——my Husband wou'd have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly Letter——but I won't——so——and wou'd have me forbid you loving me——but I won't——so——and wou'd have me say to you, I hate you poor Mr. *Horner*——but I won't tell a lye for him——there——for I'm sure if you and I were in the Countrey at Cards together,——so——I cou'd not help treading on your Toe under the Table——so——or rubbing knees with you, and staring in your face, 'till you saw me——very well——and then looking down, and blushing for an hour together——so——but I must make haste before my Husband comes and now he has taught me to write Letters: You shall have longer ones from me, who am

Dear, dear, poor dear Mr. *Horner*, your most
Humble Friend, and Servant to command

'till death, *Margery Pinchwife.*

Stay I must give him a hint at bottom——so——now wrap it up just like t'other——so——now write for Mr. *Horner*,——But oh now, what shall I do with it? for here comes my Husband.

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. I have been detained by a Sparkish Coxcomb, who pretended a visit to me; but I fear 'twas to my Wife. [*Afide.*]
What, have you done?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, ay Bud, just now.

Mr. Pin. Let's see't, what d'ye tremble for; what, you wou'd not have it go?

Mrs. Pin. Here——No I must not give him that, so I had been served if I had given him this. { *He opens, and reads the first Letter.*
[*Afide.*]

Mr. Pin. Come, where's the Wax and Seal?

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what shall I do now? Nay then I have it——[*Afide.*]
Pray let me see't, Lord you think me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a Letter, I will do't, so I will. { *Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Nay, I believe you will learn that and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. So, han't I done it curiously?
I think I have, there's my Letter going to Mr. *Horner*; since he'll needs have me fend Letters to Folks. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well, but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now.

Mr. Pin. Well you are a good Girl then, come let me lock you up in your chamber, 'till I come back; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window, when I am gone; for I have a spye in the street.

At least 'tis fit she think so, if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be justly used with secret enemies, of which a Wife is the most dangerous; and he that has a handsome one to keep, and a Frontier Town, must provide against treachery, rather than open Force—Now I have secured all within, I'll deal with the Foe without with false intelligence. [*Exit Mrs. Pin.*
Pinchwife locks the door.
Hold up the Letter.
Exit Pinchwife.

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack and Horner.

Quack. Well Sir, how fadges the new design; have you not the luck of all your Brother Projectors, to deceive only your self at last?

Hor. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive you it seems, and others too; for the grave Matrons, and old rigid Husbands think me as unfit for love, as they are; but their Wives, Sisters, and Daughters, know some of 'em better things already.

Quack. Already!

Hor. Already, I say; last night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil persons, as you call 'em, and people of Honour, and so was made free of their Society, and dressing-rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges of sleeping upon their Pallats, warming Smocks, tying Shooes and Garters, and the like Doctor, already, already Doctor.

Quack. You have made use of your time, Sir.

Hor. I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to 'em, when they sing, or talk bawdy, than a little squab French Page, who speaks no English.

Quack. But do civil persons, and Women of Honour drink, and sing bawdy Songs?

Hor. O amongst Friends, amongst Friends; for your Bigots in Honour, are just like those in Religion; they fear the eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven, and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice; and no sin, but giving scandal: They rail at a poor, little, kept Player, and keep

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

themselves some young, modest Pulpit Comedian to be privy to their sins in their Closets, not to tell 'em of them in their Chappels.

Quack. Nay, the truth on't is, Priests amongst the women now, have quite got the better of us Lay Confessors, Physicians.

Hor. And they are rather their Patients, but——

Enter my Lady Fidget, looking about her.

Now we talk of Women of Honour, here comes one, step behind the Screen there, and but observe; if I have not particular privileges, with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

Lad. Well *Horner*, am not I a woman of Honour? you see I'm as good as my word.

Hor. And you shall see Madam, I'll not be behind-hand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you please but to withdraw into the next room.

Lad. But first, my dear Sir, you must promise to have a care of my dear Honour.

Hor. If you talk a word more of your Honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of Honour in the mysteries of Love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity in an operation of Witchcraft, just when you are employing the Devil, it makes the charm impotent.

Lad. Nay, fie, let us not be smooty; but you talk of mysteries, and bewitching to me, I don't understand you.

Hor. I tell you, Madam, the word money in a Mistresses mouth, at such a nick of time, is not a more disheartening sound to a younger Brother, than that of Honour to an eager Lover like my self.

Ld. But you can't blame a Lady of my reputation to be chary.

Hor. Chary——I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caus'd of my self.

Lad. Ay, but if you shou'd ever let other women know that dear secret, it would come out; nay, you must have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are so censorious, (oh 'tis a wicked censorious world, Mr. *Horner*,) I say, are so censorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my Honour, though you shou'd not let them know the dear secret.

Hor. Nay, Madam, rather than they shall prejudice your Honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to serve you, I'll lye with 'em all, make the secret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a *Machiavel* in love, Madam.

Ld. O, no Sir, not that way.

Hor. Nay, the Devil take me, if censorious women are to be silenc'd any other way.

Ld. A secret is better kept I hope, by a single Person than a multitude; therefore pray do not trust any body else with it. dear, dear Mr. *Horner*.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jas. How now!

Lad. O my Husband——prevented——and what's almost as bad, found with my arms about another man——that will appear too much——what shall I say? [*Aside.*]

Sir Jaspar come hither, I am trying if Mr. *Horner* were ticklish, and he's as ticklish as can be, I love to torment the confounded Toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sir Jas. No, your Ladyship will tickle him better without me, I suppose; but is this your buying China, I thought you had been at the China-House?

Hor. China-House, that's my Cue, I must take it. [*Aside.*]

A Pox, can't you keep your impertinent Wives at home? some Men are troubled with the Husbands, but I with the Wives; but I'd have you to know, since I cannot be your Journey-man by night, I will not be your drudge by day, to squire your wife about, and be your man of straw, or scare-crow only to Pyes and Jays; that would be nibbling at your forbidden fruit; I shall be shortly the Hackney Gentleman-Usher of the Town.

Sir Jas. Heh, heh, he, poor fellow he's in the right on't faith, to squire women about for other folks, is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks; [*Aside.*]

Heh, he, he, ben't angry *Horner*——

Lad. No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin my self upon such ill-bred people of your acquaintance, as this is.

Sir Jas. Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

Lad. Nay, he has done nothing.

Sir Jas. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

Lad. Hah, hah, hah, Faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad wou'd not come down to me to the Coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do; for he knows China very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I should beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

[*Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, followed by Horner to the door.*]

Hor. Lock the door Madam—— [*Apart to Lady Fidget.*]

So, she has got into my chamber, and lock'd me out; oh the impertinency of woman-kind! Well, *Sir Jaspar*, plain dealing is a Jewel; if ever you suffer your Wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of Horns, by my Lord Major she shall; though I cannot furnish you my self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

Sir Jas. Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my folly. [*Aside.*]
Heh, he, he, poor *Horner*.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e're long: Oh women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more mischievous than their Monkeys, and to me almost as ugly——now is she, throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it——

Sir Jas. Hah, ha, ha, poor angry *Horner*.

Hor. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant.

[*Exit Horner at t'other door.*]

Sir Jas. Wife, my Lady *Fidget*,
Wife, he is coming into you the back way. { *Sir Jaspar calls through the door to his Wife, she answers from within.*

Lad. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sir Jas. He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

Lad. Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can.

Quack. [*Behind*] This indeed I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own eyes.

Enter Mistrifs Squeamish.

Squeam. Where's this Woman-hater, this Toad, this ugly, greasie, dirty Sloven?

Sir Jas. So the Women all will have him ugly, methinks he is a comely Person; but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my Wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome Eunuch, was as ridiculous a thing, as a Gigantick Coward.

Squeam. Sir *Jaspar*, your Servant, where is the odious Beast?

Sir Jas. He's within in his chamber, with my Wife; she's playing the wag with him.

Squeam. Is she so, and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you; come, let's go help her——What, the door's lock't?

Sir Jas. Ay, my Wife lock't it——

Squeam. Did she so, let us break it open then?

Sir Jas. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeam. No——But is there no other way to get in to 'em, whither goes this? I will disturb 'em.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Squeamish at another door.*]

Enter Old Lady Squeamish.

Old L. Squeam. Where is this Harlotry, this Impudent Baggage, this rambling Tom-rigg? O Sir *Jaspar*, I'm glad to see you here, did you not see my vil'd Grandchild come in hither just now?

Sir Jas. Yes.

Old L. Squeam. Ay, but where is she then? where is she? Lord, Sir

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Jaspar, I have e'ne ratled my self to pieces in purfuit of her; but can you tell what she makes here? they fay below, no woman lodges here.

Sir Jaf. No.

Old L. Squeam. No——What does she here then? fay, if it be not a woman's lodging, what makes she here? but are you fure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jaf. No, nor no man neither, this is *Mr. Horner's* lodging.

Old L. Squeam. Is it fo are you fure?

Sir Jaf. Yes, Yes.

Old L. Squeam. So then there's no hurt in't I hope, but where is he?

Sir Jaf. He's in the next room with my Wife.

Old L. Squeam. Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy, they fay he's a merry harmless man now, e'ne as harmless a man as ever came out of *Italy* with a good voice, and as pretty harmless company for a Lady, as a Snake without his teeth.

Sir Jaf. Ay, ay, poor man.

Enter Mrs. Squeamish.

Squeam. I can't find 'em——Oh are you here, Grandmother, I follow'd you must know my Lady *Fidget* hither, 'tis the prettyest lodging, and I have been staring on the prettyest Pictures.

Enter Lady Fidget with a piece of China in her hand, and Horner following.

Lad. And I have been toying and moyling, for the pretty'ft piece of China, my Dear.

Hor. Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I cou'd.

Squeam. Oh, Lord, I'll have some China too, good *Mr. Horner*, don't think to give other people China, and me none, come in with me too.

Hor. Upon my honour I have none left now.

Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you deny your China before now, but you shan't put me off so, come——

Hor. This Lady had the last there.

Lad. Yes indeed, Madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.

Squeam. O, but it may be he may have some you could not find.

Lad. What d'y think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too, for we women of quality never think we have China enough.

Hor. Do not take it ill, I cannot make China for you all, but I will have a Rol-waggon for you too, another time.

Squeam. Thank you dear Toad.

[*To Horner aside.*

Lad. What do you mean by that promise?

Hor. Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding.

[*Apart to Lady Fidget.*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Old L. Squeam. Poor Mr. *Horner*, he has enough to doe to please you all, I fee.

Hor. Ay, Madam, you see how they use me.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Gentleman, I pity you.

Hor. I thank you, Madam, I could never find pity, but from such reverend Ladies, as you are, the young ones will never spare a Man.

Squeam. Come, come, Beast, and go dine with us, for we shall want a man at Hombre after dinner.

Hor. That's all their use of me, Madam, you see.

Squeam. Come Sloven, I'll lead you to be sure of you.

[Pulls him by the Crevat.

Old L. Squeam. Alas poor man, how she tuggs him, kifs, kifs her, that's the way to make such nice women quiet.

Hor. No, Madam, that Remedy is worse than the torment, they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

Old L. Squeam. Prithee kifs her, and I'll give you her Picture in little, that you admir'd so last night, prythee do.

Hor. Well, nothing but that could bribe me, I love a woman only in Effigie, and good painting, as much as I hate them—I'll do't, for I cou'd adore the Devil well painted.

[Kisses Mrs. Squeam.

Squeam. Foh, you filthy Toad, nay, now I've done jesting.

Old L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

Squeam. Foh, a kifs of his——

Sir Jaf. Has no more hurt in't, than one of my Spaniels.

Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Qu. I will now believe any thing he tells me.

[Behind.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Lad. O Lord, here's a Man, Sir *Jaspar*, my Mask, my Mask, I would not be seen here for the World.

Sir Jaf. What not, when I am with you.

Lad. No, no my honour——let's be gone.

Squeam. Oh Grandmother, let us be gone, make haste, make haste, I know not how he may censure us.

Lad. Be found in the lodging of any thing like a Man, away.

[Exeunt Sir Jaf. La. Fid. Old La. Squeam. Mrs. Squeamish.

Quack. What's here, another Cuckold——he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him.

[Behind.

Hor. Well, what brings my dear friend hither?

Mr. Pin. Your impertinency.

Hor. My impertinency——why you Gentlemen that have got handsome Wives, think you have a privilege of saying any thing to your Friends, and are as brutish, as if you were our Creditors.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. No, Sir, I'll ne're trust you any way.

Hor. But why not, dear *Jack*, why diffide in me, thou know'st so well?

Mr. Pin. Because I do know you so well.

Hor. Han't I been always thy friend, honest *Jack*, always ready to serve thee, in love, or battle, before thou wert married, and am so still?

Mr. Pin. I believe so, you wou'd be my second, now indeed.

Hor. Well then dear *Jack*, why so unkind, so grum, so strange to me, come prythee kifs me dear Rogue, gad I was always I say, and am still as much thy Servant as——

Mr. Pin. As I am yours, Sir. What you wou'd fend a kifs to my Wife, is that it?

Hor. So there 'tis——a man can't shew his friendship to a married man, but presently he talks of his wife to you; prithee let thy Wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont, what thou art as shy of my kindness, as a Lumbard-street Alderman of a Courtier's civility at *Lockets*.

Mr. Pin. But you are over kind to me, as kind, as if I were your Cuckold already, yet I must confels you ought to be kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you, as to bring you this, look you there, Sir.

[*Delivers him a Letter.*]

Hor. What is't?

Mr. Pin. Only a Love Letter, Sir.

Hor. From whom——how, this is from your Wife——hum——and hum——

[*Reads.*]

Mr. Pin. Even from my Wife, Sir, am I not wondrous kind and civil to you, now too?

But you'll not think her so.

[*Aside.*]

Hor. Ha, is this a trick of his, or hers?

[*Aside.*]

Mr. Pin. The Gentleman's surpriz'd I find, what you expected a kinder Letter?

Hor. No faith not I, how cou'd I?

Mr. Pin. Yes, yes, I'm sure you did; a man so well made as you are must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at first sight or opportunity.

Hor. But what should this mean? stay, the Postscript.

Be sure you love me, whatsoever my Husband says to the contrary, and let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel.

[*Reads aside.*]

It seems he knows not what the Letter contains.

[*Aside.*]

Mr. Pin. Come, ne're wonder at it so much.

Hor. Faith, I can't help it.

Mr. Pin. Now, I think, I have deserv'd your infinite friendship, and kindness, and have shewed my self sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband, am I not so, to bring a Letter from my Wife to her Gallant?

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, kind friend and husband in the World, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. Well, you may be merry, Sir, but in short I must tell you, Sir, my honour will suffer no jesting.

Hor. What do'st thou mean?

Mr. Pin. Does the Letter want a Comment? then know, Sir, though I have been so civil a Husband, as to bring you a Letter from my Wife, to let you kifs and court her to my face, I will not be a Cuckold, Sir, I will not.

Hor. Thou art mad with jealousy, I never saw thy Wife in my life, but at the Play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no, I court her, kifs her!

Mr. Pin. I will not be a Cuckold, I say, there will be danger in making me a Cuckold.

Hor. Why, were thou not well cur'd of thy last clap?

Mr. Pin. I wear a Sword.

Hor. It should be taken from thee, lest thou should'st do thy self a mischief with it, thou art mad, Man.

Mr. Pin. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you e're we part, I say again, though you kifs'd, and courted last night my Wife in man's clothes, as she confesses, in her Letter.

Hor. Ha——

[*Aside.*]

Mr. Pin. Both she and I say, you must not design it again, for you have mistaken your woman, as you have done your man.

Hor. Oh——I understand something now——

[*Aside.*]

Was that thy Wife? why would'st thou not tell me 'twas she? faith my freedom with her was your fault, not mine.

Mr. Pin. Faith, so 'twas——

[*Aside.*]

Hor. Fye, I'de never do't to a woman before her husband's face, sure.

Mr. Pin. But I had rather you should do't to my wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you shall never do.

Hor. No——you will hinder me.

Mr. Pin. If I would not hinder you, you see by her Letter she wou'd.

Hor. Well, I must e'ne acquiesce then, and be contented with what she writes.

Mr. Pin. I'll assure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't you may believe me.

Hor. I do believe thee, faith.

Mr. Pin. And believe her too, for she's an innocent creature, has no dissembling in her, and so fare you well, Sir.

Hor. Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her I will obey her Letter to a tittle, and fulfill her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't, and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you——

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Well, then fare you well, and play with any man's honour but mine, kifs any man's wife but mine, and welcome—— [*Exit Mr. Pinch.*]

Hor. Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

Qu. It seems he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it?

Hor. Ha, ha, now Doctor what think you?

Qu. Pray let's see the Letter——hum——for——dear——love you—— [*Reads the Letter.*]

Hor. I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! what say'st thou to't, 'tis an Original.

Qu. So are your Cuckolds too Originals: for they are like no other common Cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to Cuckold the Grand Signior amidst his Guards of Eunuchs, that I say——

Hor. And I say for the Letter, 'tis the first love Letter that ever was without Flames, Darts, Fates, Destinies, Lying and Diffembling in't.

Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.

Spar. Come back, you are a pretty Brother-in-law, neither go to Church, nor to dinner with your Sister Bride.

Mr. Pin. My Sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfy'd.

Spar. Pshaw, upon a foolish scruple, that our Parson was not in lawful Orders, and did not say all the Common-Prayer, but 'tis her modesty only I believe, but let Women be never so modest the first day, they'll be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then; in the mean time, *Harry Horner*, you must dine with me; I keep my wedding at my Aunts in the *Piazza*.

Hor. Thy wedding! what stale Maid has liv'd to despair of a Husband, or what young one of a Gallant?

Spar. O your Servant Sir——this Gentleman's Sister then——No stale Maid.

Hor. I'm sorry for't.

Mr. Pin. How comes he so concern'd for her—— [*Aside.*]

Spar. You sorry for't, why do you know any ill by her?

Hor. No, I know none but by thee, 'tis for her sake, not yours, and another man's sake that might have hop'd, I thought——

Spar. Another Man, another man, what is his Name?

Hor. Nay, since 'tis past he shall be nameless.

Poor *Harcourt*, I am sorry thou hast mist her—— [*Aside.*]

Mr. Pin. He seems to be much troubled at the match—— [*Aside.*]

Spar. Prithce tell me——nay, you shan't go Brother.

Mr. Pin. I must of necessity, but I'll come to you to dinner.

[*Exit Pinchwife.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Spar. But *Harry*, what have I a Rival in my Wife already? but withal my heart, for he may be of use to me hereafter, for though my hunger is now my fawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when a Rival will be as good fawce for a married Man to a Wife, as an Orange to Veale.

Hor. O thou damn'd Rogue, thou hast set my teeth on edge with thy Orange.

Spar. Then let's to dinner, there I was with you again, come.

Hor. But who dines with thee?

Spar. My Friends and Relations, my Brother *Pinchwife*, you see, of your acquaintance.

Hor. And his Wife.

Spar. No 'gad, he'll ne're let her come amongst us good Fellows, your stingy Country Coxcomb keeps his Wife from his Friends, as he does his little Firkin of Ale, for his own drinking, and a Gentleman can't get a smack on't, but his Servants, when his back is turn'd, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I am witty I think, considering I was married to day, by the world, but come——

Hor. No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch her too.

Spar. Pshaw, what pleasure can'st thou have with Women now, *Harry*?

Hor. My eyes are not gone, I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you, unless she does too, go fetch her therefore, but do not tell her husband, 'tis for my sake.

Spar. Well, I'll go try what I can do, in the mean time come away to my Aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to *Pinchwifes*.

Hor. The poor woman has call'd for aid, and stretch'd forth her hand, Doctor, I cannot but help her over the Pale out of the Bryars.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Horner, Quack.*]

The Scene changes to Pinchwife's house.

Mrs. Pinchwife alone leaning on her elbow. A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Mrs. Pin. Well 'tis e'ne so, I have got the *London* Disease, they call Love, I am sick of my Husband, and for my Gallant; I have heard this distemper, call'd a Feaver, but methinks 'tis liker an Ague, for when I think of my Husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit, but when I think of my Gallant, dear Mr. *Horner*, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a Feaver, indeed, & as in other Feavers, my own Chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I shou'd be well; ah poor Mr. *Horner*, well I cannot, will not stay here, therefore I'll make an end of my Letter to him, which shall be a finer Letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing; O Sick, Sick!

[*Takes the Pen and writes.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, who seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and looking over her shoulder, snatches the Paper from her.

Mr. Pin. What, writing more Letters?

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Budd, why d'ye fright me so? *{ She offers to run out : he stops her, and reads.*

Mr. Pin. How's this! nay you shall not stir Madam.

Deare, deare, deare, *Mr. Horner*——very well——I have taught you to write Letters to good purpose——but let's see't.

First I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'de have you to know, I would not have done, had not you said first you lov'd me so extreamly, which if you do, you will never suffer me to lye in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest——[Now you can write these filthy words] but what follows——Therefore, I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do, but you must help me away before to morrow, or else alas I shall be forever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our——our——what is to follow our———speak what? our Journey into

[The Letter concludes.

the Country I suppose———Oh Woman, damn'd Woman, and Love, damn'd Love, their old Tempter, for this is one of his miracles, in a moment he can make those blind that cou'd see, and those see that were blind, those dumb that could speak, and those prattle who were dumb before, nay, what is more than all, make these dow-bak'd, senseless, indocile animals, Women, too hard for us their Politick Lords and Rulers in a moment; But make an end of your Letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together.

[Draws his Sword.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, O Lord you are such a Passionate Man, Bud.

Enter Sparkish.

Spar. How now, what's here to doe?

Mr. Pin. This Fool here now!

Spar. What, drawn upon your Wife? you shou'd never do that, but at night in the dark, when you can't hurt her, this is my Sister-in-law, is it not? ay, faith e'ne our Country *Margery*, *[Pulls aside her Handkerchiefe.]* one may know her, come she and you must go dine with me, dinner's ready, come, but where's my Wife, is she not come home yet, where is she?

Mr. Pin. Making you a Cuckold, 'tis that they all doe, as soon as they can.

Spar. What the Wedding day? no, a Wife that designs to make a Cully of her Husband, will be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by the world, but come they stay dinner for us, come I'll lead down our *Margery*.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Let's fee—[For I can defer no longer our——Wedding——Your flighted *Alitheia*] What's the meaning of this, my Sister's name to't, speak, unriddle?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why her name to't, speak——speak, I say?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but you'll tell her then again, if you wou'd not tell her again.

Mr. Pin. I will not, I am stunn'd, my head turns round, speak.

Mrs. Pin. Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed.

Mr. Pin. No, speak, I say.

Mrs. Pin. She'll be angry with me, but I had rather she should be angry with me, than you Budd; and to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the Letter, and taught me what I should write.

Mr. Pin. Ha—— [I thought the stile was somewhat better than her own,] [*Aside.*

But how cou'd she come to you to teach you, since I had lock'd you up alone?

Mrs. Pin. O through the key hole, Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why shou'd she make you write a Letter for her to him, since she can write her self?

Mrs. Pin. Why she said because——for I was unwilling to do it.

Mr. Pin. Because what——because.

Mrs. Pin. Because lest *Mr. Horner* should be cruel, and refuse her, or vaine afterwards, and shew the Letter, she might disown it, the hand not being hers.

Mr. Pin. How's this? ha——then I think I shall come to my self again——This changeling cou'd not invent this lye, but if she cou'd, why should she? she might think I should soon discover it——stay——now I think on't too, *Horner* said he was sorry she had married *Sparkish*, and her disowning her marriage to me, makes me think she has evaded it, for *Horner's* sake, yet why should she take this course? but men in love are fools, women may well be so—— [*Aside.*

But hark you Madam, your Sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Mrs. Pin. A lack a day, she has been crying all day above it seems in a corner.

Mr. Pin. Where is she, let me speak with her.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, then he'll discover all—— [*Aside.*
Pray hold Budd, what d'y mean to discover me, she'll know I have told you then, pray Budd let me talk with her first——

Mr. Pin. I must speak with her, to know, whether *Horner* ever made her any promise; and whether she be married to *Sparkish* or no.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, dear Budd don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all, for she'll kill me else.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Go then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, yes Budd——

Mr. Pin. Let me see——

Mrs. Pin. I'll go, but she is not within to come to him, I have just got time to know of *Lucy* her Maid, who first set me on work, what lye I shall tell next, for I am e'ne at my wits end—— [Exit *Mrs. Pinchwife*.

Mr. Pin. Well, I resolve it, *Horner* shall have her, I'd rather give him my Sister, than lend him my Wife, and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my Wife sure,——I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her. [Mrs. Pin. returns.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Budd, I told you what anger you would make me with my Sister.

Mr. Pin. Won't she come hither?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, alack-a-day, she's a-sham'd to look you in the face, and she says, if you go in to her, she'll run away down stairs, and shamefully go her self to Mr. *Horner*, who has promis'd her marriage she says, and she will have no other, so she won't——

Mr. Pin. Did he so——promise her marriage——then she shall have no other, go tell her so, and if she will come and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately, go—— [Exit *Mrs. Pin*. His estate is equal to *Sparkish's*, and his extraction as much better than his, as his parts are, but my chief reason is, I'd rather be of kin to him by the name of Brother-in-law, than that of Cuckold—— Well what says she now?

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pin. Why she says she would only have you lead her to *Horners* lodging——with whom she first will discourse the matter before she talks with you, which yet she cannot do; for alack poor creature, she says she can't so much as look you in the face, therefore she'll come to you in a mask, and you must excuse her if she make you no answer to any question of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. *Horner*, and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'll come out to you immediately.

Mr. Pin. Let her come; I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pin. Oh, I forgot, besides she says, she cannot look you in the face, tho through a mask, therefore wou'd desire you to put out the Candle.

Mr. Pin. I agree to all, let her make haste—— {Exit *Mrs. Pin.*, puts there 'tis out——My case is something better, I'd { out the Candle. rather fight with *Horner*, for not lying with my Sister, than for lying with my Wife, and of the two, I had rather find my Sister too forward, than my Wife; I expected no other from her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the Town——well——Wife and Sister are names which make

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

us expect Love and Duty, Pleasure and Comfort, but we find 'em plagues ✓ and torments, and are equally, though differently troublesome to their keeper; for we have as much a doe to get People to lie with our Sisters, as to keep 'em from lying with our Wives.

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife Masked, and in Hoods and Scarves, and a Night-gown and Petticoat of Alitheas, in the dark.

What are you come Sister? let us go then—but first let me lock up my Wife. Mrs. Margery, where are you?

Mrs. Pin. Here Budd.

Mr. Pin. Come hither, that I may lock you up, get you in. { *Locks the*
Come Sister, where are you now? { *door.*

Mrs. Pin. *gives him her hand, but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is lead away by him for his Sister Alitheas.]*

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack, Horner.

Qu. What all alone, not so much as one of your Cuckolds here, nor one of their Wives! they use to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Hor. Yes it often happens, that a Cuckold is but his Wifes spy, and is more upon family duty, when he is with her gallant abroad hindring his pleasure, than when he is at home with her playing the Gallant, but the hardest duty a married woman imposed upon a lover, is keeping her Husband company always.

Qu. And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as hers.

Hor. A Pox, keeping a Cuckold company after you have had his Wife, is as tiresome as the company of a Country Squire to a witty Fellow of the Town, when he has got all his Money.

Qu. And as at first a man makes a friend of the Husband to get the Wife, so at last you are faine to fall out with the Wife to be rid of the Husband.

Hor. Ay, most Cuckold-makers are true Courtiers, when once a poor Man has crack'd his credit for 'em, they can't abide to come near him.

Qu. But at first to draw him in are so sweet, so kind, so dear, just as you are to Pinchwife, but what becomes of that intrigue with his Wife?

Hor. A Pox, he's as furly as an Alderman that has been bit, and since he's so coy, his Wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

Qu. Did she not send you a Letter by him?

Hor. Yes, but that's a riddle I have not yet solv'd—allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close——

Qu. Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

revenge to her love, which two when met seldom faile of satisfying each other one way or other.

Hor. What here's the Man we are talking of I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife leading in his Wife Masqued, Muffled, and in her Sisters Gown.

Hor. Pshaw.

Qu. Bringing his Wife to you is the next thing to bringing a Love Letter from her.

Hor. VVhat means this?

Mr. Pin. The last time you know Sir I brought you a Love Letter, now you see a Mistrefs, I think you'll say I am a civil Man to you.

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me will I say thou art the civillest man I ever met with, and I have known some; I fancy, I understand thee now, better than I did the Letter, but hark thee in thy care——

Mr. Pin. VVhat?

Hor. Nothing but the usual question man, is she found on thy word?

Mr. Pin. VVhat you take her for a VVench, and me for a Pimp?

Hor. Pshaw, VVench and Pimp, paw words, I know thou art an honest fellow, and hast a great acquaintance among the Ladies, and perhaps, hast made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy VVife——

Mr. Pin. Come Sir, in short, I am for no fooling.

Hor. Nor I neither, therefore, prythee let's see her face presently, make her show man, art thou sure I don't know her?

Mr. Pin. I am sure you doe know her.

Hor. A Pox, why dost thou bring her to me then?

Mr. Pin. Because she's a Relation of mine.

Hor. Is she faith man, then thou art still more civil and obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. VVho desir'd me to bring her to you.

Hor. Then she is obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. You'll make her welcome for my sake I hope.

Hor. I hope she is handsome enough to make her self wellcome; prithee let her unmask.

Mr. Pin. Doe you speak to her, she wou'd never be rul'd by me.

Hor. Madam——

[*Mrs. Pin. whispers to Hor.*

She says she must speak with me in private, withdraw prythee.

Mr. Pin. She's unwilling it seems I shou'd know all her undecent conduct in this business——

[*Afide.*

VVell then I'll leave you together, and hope when I am gone you'll agree, if not you and I shan't agree, Sir.——

Hor. VVhat means the Fool?——if she and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

[*Whispers to Mrs. Pin. who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. In the mean time I'll fetch a Parson, and find out *Sparkish*, and disabuse him. You wou'd have me fetch a Parson, would you not, well then——Now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her——Our Sisters and Daughters like Usurers money, are safest, when put out; but our Wives, like their Writings, never safe, but in our Closets under Lock and Key. [Exit Mr. Pin.]

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Jaspar Fidget*, Sir, is coming up.

Hor. Here's the trouble of a Cuckold, now we are talking of, a pox on him, has he not enough to doe to hinder his Wives sport, but he must other women's too.——Step in here, Madam. [Exit Mrs. Pin.]

Enter Sir Jaspar.

Sir Jas. My best and dearest Friend.

Hor. The old stile, Doctor——

Well be short, for I am busie, what would your impertinent Wife have now?

Sir Jas. Well guess'd i' faith, for I do come from her.

Hor. To invite me to supper, tell her I can't come, go.

Sir Jas. Nay, now you are out, faith, for my Lady and the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as they call themselves, are resolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to night in Masquerade, and are all drest already.

Hor. I shan't be at home.

Sir Jas. Lord, how churlish he is to women——nay, pray thee don't disappoint 'em, they'll think 'tis my fault, pr'ythee don't, I'll send in the Banquet and the Fiddles, but make no noise on't, for the poor virtuous Rogues would not have it known for the world, that they go a Masquerading, and they would come to no mans Ball, but yours.

Hor. Well, well——get you gone, and tell 'em if they come, 'twill be at the peril of their honour and yours.

Sir Jas. Heh, he, he——we'll trust you for that, farewell——

[Exit Sir Jaspar.]

Hor. Doctor anon you too shall be my guest.

But now I'm going to a private feast.

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent-Garden.

Sparkish, Pinchwife.

Spar. But who would have thought a Woman could have been false to me, by the world, I could not have thought it. { *Spar. with the Letter*
in his hand.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. You were for giving and taking liberty, she has taken it only Sir, now you find in that Letter, you are a frank person, and so is she you see there.

Spar. Nay, if this be her hand—for I never saw it.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no, I am sure this hand at her desire led her to Mr. *Horner*, with whom I left her just now, to go fetch a Parson to 'em at their desire too, to deprive you of her for ever, for it seems yours was but a mock marriage.

Spar. Indeed, she wou'd needs have it that 'twas *Harcourt* himself in a Parson's Habit that married us, but I'm sure he told me 'twas his Brother *Ned*.

Mr. Pin. O, there 'tis out, and you were deceiv'd not she, for you are such a frank person—but I must be gone—you'll find her at Mr. *Horner's*, go and believe your eyes. *[Exit Mr. Pin.]*

Spar. Nay I'll go to her, and call her as many Crocodiles, Syrens, Harpies, and other heathenish names, as a Poet would do a Mistress, who had refus'd to hear his suit, nay more his Verses on her.

But stay, is not that she following a Torch at t'other end of the *Piazza*, and from *Horner's* certainly—'tis so——

Enter Alitheia following a Torch, and Lucy behind.

You are well met, Madam, though you don't think so; what you have made a short visit to Mr. *Horner*, but, I suppose, you'll return to him presently, by that time the Parson can be with him.

Alith. Mr. *Horner*, and the Parson, Sir——!

Spar. Come, Madam, no more dissembling, no more jilting, for I am no more a frank person.

Alith. How's this.

Lucy. So, 'twill work I see——

[Aside.]

Spar. Cou'd you find out no easie Country Fool to abuse? none but me, a Gentleman of wit and pleasure about the Town, but it was your pride to be too hard for a man of parts, unworthy false woman, false as a friend that lends a man money to lose, false as dice, who undoes those that trust all they have to 'em.

Lucy. He has been a great bubble by his families as they say—— *[Aside.]*

Alith. You have been too merry, Sir, at your wedding dinner sure.

Spar. Why d'y mock me too?

Alith. Or you have been deluded.

Spar. By you.

Alith. Let me understand you.

Spar. Have you the confidence, I should call it something else, since you know your guilt, to stand my just reproaches? you did not write an impudent Letter to Mr. *Horner*, who I find now has club'd with you in deluding

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

me with his aversion for Women, that I might not forsooth suspect him for my Rival.

Lucy. D'y think the Gentleman can be jealous now, Madam——

[*Aside.*

Alith. I write a Letter to Mr. *Horner*!

Spar. Nay, Madam, do not deny it, your Brother shew'd it me just now, and told me likewise he left you at *Horner's* lodging to fetch a Parson, to marry you to him, and I wish you joy, Madam, joy, joy, and to him too much joy, and to my self more joy for not marrying you.

Alith. So I find my Brother would break off the match, and I can consent to't, since I see this Gentleman can be made jealous. [

Aside.

O *Lucy*, by his rude usage and jealousy, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him, art thou sure 'twas *Harcourt* himself, and no Parson that married us.

Spar. No, Madam, I thank you, I suppose, that was a contrivance too of Mr. *Horner's* and yours, to make *Harcourt* play the Parson, but I would as little as you have him one now, no not for the world; for shall I tell you another truth, I never had any passion for you, 'till now, for now I hate you; 'tis true, I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the Town do sometimes, and so your Servant, and to shew my unconcernedness, I'll come to your wedding, and resign you with as much joy, as I would a stale wench to a new Cully, nay, with as much joy as I would after the first night, if I had been married to you, there's for you, and so your Servant, Servant. [

Exit Spar.

Alith. How was I deceiv'd in a man!

Lucy. You'll believe then a Fool may be made jealous now? for that easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a Wife, will likewise permit him to be persuaded against her by others.

Alith. But marry Mr. *Horner*, my Brother does not intend it sure; if I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. *Harcourt* for my Husband, and now I wish, that if there be any over-wise woman of the Town, who like me would marry a Fool, for fortune, liberty, or title; first, that her husband may love Play, and be a Cully to all the Town, but her, and suffer none but fortune to be mistress of his purse; then if for liberty, that he may send her into the Country, under the conduct of some housewifely mother-in-law; and if for title, may the World give 'em none but that of Cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater curse, Madam, may he not deserve it.

Alith. Away impertinent——is not this my old Lady *Lanterlus*?

Lucy. Yes, Madam. [And here I hope we shall find Mr. *Harcourt*——

[

Aside.
[*Exeunt Ali. Lucy.*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

The Scene changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Daynty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish,
a Table, Banquet, and Bottles.

Hor. A Pox, they are come too soon—before I have sent back my new—Mistress, all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not see her— [Aside.]

Lad. That we may be sure of our wellcome, we have brought our entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear Toad.

Dain. And that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir *Jaspar* and my old Lady *Squeamish* quarrelling at home at *Baggammon*.

Squeam. Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt us.

Lad. Let us sit then.

Hor. First, that you may be private, let me lock this door, and that, and I'll wait upon you presently.

Lad. No, Sir, shut 'em only and your lips for ever, for we must trust you as much as our women.

Hor. You know all vanity's kill'd in me, I have no occasion for talking.

Lad. Now, Ladies, supposing we had drank each of us our two Bottles, let us speak the truth of our hearts.

Dain. and *Squeam.* Agreed.

Lad. By this brimmer, for truth is no where else to be found, [Not in thy heart false Man.

Hor. You have found me a true Man I'm sure. [Aside to Hor.

Lad. Not every way— [Aside to Lady Fid.

But let us sit and be merry. [Aside to Hor.

Lady Fidget sings.

I.

*Why should our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live
On the pittance of Pleasure which they only give?*

*We must not rejoyce,
With Wine and with noise.*

*In vain we must wake in a dull bed alone,
Whilst to our warm Rival the bottle, they're gone.*

*Then lay aside charms,
And take up these arms.**

*The Glasses.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

II.

*'Tis Wine only gives 'em their Courage and Wit,
Because we live sober to men we submit.
If for Beauties you'd pass,
Take a lick of the Glass,
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The best red we have is the red of the Grape.
Then Sisters lay't on,
And dam a good shape.*

Dain. Dear Brimmer, well in token of our openness and plain dealing, let us throw our Masques over our heads.

Hor. So 'twill come to the Glasses anon.

Squeam. Lovely Brimmer, let me enjoy him first.

Lad. No, I never part with a Gallant, till I've try'd him. Dear Brimmer that maketh our Husbands short-sighted.

Dain. And our bashful gallants bold.

Squeam. And for want of a Gallant, the Butler lovely in our eyes, drink Eunuch.

Lad. Drink thou representative of a Husband, damn a Husband.

Dain. And as it were a Husband, an old keeper.

Squeam. And an old Grandmother.

Hor. And an English Bawd, and a French Chirurgion.

Lad. Ay, we have all reason to curse 'em.

Hor. For my sake Ladies.

Lad. No, for our own, for the first spoils all young gallants industry.

Dain. And the others art makes 'em bold only with common women.

Squeam. And rather run the hazard of the vile distemper amongst them, than of a denial amongst us.

Dain. The filthy Toads chuse Mistresses now, as they do Stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Squeam. For being common and cheap.

Lad. Whilst Women of Quality, like the richest Stuffs lye untumbled, and unask'd for.

Hor. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, often they think best.

Dain. No, Sir, the Beasts will be known by a Mistress longer than by a suit.

Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapness neither.

Lad. No, for the vain fopps will take up Druggets, and embroider 'em, but I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men, they use to be out of the common road, and hate imitation, pray tell me beast, when you

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

were a man, why you rather chose to club with a multitude in a common house, for an entertainment, than to be the only guest at a good Table.

Hor. Why, faith, ceremony and expectation are unfufferable to those that are sharp bent, people always eat with the best stomach at an ordinary, where every man is snatching for the best bit.

Lad. Though he get a cut over the fingers—but I have heard people eat most heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Hor. When they are sure of their wellcome and freedom, for ceremony in love and eating, is as ridiculous as in fighting, falling on briskly is all should be done in those occasions.

Lad. Well, then let me tell you, Sir, there is no where more freedom than in our houses, and we take freedom from a young person as a sign of good breeding, and a person may be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamefome, as wild as he will.

Hor. Han't I heard you all declaim against wild men.

Lad. Yes, but for all that, we think wildness in a man, as desirable a quality, as in a Duck, or Rabbet; a tame man, foh.

Hor. I know not, but your Reputations frightened me, as much as your Faces invited me.

Lad. Our Reputation, Lord! Why should you not think, that we women make use of our Reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion; our Virtue is like the State-man's Religion, the Quaker's Word, the Gamester's Oath, and the Great Man's Honour, but to cheat those that trust us.

Squeam. And that Demureness, Coyness, and Modesty, that you see in our Faces in the Boxes at Plays, is as much a sign of a kind woman, as a Vizard-mask in the Pit.

Dain. For I assure you, women are least mask'd, when they have the Velvet Vizard on.

Lad. You wou'd have found us modest women in our denyals only.

Squeam. Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the Men's.

Dain. We blush, when they are shame-fac'd.

Hor. I beg your pardon Ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly; but why, that mighty pretence to Honour?

Lad. We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you men pretend business often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately those you love.

Hor. But why, wou'd you ne'er give a Friend a wink then?

Lad. Faith, your Reputation frightened us as much, as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

Hor. And you so seemingly honest.

Lad. Was that all that deterr'd you?

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. And so expensive——you allow freedom you say.

Lad. Ay, ay.

Hor. That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleasures required.

Lad. Money, foh——you talk like a little fellow now, do such as we expect money?

Hor. I beg your pardon, Madam, I must confess, I have heard that great Ladies, like great Merchants, set but the higher prizes upon what they have, because they are not in necessity of taking the first offer.

Dain. Such as we make sale of our hearts?

Squeam. We brib'd for our Love? Foh.

Hor. With your pardon, Ladies, I know, like great Men in Offices, you seem to exact flattery and attendance only from your Followers; but you have receivers about you, and such fees to pay, a man is afraid to pass your Grants; besides we must let you win at Cards, or we lose your hearts; and if you make an assignation, 'tis at a Goldsmiths, Jewellers, or China-house, where for your Honour, you deposit to him, he must pawn his, to the punctual Citt, and so paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Dain. Wou'd you not have us assur'd of our Gallants Love?

Squeam. For Love is better known by Liberality, than by Jealousie.

Lad. For one may be dissembled, the other not——but my Jealousie can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling ripe. [*Aside.*

Come here's to our Gallants in waiting, whom we must name, and I'll begin, this is my false Rogue. [*Claps him on the back.*

Squeam. How!

Hor. So all will out now——

Squeam. Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only, you reported your self no Man? [*Aside to Horner.*

Dain. Oh Wretch! did you not swear to me, 'twas for my Love, and Honour, you pass'd for that thing you do? [*Aside to Horner.*

Hor. So, so.

Lad. Come, speak, Ladies, this is my false Villain.

Squeam. And mine too.

Dain. And mine.

Hor. Well then, you are all three my false Rogues too, and there's an end on't.

Lad. Well then, there's no remedy, Sister sharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our Honour; though we get no Presents, no Jewels of him, we are favers of our Honour, the Jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to the world unsuspected, though it be counterfeit.

Hor. Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true, provided the world think so; for Honour, like Beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others. ✓

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Lad. Well Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three, fwear, but 'tis to no purpose, to require your Oath; for you are as often forsworn, as you fwear to new women.

Hor. Come, faith, Madam, let us e'en pardon one another, for all the difference I find betwixt we men, and you women, we forswear our selves at the beginning of an Amour, you, as long as it lasts.

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, and old Lady Squeamish.

Sir Jas. Oh, my Lady *Fidget*, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. *Horner* without me; but you have been no where else, I hope.

Lad. No, Sir *Jaspar*.

Old L. Squeam. And you came straight hither Biddy.

Squeam. Yes, indeed, Lady Grandmother.

Sir Jas. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I knew when once they were thoroughly acquainted with poor *Horner*, they'd ne'er be from him; you may let her masquerade it with my Wife, and *Horner*, and I warrant her Reputation safe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, Sir, here's the Gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a Lady too, and other Gentlemen——

Hor. Do you all go in there, whil'ft I fend 'em away, and Boy do you desire 'em to stay below 'til I come, which shall be immediately.

[*Exeunt Sir Jaspar, Lad. Squeam. Lad. Fidget, Mistris Dainty, Squeamish.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit Horner at t'other door, and returns with Mistris Pinchwife.*

Hor. You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your Husband came back, he'll now discover all, yet pray my Dearest be perswaded to go home, and leave the rest to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know the way home, so I don't.

Hor. My man shall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pin. No, don't you believe, that I'll go at all; what are you weary of me already?

Hor. No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to secure my love, and your Reputation with your Husband, he'll never receive you again else.

Mrs. Pin. What care I, d'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you shall be my Husband now.

Hor. I cannot be your Husband, Dearest, since you are married to him.

Mrs. Pin. O wou'd you make me believe that——don't I see every day at *London* here, Women leave their first Husbands, and go, and live with other men as their Wives, pish, pshaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. So, they are coming up——In again, in, I hear 'em:

[*Exit Mistris Pinchwife.*]

Well a filly Mistrifs, is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a man has scarce time for plunder; she betrays her Husband first to her Gallant, and then her Gallant to her Husband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alitheia, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.

Mr. Pin. Come, Madam, 'tis not the sudden change of your dress, the confidence of your asseverations, and your false witness there, shall persuade me, I did not bring you hither, just now; here's my witness, who cannot deny it, since you must be confronted——*Mr. Horner*, did not I bring this Lady to you just now?

Hor. Now must I wrong one Woman for another's sake, but that's no new thing with me; for in these cases I am still on the criminal's side, against the innocent. [Aside.]

Alith. Pray, speak, Sir.

Hor. It must be so——I must be impudent, and try my luck, impudence uses to be too hard for truth. [Aside.]

Mr. Pin. What you are studying an evasion, or excuse for her, Speak, Sir.

Hor. No, faith, I am something backward only, to speak in women's affairs or disputes.

Mr. Pin. She bids you speak.

Alith. Ay, pray, Sir, do, pray satisfy him.

Hor. Then, truly, you did bring that Lady to me just now.

Mr. Pin. O ho——

Alith. How, Sir——

Har. How, *Horner*!

Alith. What mean you, Sir, I always took you for a man of Honour?

Hor. Ay, so much a Man of Honour, that I must save my Mistrifs, I thank you, come what will on't. [Aside.]

Spark. So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe, the Moon had been made of a Christmas pye.

Lucy. Now cou'd I speak, if I durst, and solve the Riddle, who am the Author of it. [Aside.]

Alith. O unfortunate Woman! a combination against my Honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my disgrace, Sir, and it is your censure which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous, I will not only believe your innocence my self, but make all the World believe it——

Horner I must now be concern'd for this Ladies Honour.

[*Apart to Horner.*]

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Hor. And I must be concern'd for a Ladies Honour too.

Har. This Lady has her Honour, and I will protect it.

Hor. My Lady has not her Honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

Har. I understand you not.

Hor. I would not have you.

Mrs. Pin. What's the matter with 'em all.

[*Mistress Pinchwife peeping in behind.*]

Mr. Pin. Come, come, Mr. *Horner*, no more disputing, here's the Parson, I brought him not in vain.

Hor. No, Sir, I'll employ him, if this Lady please.

Mr. Pin. How, what d'ye mean?

Spar. Ay, what does he mean?

Hor. Why, I have resign'd your Sister to him, he has my consent.

Mr. Pin. But he has not mine, Sir, a Woman's injur'd Honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd, or satisfied by any, but him that first wronged it; and you shall marry her presently, or—— [*Lays his hand on his Sword*]

Enter to them Mistress Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. *Horner*, besides he shan't marry her, whilst I stand by, and look on, I'll not lose my second Husband so.

Mr. Pin. What do I see?

Alith. My Sister in my Cloaths!

Spar. Ha!

Mrs. Pin. Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the Parson, he shall marry me to Mr. *Horner*; for now, I believe, you have enough of me. [*To Mr. Pinchwife.*]

Hor. Damn'd, damn'd loving Changeling.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Sister, pardon me for telling so many lyes of you.

Har. I suppose the Riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that must be my work, good Sir, hear me.

[*Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, who stands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.*]

Mr. Pin. I will never hear Woman again, but make 'em all silent, thus—— [*Offers to draw upon his Wife.*]

Hor. No, that must not be.

Mr. Pin. You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me.

[*Offers to draw on Hor. stops by Harcourt.*]

Har. Hold——

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.

Sir Jas. What's the matter, what's the matter, pray, what's the matter, Sir, I beseech you communicate, Sir.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Mr. Pin. Why, my Wife has communicated, Sir, as your Wife may have done too, Sir, if she knows him, Sir——

Sir Jaf. Pshaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

Mr. Pin. D'y'e mock me, Sir, a Cuckold is a kind of a wild Beast, have a care, Sir——

Sir Jaf. No, fure, you mock me, Sir—he cuckold you ! it can't be, ha, ha, he, why, I'll tell you, Sir. [*Offers to whisper.*]

Mr. Pin. I tell you again, he has whor'd my Wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the women he comes near; 'tis not his diffembling, his hypocrisie can wheedle me.

Sir Jaf. How, does he diffemble, is he a Hypocrite? nay then——how——Wife——Sister is he an Hypocrite?

Old L. Squeam. An Hypocrite, a Diffempler, speak young Harlotry, speak how?

Sir Jaf. Nay, then——O my my head too——O thou libinous Lady !

Old L. Squeam. O thou Harloting, Harlotry, hast thou don't then?

Sir Jaf. Speak, good *Horner*, art thou a Diffempler, a Rogue? hast thou——

Hor. Soh——

Lucy. I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold her tongue.

[*Apart to Hor.*]

Hor. Canst thou? I'll give thee——

[*Apart to Lucy.*]

Lucy to Mr. Pin. Pray have but patience to hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate cause of all this confusion, your Wife is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all these lyes, concerning my Mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. *Sparkish* and her, to make way for Mr. *Harcourt*.

Spar. Did you so eternal Rotten-tooth? then it seems my Mistress was not false to me, I was only deceiv'd by you. Brother, that shou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a frank Person now, to bring your Wife to her Lover——ha——

Lucy. I assure you, Sir, she came not to Mr. *Horner* out of love, for she loves him no more——

Mrs. Pin. Hold, I told lyes for you, but you shall tell none for me, for I do love Mr. *Horner* with all my soul, and no body shall say me nay; pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. *Horner* believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm fure.

Hor. Peace, Dear Ideot.

[*Aside to Mrs. Pin.*]

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I will not peace.

Mr. Pin. Not till I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dor. Horner, your Servant, I am the Doctors Guest, he must excuse our intrusion.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Qu. But what's the matter Gentlemen, for Heaven's fake, what's the matter?

Hor. Oh, 'tis well you are come——'tis a cenforious World we live in, you may have brought me a reprieve, or else I had died for a crime, I never committed, and these innocent Ladies had suffer'd with me, therefore pray satisfie these worthy, honourable, jealous Gentlemen——that——

[*Whispers.*

Qu. O, I understand you, is that all——Sir *Jasper*, by Heavens, and upon the word of a Physician, Sir,—— [*Whispers to Sir Jasper.*

Sir Jas. Nay, I do believe you truly——pardon me my virtuous Lady, and dear of honour.

Old L. Squeam. What, then all's right again.

Sir Jas. Ay, ay, and now let us satisfie him too.

[*They whisper with Mr. Pinch.*

Mr. Pin. An Eunuch! pray, no fooling with me.

Quack. I'll bring half the Chirurgeons in Town to fwear it.

Mr. Pin. They——they'll fweare a man that bled to death through his wounds died of an Apoplexy.

Qu. Pray, hear me, Sir——why all the Town has heard the report of him.

Mr. Pin. But does all the Town believe it.

Qu. Pray, inquire a little, and first of all these.

Mr. Pin. I'm fure, when I left the Town, he was the lewdest fellow in't.

Quack. I tell you, Sir, he has been in *France* since, pray ask but these Ladies and Gentlemen, your Friend *Mr. Dorilant*, Gentlemen and Ladies, han't you all heard the late sad report of poor *Mr. Horner*.

All Lad. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous Fool do'st thou doubt it, he's an errant French Capon.

Mrs. Pin. 'Tis false, Sir, you shall not disparage poor *Mr. Horner*, for to my certain knowledge——

Lucy. O, hold——

Squeam. Stop her mouth——

[*Aside to Lucy.*

Lad. Upon my honour, Sir, 'tis as true.

[*To Pinch.*

Dain. D'ye think we would have been seen in his company——

Squeam. Trust our unspotted reputations with him!

Lad. This you get, and we too, by trusting your secret to a fool——

[*Aside to Hor.*

Hor. Peace, Madam,——well, Doctor, is not this a good design that carries a Man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe.——

[*Aside to Quack.*

Mr. Pin. Well, if this were true, but my Wife——

[*Aside.*

[*Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinch.*

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

Alith. Come, Brother, your Wife is yet innocent you see, but have a care of too strong an imagination, lest like an over-concern'd timorous Gamester, by fancying an unlucky cast, it should come, Women and Fortune are truest still to those that trust 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the Keeper.

Alith. There's Doctrine for all Husbands *Mr. Harcourt.*

Har. I edifie, Madam, so much, that I am impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie so much by example, I will never be one.

Spar. And because I will not disparage my parts I'll ne'er be one.

Hor. And, I alas, can't be one.

Mr. Pin. But I must be one——against my will to a Country-Wife, with a Country-murrain to me.

Mrs. Pin. And I must be a Country Wife still too I find, for I can't, like a City one, be rid of my musty Husband, and do what I list. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Now, Sir, I must pronounce your Wife Innocent, though I blush whilst I do it, and I am the only Man by her now expos'd to shame, which I will straight drown in Wine, as you shall your suspicion, and the Ladies troubles we'll divert with a Ballet, Doctor where are your Maskers.

Lucy. Indeed, she's innocent, Sir, I am her witness, and her end of coming out was, but to see her Sister's Wedding, and what she has said to your face of her love to *Mr. Horner* was, but the usual innocent revenge on a Husband's jealousy, was it not, Madam, speak——

Mrs. Pin. Since you'll have me tell more lyes——

[*Aside to Lucy and Horner.*]

Yes, indeed, Budd.

Mr. Pin. For my own sake fain I wou'd all believe.

Cuckolds like Lovers shou'd themselves deceive.

But—— *sighs*——

His honour is least safe, (too late I find)

Who trusts it with a foolish Wife or Friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Hor. Vain Fopps, but court, and dress, and keep a puther,
To pass for Women's Men, with one another.
But he who aims by women to be priz'd,
First by the men you see must be despis'd.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Knep.

NOW you the Vigorous, who dayly here
O'er Vizard-Mask, in publick domineer,
And what you'd do to her if in Place where;
Nay have the confidence, to cry come out,
Yet when she says lead on, you are not stout;
But to your well-drest Brother straight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, she can't be found:
Then slink away, a fresh one to engage,
With so much seeming heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten listning Actres on the Stage;
Till she at last has seen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tyreing-Room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home;
Next you Fallstaffs of fifty, who beset
Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilst to them, you of Atchievements boast,
They share the booty, and laugh at your cost.
In fine, you Effens't Boyes, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the Ladies, not their Husbands, wrong:
Whose Purfes for your Manhood make excuse,
And keep your Flanders Mares for shew, not use;
Encourag'd by our Woman's Man to day,
A Horner's part may vainly think to play;
And may Intreagues so bashfully disown,
That they may doubted be by few, or none,
May kifs the Cards at Picquet, Hombre,——Lu,
And so be thought to kifs the Lady too;
But Gallants, have a care faith, what you do.
The World, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may still believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women,——there's no cous'ning us.

FINIS.

THE
Plain-Dealer
A COMEDY

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY

Horat.

—*Ridiculum acri*

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secatur res

Lincensed Jan. 9. 1676. ROGER L'ESTRANGE

Source

THE suggestion of the character of Manly, and, indeed, the particular design of certain scenes Wycherley has borrowed from Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, produced 4 June, 1666, at the Palais-Royal. But the material used by the English poet he has so informed with the fire of individual genius and made so completely his own that *The Plain-Dealer* is, in truth, an original masterpiece, and as has been well said "in *The Plain-Dealer* we are conscious of a fertility of invention, a richness of wit and satire, which make even *Le Misanthrope* seem tame in comparison."

The scene in the second act between Olivia, Eliza, with the two coxcombs, supple Lord Plausible and pert Mr. Novel, is, no doubt, prompted by *Le Misanthrope*, II, 5, the dialogue between Célimène, Eliante, and the two marquises, Clitandre and Acaste, but how brilliantly and with what wealth of fancy has Wycherley rehandled the theme! Olivia's amusing critique of *The Country-Wife*, when her judgment betrays more pruriency than modesty and bids fair to be infinitely more lubrique than the scenes she condemns, is from a hint supplied by *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*, which was produced 1 June, 1663.

Langbaine thought that Major Oldfox was perhaps borrowed from *Scarron's City Romance*. As is well known, however, his scenting after plagiarism not infrequently led him into over-rare subtilty, of which this is an example. *Scarron's City Romance Made English*, "A Book of Wit and Humour," was published 8vo, 1671. Price, bound, 2s. Wycherley has in a couple of speeches, Act IV, 1, remembered an incident in the novel which relates the history of Charroselles the Gascoin, Collantina (a Pleading Damsel), and Bellaste. Charroselles reads Collantina a "Satyr against Lawyers" and then hands her a sonnet, "saying it was a Master-piece in Poetry. Now you talk of Master-pieces, replied she, let me show you a Conveyance. . . . He thought he should have better success by producing some little Stanza, in which he said a Lover made a Declaration to his Mistress. For Declarations, cried she, I have one very well drawn up, and of three hundred Articles not one hath been marked as Defective." It should be noted that although it appeared in the English translation as *Scarron's City Romance* the book is *Le Roman Bourgeois* of Antoine Furetière, 1620-14 May, 1668. *Le Roman Bourgeois*, which was published 8vo, Paris, 1666, has thus been well described by the French critic, Louis Lacour: "Une critique de la société bourgeoise fort spirituellement écrite; on y reconnaît au premier coup d'œil les petites gens de toutes les époques; c'est l'exacte peinture des mesquineries ridicules de leur caractère."

That Fidelia is copied from Viola in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* I do not for a moment believe. The suggestion, which emanates from Macaulay, is one that would immediately present itself to a captious individual of superficial and circumscribed reading. It is far more probable that Wycherley was thinking of *Philaster*, and perhaps he remembered Dryden's *The Rival-Ladies*, which was revived in 1669. But the theme is of immemorial antiquity. It appears at the dawn of the English stage. In the old play *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* we have a disguised girl serving her lover incognito as a page, and mistakenly wooed by another woman. And there are examples of female pages of even earlier date. Between the years 1616 and 1642 alone more

THE PLAIN-DEALER

than fifty dramas could be cited which introduce this disguise. Fidelia accompanies Manly to sea, and is with him engaged in a naval fight. So in *The Faithful Friends* Lelia, in the habit of Janus, a page, goes with her lover Marius to the field of battle. But assuredly Wycherley knew nothing of this play, ascribed on the Stationer's Register to Beaumont and Fletcher (29 June, 1660), but not published until the nineteenth century. There are many post-Restoration plays which introduce a heroine masquerading as a page. Such, for example, is D'Urfey's *The Royalist*, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1681-2 (4to, 1682), where Sir Charles Kinglove, the Royalist (Smith), is saved by Phillipa, "A young Lady that follows *Kinglove* in Mens Clothes through all his troubles" (Mrs. Petty).

It may be remarked that the admirable character of Widow Blackacre is wholly original. Macaulay with his wonted pert inaccuracy wrote that the Widow Blackacre is "the Countess in Racine's *Plaideurs*." Nothing could be further from the truth. "There is a litigious old woman in *Les Plaideurs*, there is a litigious old woman in *The Plain-Dealer*; and here the likeness begins and ends." The misapprehension possibly arose from a sentence of Voltaire in his *Lettre sur la Comédie Anglaise*: "Vous remarquerez qu'on a encore lardé cette piece (*The Plain-Dealer*) d'une Comtesse de Pimbesche, vieille plaideuse." But Voltaire is far from meaning that Wycherley copied Racine; Une Comtesse de Pimbesche is a proverbial and generic term. We know, moreover, that the Widow Blackacre reflects in word and deed the pertinacious litigation of Daniel Wycherley. There are a thousand traits and details in this study which could but have been drawn from that keen observation of reality, character, and nature, only possessed by and possible to a great genius among comic dramatists.

In *The Younger Brother*, or, *The Amorous Jilt*, a posthumous comedy, produced under the auspices of Gildon at Drury Lane in the winter of 1696, Mrs. Behn has copied her Mirtella (Francis Maria Knight) from Olivia. But it is only fair to add that these scenes, originally written about 1681-2, were considerably modified by Gildon before they came on the stage. D'Urfey's *Madam de Vandosme* "A Right Jilt in all Humours" in *The Intrigues at Versailles*; or, *A Jilt in all Humours*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields early in 1696-7 (4to, 1697), seems imitated from Olivia with some borrowings from Mrs. Behn.

Shadwell's Stanford in *The Sullen Lovers*; or, *The Impertinents*, produced at the Duke's house, Saturday, 2 May, 1668 (4to, 1668); and founded upon *Les Fâcheux*, owes as much to Alceste as to Éraсте.

Theatrical History

ALTHOUGH, as has been already noted, *The Plain-Dealer* did not immediately win the complete favour of the public, and it is said that the Earl of Dorset taught the Town to appreciate this magnificent play, nevertheless it was soon established in the repertory of the theatre, and it was not infrequently played before Charles II, who saw it amongst other occasions upon two dates so nearly close as the 11th and 13th of December, 1676. Upon the 14th of December, 1685, it was performed before James II at Whitehall, and this is, no doubt, the production which led that great and generous monarch to discharge the poet's debts and grant him an ample pension.

The fact that so many important members of the original cast, Hart, Cartwright, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Knepp, retired before or at the Union of the Two Companies in 1682 caused some redistribution of the rôles when the comedy was given after that event.

Gildon in his *Life of Betterton* says that this famous actor appeared in *The Plain-Dealer*, and it has been loosely stated by more recent writers that Betterton was the acknowledged Manly. This seems more than doubtful, for Downes explicitly tells us: "Note, Mr. Griffin so excell'd in *Surly* [*Sir Courtly Nice*], Sir Edward Belfond [*The Squire of Alsatia*], *The Plain-Dealer*, none succeeding in the 2 former have equal'd him, except his predecessor Mr. Hart in the latter."

There were particular productions of *The Plain-Dealer* in 1691, 1694, 1700, and 1709, but the casts of these years do not seem to have been recorded. On 29 November, 1715, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, *The Plain-Dealer* was given with "majestic" Keen as Manly; George Pack (an excellent low comedian), Jerry Blackacre; Young Bullock, Novel; John Leigh, Freeman; Mrs. Rogers, junior, Fidelia; and Mrs. Letitia Cross, who, gossip whispered, had been the mistress of Peter the Great during the potentate's residence in England, Olivia. 15 May, 1723, at Drury Lane, Barton Booth acted Manly; Will Pinketham (notorious for gag), Jerry Blackacre; Cibber, Novel; Griffin, Lord Plausible; Shepherd, Major Oldfox; Watson, Freeman; Thurmond, Vernish; Joe Miller, Petulant; Mrs. Moore, Widow Blackacre; Mrs. Younger (the sister of Mrs. Bicknel), Fidelia; the beautiful Mrs. Christiana Horton (famous for coquettes), Olivia. 15 January, 1733, *The Plain-Dealer*, at Covent Garden was announced as "Not acted 14 years." Quin played Manly (a magnificent piece of work); Tom Chapman, Novel; Hippisley (who was very great as Pandarus), Lord Plausible; Milward (a singularly good Hamlet), Freeman; Jemmy Ryan, Vernish; Mrs. Buchanan, Fidelia; Mrs. Younger, Olivia. It was repeated some six or seven times that season. At Drury Lane, 14 January, 1738, Quin again appeared as Manly; Macklin was the Jerry Blackacre; Theophilus Cibber, Novel; Griffin, Lord Plausible; Milward, Freeman; Mills, Vernish; Harper (whose "fat figure, full voice, round face, and honest laugh made him an admirable Falstaff"), the Alderman; Miller, Lawyer Petulant; Mrs. Mills, Fidelia; Mrs. Roberts, Widow Blackacre; Kitty Clive, Olivia. The play was announced as "Not acted 14 years," which, if it means anything, can only mean at Drury Lane. It was performed eight times during the season. During

THE PLAIN-DEALER

this run a serious quarrel, which, however, was afterwards happily adjusted, took place between Quin and Macklin. Quin, it seems, resented some funny business which Macklin introduced, as derogatory to the dignity of his scenes; hot words quickly followed, and the two actors promptly fell to fisticuffs in the green-room. 18 January, 1743, *The Plain-Dealer*, "Not acted 10 years," was revived at Covent Garden with Quin as Manly; Woodward ("who," says Davies, "for various abilities to delight an audience in comic characters had scarcely an equal"), Jerry Blackacre; Chapman, Novel; Hippisley (whose delight was to play Gardiner in Henry VIII, when the rogue added "some strokes of humour which approached to grimace, and this caused a mirth unsuitable to the character of the person"), Lord Plausible; Hale (an actor, "tall and well-proportioned, his voice strong and harmonious, his deportment manly," an ideal Hotspur), Freeman; Cashell, Vernish; Mrs. Stevens (afterwards Mrs. Rich), Fidelia; Mrs. Woodward, Widow Blackacre; Mrs. Horton, Olivia.

The time had now come when profane hands were to be laid upon Wycherley, and accordingly a version of *The Plain-Dealer* with material alterations was prepared by Isaac Bickerstaffe, who certainly should have known better. The piece, produced at Drury Lane, 7 December, 1775, was announced as "Not acted 20 years." Manly was played by Charles Holland (an inveterate imitator of Garrick, of whom Churchill cuttingly says, "I hate e'en Garrick thus at second hand"), and Fidelia by Mrs. Yates, both of whom "gained great reputation in two very difficult characters." Palmer played Freeman; Parsons ("born to relax the muscles and set mankind a-tittering"), Lord Plausible; Tom King ("a performer who has thrown novelty into old characters, consequence into new, and nature into all"), Novel; Lee, Vernish; James Love, Major Oldfox; Richard Yates ("an excellent comedian"), Jerry Blackacre; Baddeley (of Twelfth Night cake fame), Counsellor Quillit; John Moody Oakam (a sailor), Manly's servant; Master Burton, A Boy; Miss Pope, Olivia; Kitty Clive, Widow Blackacre; Miss Plym, Eliza; and Mrs. Hippisley, Lettice. The play was received with the highest applause, and printed 8vo, 1766. In the printed cast Dodd's name stands to Lord Plausible, and it appears from the *Dramatic Censor* that both he and Parsons were seen in this rôle. Bickerstaffe's alterations are most insipid, and, as inevitable, where the play has been tinkered at it has been spoiled. There are interpolations such as the following in the Westminster Hall scene: "*Ferry*. Hoh! hoh! hoh! (*laughing at a pamphlet behind*). *Mrs. Blackacre*. Jerry, what have you got there? *Ferry*. Why—nothing—*Mrs. Blackacre*. Nothing! Let me look at that book—Rochester's Jests!—A very pretty study truly. Give him the Young Clerk's Guide." In the last act the Widow Blackacre enters crying: "I dare swear there is something going forward contrary to the statute; and as in that remarkable case, Stokes plaintiff, against Jenkins and other defendants.—But I'll take minutes, major, for perhaps one side or other may chuse to bring it into the courts." Enough of the insipid trash! When printed, the play was fittingly inscribed to David Garrick, whose meddling impertinence was perhaps thereby excited to mammock *The Country-Wife* into *The Country Girl*. Garrick, indeed, appears to have aided and abetted Bickerstaffe in this cruel assault upon *The Plain-Dealer*.

11 December, 1775, Bickerstaffe's dull version was revived at Drury Lane, "Not acted 3 years," with "buckram" William Bensley as Manly; Yates, Jerry Blackacre; King, Novel; Parsons, Lord Plausible; Moody, Major Oldfox; Packer, Vernish;

THEATRICAL HISTORY

Baddeley, Quillet; Palmer, Freeman; Mrs. Hopkins, Widow Blackacre; Miss Younge, Fidelia; Mrs. Greville, Olivia.

18 April, 1786, this version was given at Covent Garden for Edwin's benefit and announced as "Never acted there." Edwin ("a sort of squib—bright, dazzling, sputtering, and off with a pop!") was Jerry Blackacre; Wroughton (a sterling, sound, sensible performer), Manly; Lewis, Novel; Quick, Major Oldfox; Farren, Freeman; Wewitzer, Lord Plausible; Davies, Vernish; Mrs. Wells, Fidelia; Mrs. Webb (fat and funny), the Widow Blackacre; Mrs. Bates, Olivia. The farce *A Duke and No Duke*, in which Edwin played Trappolin, completed the entertainment.

1 June, 1787, at the same house Bensley appeared as Manly to the Jerry Blackacre of Dodd. Palmer was Novel; Suett, Lord Plausible; Barrymore, Freeman; Moody, Major Oldfox; Mrs. Wilson, Fidelia; Mrs. Hopkins, Widow Blackacre; and Miss Pope, Olivia.

Wycherley's comedy of *The Plain-Dealer*, With Alterations, Revised by J. P. Kemble, was produced at Drury Lane, 27 February, 1796. The cast was as follows: Manly, Kemble; Lord Plausible, Dodd; Major Oldfox, Moody; Vernish, Barrymore; Novel, R. Palmer; Serjeant Ploddon, Hollingsworth; Counsellor Quillet, Suett; Jerry Blackacre, Young Bannister; Freeman, Palmer; Splitcause, Maddocks; First Bookseller, Master Gregson; Second Bookseller, Jones; Oakum, Wewitzer; Boy Master De Camp; First Bailiff, Webb; Second Bailiff, Welsh; Third Bailiff, Evans; First Waiter, Bayles; Second Waiter, Fisher; Mrs. Blackacre, Mrs. Hopkins; Olivia, Mrs. Goodall (a frail but lovely creature); Fidelia, Mrs. Jordan; Eliza, Miss Heard; Lettice, Miss Mellon. Mrs. Jordan made a very beautiful figure as Fidelia, but the rifacimento did not please, and it was only given thrice. Kemble has in some minor details returned to the original, but far too much of the dross of Bickerstaffe remains.

This version was printed (8vo, 1796) "For C. Lowndes, No. 66 Drury-Lane, Next the Stage Door: Price One Shilling."

To my L A D Y B—

Madam,

THO I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an Author to write to you a Billiet doux Dedicatory; which is no new thing, for by most Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praise their Patrons from top to toe, and seem to turn 'em inside out, know 'em as little as sometimes their Patrons their Books, tho they read them out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impossible to guess whose it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your self known and famous in the World; and because you do not want it, are therefore most worthy an Epistle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturally your Protection, since it has lost its Reputation with the Ladies of stricter lives in the Play-house; and (you know) when mens endeavours are discountenanc'd and refus'd, by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you, To you the Great and Noble Patroness of rejected and bashful men, of which number I profess my self to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet: To you I say, Madam, who have as discerning a judgment, in what's obscene or not, as any quick-sighted civil Person of 'em all, and can make as much of a double meaning saying as the best of 'em; yet would not, as some do, make nonsense of a Poet's jest, rather than not make it bawdy: by which they shew they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their sense indeed lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they say; But what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I must not put 'em to the blush, since I find I can do't. In short. Madam, you wou'd not be one of those who ravish a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtiness, (as 'tis term'd) in spite of his teeth; nay, nothing is secure from the power of their imaginations; no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other men, and so make the lawful matrimonial embraces Adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in thought and word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyships justice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's Arraigning and Damning a Poet for her own obscenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a Man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so to vindicate her honour, forfeits her modesty. But you, Madam, have too much modesty to pretend to't; tho' you have as much to say for your modesty as many a nicer she; for you never were seen at this Play, no, not the first day; and 'tis no matter what Peoples lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this Play. For, as Mr. Bays says of his, That it is the only Touchstone of Mens Wit, and understanding; mine is, it seems, the only Touchstone of Womens Vertue and modesty. But hold, that Touchstone is equivocal, and, by the strength of a Lady's imagination, may become something that is not civil; but your Ladyship, I know, scorns

THE PLAIN-DEALER

to misapply a Touchstone. And, Madam, tho you have not seen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it : yet, lest the Chamber-maid, or Page shou'd not be trusted, and their indulgence cou'd gain no further admittance for it, than to their Ladies Lobbies or outward Rooms, take it into your care and protection; for by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their Closets : For what they renounce in publick often entertains 'em there, with your help especially. In fine, Madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest Patroness or Judge of this Play; for you shew no partiality to this or that Author; for from some many Ladies will take a broad jeast as chearfully as from the Watermen, and sit at some downright filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfy'd, and as still, as a Poet cou'd wish 'em elsewhere; therefore it must be the doubtful obscenity of my Plays alone they take exceptions at, because it is too bashful for 'em; and indeed most Women hate Men for attempting to halve on their Chastity : and Baudy I find, like Satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the Plain-dealing of the Play; not the obscenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Masks, not offering at their Pettycoats, which offends 'em : and generally they are not the handsomest, or most innocent, who are the most angry at being discover'd :

—Nihil est audacius illis

Deprehensis; iram, atq; animos a crimine fumunt

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than Flattery ; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to ; for an Author can as easily (I hope) suppose People to have more understanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Vertues : but why, the Devil ! shou'd any of the few modest and handsome be alarm'd ? (for some there are who as well as any deserve those attributes, yet refrain not from seeing this Play, nor think it any addition to their Vertue to set up for it in a Play-house, lest it shou'd look too much like acting.) But why, I say, shou'd any at all of the truly vertuous be concern'd, if those who are not so are distinguish'd from 'em ? For by that Mask of modesty which Women wear promiscuously in publick, they are all alike, and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her Looks, than by her Dress ; for those who are of Quality without Honour (if any such there are) they have their Quality to set off their false modesty, as well as their false Jewels, and you must no more suspect their Countenances for counterfeit, than their Pendants, tho' as the Plain-dealer Montaigne says, Elles envoyent leur conscience au Bordel, & teignent leur contenance en regle : But those who act as they look, ought not to be scandalized at the reprehension of others faults, lest they tax themselves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehension, not only make that obscene which I meant innocent, but that Satyr on all, which was intended only on those who deserv'd it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this digression, to civil Women and Ladies of Honour, since you and I shall never be the better for 'em ; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady

THE PLAIN-DEALER

of your Profession, make most of the other sort, and the Stage and your Houses, like our Plantations, are propagated by the least nice Women ; and, as with the Ministers of Justice, the Vices of the Age are our best business. But now I mention Publick Persons, I can no longer defer doing you the Justice of a Dedication, and telling you your own ; who are, of all publick-spirited people, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable ; your house has been the house of the People, your sleep still disturb'd for the Publick, and when you arose, 'twas that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest ; the good you have done is unspeakable ; How many young unexperienc'd Heirs have you kept from rash foolish Marriages ? and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of Filts, Wives ? How many unbewitch'd Widowers Children have you preserved from the Tyranny of Stepmothers ? How many old Dotards from Cuckoldage, and keeping other mens Wenches and Children ? How many Adulteries and unnatural Sins have you prevented ? In fine, you have been a constant scourge to the old Lecher, and often a terrour to the young ; you have made concupiscence its own punishment, and extinguished Lust with Lust, like blowing up of Houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia

Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin for you again, Madam ; I protest to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it ; nay, I can hardly keep my self from quoting Aristotle and Horace, and talking to you of the Rules of Writing (like the French Authors,) to shew you and my Readers I understand 'em, in my Epistle, least neither of you shou'd find it out by the Play ; and according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no, what I quote or say to you, of Writing ; for an Author can as easily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epistle, as an Hero in his Play ; But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedictory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of Parnassus, that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houses, and in your Liberties, for Guineys and half Guineys ; and that Wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of Poetry, for Love is a better help to it than Wine ; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the life, than by Fancy ; Nay, in justice, Madam, I think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houses, as of the Play-houses : since he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a Ballad-finger to the Pick-purse, in convening the Cullies at the Theatres, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to Supper and Bed at your Houses. And, Madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor Poets can get no favour in the Tiring-Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know ; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on its own Dunghill : And for other Ladies, a Poet can least go to the price of them ; besides his Wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his Love, as to his wealth or preferment ; for most Women now adays, apprehend Wit insa Lover, as

THE PLAIN-DEALER

much as in a Husband ; they hate a Man that knows 'em, they must have a blind easie Fool, whom they can lead by the Nose, and as the Scythian Women of old, must baffle a Man, and put out his Eyes, ere they will lye with him ; and then too, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a Man, leave him. But if there shou'd be one of an hundred of those Ladies generous enough to give her self to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things consider'd) he would think it cheaper coming to you for a Mistress, though you made him pay his Guinney ; as a Man in a Journey, (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, than lye on free-cost at a Gentlemans House.

In fine, Madam, like a faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place, then you, and your Profession, which in the wisest and most religious Government of the World is honour'd with the publick allowance ; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, and supported by the Ministers of Justice ; and of you, Madam, I ought to say no more here, for your Vertues deserve a Poem rather than an Epistle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promise to do, when I write the Annals of our British Love, which shall be dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too ; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Address to you ; which then may be thought nither impertinent nor immodest ; and, whatsoever your Amorous misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that heinous, and worst of Womens Crimes, Hypocrisie ; nay, in spite of misfortunes or age, you are the same Woman still ; though most of your Sex grow Magdalens at fifty, and as a solid French Author has it,

Après le Plaisir, vient la peine,

Après la peine la vertu ;

But sure an old sinners continency is much like a Gamester's forswearing Play, when he had lost all his Money ; and Modesty is a kind of a youthful drefs, which as it makes a young Woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous ; a bashful old Woman is like an hopeful old man ; and the affected Chastity of antiquated Beauties, is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em, for it shews the mens Virtue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, Madam, are no more an Hypocrite, than I am when I praise you ; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by yours and the Play's Enemies, the nicest Ladies) to be the fittest Patroness for,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble Servant, and

The Plain Dealer.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by

The Plain-Dealer

I *The PLAIN-DEALER am to Act to Day:
And my rough Part begins before the Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other Company in spite,
As Rivals in your Common Mistrefs, Fame,
And with faint praises, one another Damn:
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your selves, the pleasure you receive,
Our Scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to day.
Next, you, the fine, loud Gentlemen, o'th' Pit,
Who damn all Plays; yet, if y'ave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you sponge, and daily get;
Poets, like Friends, to whom you are in Debt,
You hate : and so Rooks laugh, to see undone
Those Pushing Gamesters, whom they live upon.
Well, you are Sparks; and still will be i'th' fashion:
Rail then, at Plays, to hide your Obligation.
Now, you shrewd Judges, who the Boxes sway,
Leading the Ladies hearts, and sense astray,
And for their sakes, see all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Drefs and breeding of the Play ne'r mind.
Plain-dealing is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbours, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddeses.
You as at Lely's too, wou'd Truncheon wield,
And look like Heroes, in a painted Field;
But the course Dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow Life, and Nature only means:*

PROLOGUE

*Displays you, as you are : makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Filt, and true to no Man;
His Men of Wit, and pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues as ever cumber'd Stage :
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just;
And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, Act a Part like none of you;
And yet, you'll say, it is a Fools Part too :
An honest Man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The onely Fool who ne'r found Patron yet;
For Truth is now a fault, as well as Wit.
And where else, but on Stages do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded Honesty ?
Which our bold Poet does this day in me.
If not to th' Honest, be to th' Prosperous kind,
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER find.*

}

EPILOGUE Spoken by the *Widow Blackacre*.

TO you the Judges learned in Stage-Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, submits his Cause;
For with young Judges, such as most of you,
The Men by Women best their bus'ness do:
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a Term throughout the Year,
We cou'd not live by'r Tongues: nay, but for you,
Our Chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage Practiser
Who, by your meeting, gets her living here;
For, as in Hall of Westminster,
Sleek Sempstres vents, amidst the Courts, her Ware:
So, while we Baul, and you in Judgment sit,
The Visor-Mask sells Linnen too i'th' Pit.
O many of your Friends, besides us here,
Do live by putting off their sev'ral Ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o'th' Nation:
Let Love and Us then, ne'r have Long-vacation.
But hold; like other Pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Client's bus'ness, but my own.
Spare me a word then, now, for him. First know,
Squires of the Long Robe, he does humbly show
He has a just Right in abusing you;
Because he is a Brother-Templer too:
For at the Bar, you Railly one another;
Nay Fool and Knave, is swallow'd from a Brother:
If not the Poet here, the Templer spare;
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modish Censurers,
Your Favor, not your Judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all Loves begs you then to Rail, find fault:
For Playes, like Women, by the World are thought
(When you speak kindly of 'em) very naught. }

The Persons

<i>Manly</i> Mr. Hart.	{ Of an honest, furly, nice humour, suppos'd first in the time of the <i>Dutch</i> War, to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Interest; and chusing a Sea-life, only to avoid the World.
<i>Freeman</i> Mr. Kynafton.	{ <i>Manly's</i> Lieutenant, a Gentleman well Educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complier with the Age.
<i>Vernish</i> Mr. Griffin.	{ <i>Manly's</i> Bosom, and onely Friend.
<i>Novel</i> Mr. Clark.	{ A pert railing Coxcomb, and an admirer of Novel-ties, makes Love to <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Major Oldfox</i> Mr. Cartwright.	{ An old impertinate Fop, given to Scribling, makes Love to the <i>Widow Blackacre</i> .
<i>My Lord Plausible</i> Mr. Haines.	{ A Ceremonious, Supple, Commending Coxcomb, in Love with <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Jerry Blackacre</i> Mr. Charlton.	{ A true raw Squire under Age, and his Mothers Government, bred to the Law.
<i>Olivia</i> Mrs. Marshall.	{ <i>Manly's</i> Mistrifs.
<i>Fidelia</i> Mrs. Boutell.	{ In Love with <i>Manly</i> , and follow'd him to Sea In Man's Cloaths.
<i>Eliza</i> Mrs. Knep.	{ Cousin to <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Lettice</i> Mrs. Knight.	{ <i>Olivia's</i> Woman.
<i>The Widow Blackacre</i> Mrs. Cory.	{ A petulant, litigious Widow, alwayes in Law, and Mother to Squire <i>Jerry</i> .

Lawyers, Knights of the Post, Bayliffs, and Aldermen, a Booksellers Prentice, a Footboy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.

THE SCENE
LONDON

The Plain-Dealer

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's Lodging.

*Enter Captain Manly furlily; and my Lord Plaufible following him :
and two Sailors behind.*

Man. **T**ELL not me (my good Lord *Plaufible*) of your *Decorums*, supercilious Forms, and flavish Ceremonies; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the World do daily over and over, for, and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

L. Plauf. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate, and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the Arts and Rules, the prudent of the World walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no Leading-strings, I can walk alone; I hate a Harness, and will not tug on in a Faction, kissing my Leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plauf. What will you be singular then, like no Body? follow Love, and esteem no Body?

Man. Rather then be general, like you; follow every Body, Court and kiss every Body; though perhaps at the same time, you hate every Body.

L. Plauf. Why, seriously with your pardon, my dear Friend——

Man. With your pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred, or my scorn, call a man Fool or Knave, by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms; for such as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

L. Plauf. Such as I! Heav'ns defend me——upon my Honour——

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plauf. Well then, as I am a Person of Honour, I never attempted to abuse, or lessen any person, in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plauf. No; but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing: No, Faith, I speak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought so; but know, that the speaking well of all Mankind, is the worst kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good men in the World, by making all alike: now I speak ill of most men,

THE PLAIN-DEALER

because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

L. Plauf. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what people deserve, I ne'r mind that; I, like an Author in a Dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own; I will not disparage any man, to disparage my self; for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a Person of Honour: and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person: But if I did say, or do an ill thing to any, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly Sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of People, (which is very seldom indeed) it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd say, or do ill to any, it shou'd be to their Faces: I wou'd juggle a proud, strutting, over-looking Coxcomb, at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him, when he were past me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over-grown Knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him, when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fauning Slaves the Lye, whilst they embrace or commend me; Cowards, whilst they brag; call a Rascal by no other Title, though his Father had left him a Duke's; laugh at Fools aloud, before their Mistresses: And must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome, as they were at first impertinent.

L. Plauf. I wou'd not have my visits troublesome.

Man. The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to make 'em when people are not at home, for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging, when made, or done to a man, in his absence. A Pox why shou'd any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another mans business?

L. Plauf. I beg your pardon, my dear Friend. What, you have business?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain your Lordship.

L. Plauf. Detain me, dear Sir, I can never have enough of your Company.

Man. I'm afraid I shou'd be tiresome: I know not what you think.

L. Plauf. Well, dear Sir, I see you wou'd have me gone.

Man. But I see you won't.

[*Afide.*

L. Plauf. Your most faithful——

Man. God be w'ye, my Lord.

L. Plauf. Your most humble——

Man. Farewel.

L. Plauf. And eternally——

Man. And eternally Ceremony——then the Devil take thee eternally.

[*Afide.*

L. Plauf. You shall use no Ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

L. Plauf. Why do you stir then?

Man. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes.

L. Plauf. Nay, faith that shall not pass upon your most faithful, humble, Servant.

Man. Nor this any more upon me.

[*Aside.*

L. Plauf. Well, you are too strong for me.

Man. I'd sooner be visited by the Plague; for that only would keep a man from visits, and his doors shut.

[*Aside.*

[*Ex. thrusting out my Lord Plausible.*

Manent Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Here's a finical Fellow, *Jack*! What a brave fair-weather Captain of a Ship he would make!

2 *Sail.* He a Captain of a Ship! it must be when she's in the Dock then; for he looks like one of those that get the King's Commissions for Hulls, to sell a Kings Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almost to a Long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my Conscience then, *Jack*, that's the reason our Bully *Tar* sunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden Legs, might not make her Prize.

2 *Sail.* A Pox of his sinking, *Tom*, we have made a base, broken, short Voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in Honour, alwayes make quick returns with their Ship to the Dock, and their Men to the Hospitals; 'tis, let me see, just a Month since we set out of the River, and the Wind was almost as cross to us, as the *Dutch*.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him sinking my own poor Truck, if he would but have given me time and leave to have sav'd black *Kate* of *Wapping's* small Venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith I forgive him, since, as the Purser told me, he sunk the value of five or six thousand pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the *Indies*, for our merry Lieutenant was to succeed him in his Commission for the Ship back, for he was resolv'd never to return again for *England*.

2 *Sail.* So it seemed, by his Fighting.

1 *Sail.* No, but he was a weary of this side of the World here, they say.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or else he would not have bid so fair for a passage into t'other.

1 *Sail.* *Jack*, Thou think'st thy self in the Forecastle, thou'rt so waggish; but I tell you then, he had a mind to go live and bask himself on the funny side of the Globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any discontent? for he's always as dogged, as an old Tarpaulin, when hindred of a Voyage by a young Pantaloon Captain.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true, I never saw him pleas'd but in the Fight, and then he look'd like one of us, coming from the Pay-table, with a new Lining to our Hats under our Arms.

2 *Sail.* A Pox he's like the *Bay of Biscay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm, No near——

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry durry Blade; dost thou remember after we had tug'd hard the old leaky Long-boat, to save his life, when I welcom'd him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and call'd me fawning Water-dog.

Enter Manly and Freeman.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and stand by, the foul weather's coming.

Man. You Rascal, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your Honour the truth, we were at Hob in the Hall, and whilst my Brother and I were quarrelling about a Cast, he flunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you Slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlases, stand at the Stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up; suppose you are guarding the Scuttle to the Powder-room: let none enter here, at your or their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the same; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we shou'd.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, Sir?

Man. No man, Sir.

1 *Sail.* No man, Sir; but a Woman then, an't like your Honour——.

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be Pimping? A Sea Pimp is the strangest Monster she has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, since we are so newly come on shore.

1 *Sail.* Well, let no old Woman come up, though it were our Trusting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy Casks you? you become a jest as ill, as you do a Horse. Be gone, you Dogs, I hear a noise on the Stairs. [*Ex. Sailors.*]

Free. Faith, I am forry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A Pox then, why did you not stay? you shou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your self for me.

Free. No, I shou'd not have car'd for him, without you neither; for the pleasure which Fops afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which wou'd make you merry in

THE PLAIN-DEALER

company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd you turn a man of his Quality down Stairs? You use a Lord with very little Ceremony, it seems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value Fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth; but counterfeit Honour will not be current with me, I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the Kings stamp can make the Metal better, or heavier: your Lord is a Leaden shilling, which you may bend every way; and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being rais'd by't: Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your Honour: What if a man shou'd bring you Money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say; must I be pester'd with you too? you Dogs, away.

2 Sail. Nay, I know one man your Honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, Slaves.

2 Sail. Why, a man that shou'd bring you a Challenge; for though you refuse Money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

Man. Rogue, Rascal, Dog. *[Kicks the Sailors out.]*

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Forecastle jests; they cannot help 'em in a Fight, scarce when a Ship's sinking.

Man. Dam their untimely jests; a Servant's jest is more sauciness than his counsel.

Free. But what, will you see no Body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends—I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendship, as of one love; but in having that Friend, I have a thousand, for he has the courage of men in despair, yet the diffidency and caution of Cowards; the secrecy of the revengeful, and the constancy of Martyrs: one fit to advise, to keep a secret: to fight and dye for his Friend. Such I think him; for I have trusted him with my Mistress in my absence: and the trust of Beauty, is sure the greatest we can shew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone? (I hope) pray what d'ye think of me for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendship, that is no Friend; thou dost side with all Mankind, but wilt suffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord *Plausible*, the Pink of Courtesie, therefore hast no Friendship; for Ceremony and great Professing, renders Friendship as much suspected, as it does Religion.

Free. And no Professing, no Ceremony at all in Friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion; and there is hardly such a thing as an honest Hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he

THE PLAIN-DEALER

is, unless it be your self; for, though I cou'd never get you to say you were my Friend, I know you'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I am so much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you, therefore must tell you (not only because my heart is taken up) but according to your rules of Friendship, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Because he that is (you'll say) a true Friend to a man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detractors, and Cowards, stiff nodding Knaves, and supple pliant kissing Fools: now, all these I have seen you use, like the dearest Friends in the World.

Free. Hah, hah, hah——What, you observ'd me, I warrant, in the Galleries at *Whitehall*, doing the business of the place! Pshaw, Court-professions, like Court-promises, go for nothing, man! but, Faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all those I hugg'd, kiss'd, flatter'd, bow'd to? Hah, ha——

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Rascals whom I despised, and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you profess'd deceiving so many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that wou'd thrive in the World, as square Play to a Cheat, or true Love to a whore! wou'd you have a man speak truth to his ruine? You are severer than the Law, which requires no man to swear against himself; you wou'd have me speak truth against my self, I warrant, and tell my promising Friend, the Courtier, he has a bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business; and I shou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes oftner Fees to hold his tongue, than to speak!

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang, or ruine me, when he shou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward.

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get my self cashiered, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I shou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter Study, for so fine a Gentleman, than Poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, she lies with her Chaplain.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the Clergy upon my back, and want a good Table to Dine at sometimes. And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you that the World thinks you a Mad-man, a Brutal, and have you cut my Throat, or worse, hate me! What other good success of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first your promising Courtier wou'd keep his word out of fear of more reproaches; or at least wou'd give you no more vain hopes: Your Lawyer wou'd serve you more faithfully; for he, having no Honour but his Interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him: The new Officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and so be cashier'd, that thou, or some other honest Fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place: the Noble Sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: The praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at wenching before thee and not turn away her Chamber-maid, for her own known frailty with thee: And I instead of hating thee, shou'd love thee, for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but against your particular Notions, I have the practice of the whole World. Observe but any Morning what people do when they get together on the *Exchange*; in *Westminster-Hall*, or the Galleries in *Whitehall*.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse *Bay's* grand Dance: here you see a *Bishop* bowing low to a gaudy *Atheist*; a Judge to a Door-keeper: a great Lord, to a Fishmonger, or a Scrivener with a Jack-chain about his neck; a Lawyer, to a Sergeant at Arms; a velvet Physician, to a thred-bare *Chymist*: and a supple Gentleman Usher, to a furly Beef-eater; and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of Ceremony to each other, they can hardly hold their solemn false Countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendship I promise you, real, whatsoever I have profest to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own Honour, but what else?

Free. I wou'd lend you Money if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your Money to interest, an Usurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of Friendship?

Free. I wou'd speak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a shew of gratitude; but what else?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill spoken of behind your back, by my Friend.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the World goes now: when new Friends, like new Mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will say as much at least, dost not thou love me, devilishly too, my little Volontier, as well as he, or any man can?

Fid. Better than any man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As well as you do Truth or Honour, Sir; as well.

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for shame; thou hast been a Page, by thy Flattering and Lying, to one of those praying Ladies, who love Flattery so well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for saying the same things to the old Housekeeper for sweet-meats, as you did to your Lady: for thou flatterest every thing, and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, shou'd not suspect the truth of what I say of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd when she speaks wonders of you; you cannot be flattered, Sir, your Merit is unspeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a Cushion-bearer to some State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplains, for out-flattering their Probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith, and Duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of Mankind; believe me, I cou'd dye for you, Sir.

Man. Nay, there you lye, Sir; did I not see thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purser that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I shall hate thy Flattery worse than thy Cowardise, nay, than thy Bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid; mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceasing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day.

[Weeps.]

Free. Poor Youth! believe his eyes, if not his tongue: he seems to speak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A Pox on't, a Maudlin Flatterer is as nauseously troublesom, as a Maudlin Drunkard; no more, you little Milk-fop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shoud'ft not be my Second; and, when I go to Sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?
(If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.) [*Aside.*]

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the shore only; here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by Fortune, and the great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lie a Coffee-house, or Gazet-writer, out-swear a Knight of the Post, out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promise a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canst do, because thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'lt do better with the World than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the World. There's good advice, at least, at parting: go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, Cowardice and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never dwell together sure, Sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery; for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [*Offers her Gold*] I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, Sir, let it be with your Sword, and not Gold. [*Exit.*]

Enter first Sailor.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their names were Mr. *Novel*, and Major *Oldfox*.

Man. Well, to your Post again. [*Exit Sailor.*]
But how come those puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as *Novel* calls it; or, as *Oldfox* says, like two Knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other Peoples teeth an edge.

Enter second Sailor.

2 *Sail.* Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and busses with us, to come in, as much as a Seaman's Widow at the *Navy Office*: her name is Mrs. *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? that Litigious She-Petty-fogger, who is at Law and difference with all the world; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church: they say she has Fifteen hundred pounds a Year Jointure, and the care of her Son, that is, the Destruction of his Estate.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors have Fifteen hundred pound a Year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other People so;

THE PLAIN-DEALER

for she is as vexatious as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay, as a dozen *Norfolk* Attorneys, and as implacable an Adversary, as a Wife suing for Alimony, or a Parson for his Tiths ; and she loves an *Easter-Term*, or any Term, not, as other Country Ladies do, to come up to be fine, Cuckold their Husbands, and take their Pleasure; for she has no pleasure, but in vexing others, and is usually cloath'd and dagled like a Bawd in disguise, pursu'd through Alleys by Serjeants. When she is in Town, she lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where she breeds her Son, and is her self his Tutorefs in Law-French; and for her Country-abode, tho' she has no Estate there, she chooses *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a Pox to her; she is *Olivia's* Kinswoman, and may make me amends for her visit, by some discourse of that dear Woman. [Exit Sailor.

Enter Widow Blackacre with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and several Papers in the other hand: Jerry Blackacre her Son, in a Gown, laden with green Bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a Judge's Door-keeper, as with yours; but——

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my Suit——

Man. *Olivia*, I say, is she well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not return'd——

Man. Dam your Suit, how does your Cousin *Olivia* ?

Wid. My Suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now——

Man. But now where is *Olivia* ? in Town? for——

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a Hearing.

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a Hearing to day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see *Olivia*?

Wid. I am no Visiter, but a Woman of business; or if I ever visit, 'tis only the *Chancery-lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing Flirts, who cannot read Law-French, tho' a Gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my Suit——

Man. Dam these impertinent, vexatious People of Business, of all Sexes; they are still troubling the World with the tedious recitals of their Law-Suits: and one can no more stop their mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himself; or an Intelligencer's, when he talks of other People.

Wid. And a Pox of all vexatious impertinent Lovers; they are still perplexing the World with the tedious Narrations of their Love Suits, and Discourses of their Mistresses: you are as troublesome to a poor Widow of Business, as a young Coxcomb Rithming Lover.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. And thou art as troublefom to me, as a Rook to a loſing Gameſter, or a young putter of Cafes to his Miſtreſs and Sempſtreſs, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, ſince you talk of putting of Cafes, and will not hear me ſpeak, hear our *Jerry* a little; let him put our Caſe to you, for the Tryal's to morrow; and ſince you are my chief Witneſs, I wou'd have your memory reſreſh'd, and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your Evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Jer. Yes, forſooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*——

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer, but I ſhall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a Cauſe, after the Clock has ſtruck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peeviſh too.

Wid. No matter. *Jerry*, go on. Do you obſerve it then, Sir, for I think I have ſeen you in a Gown once. Lord, I could hear our *Jerry* put Cafes all day long! Mark him, Sir.

Jer. *John-a-Stiles*——no——There are firſt, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*; ——No, no *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is ſeiſed in Fee of *Blackacre*; *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Diſſeiſor dies; then the *Ayle*——no the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Jer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*——no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and——

Man. Dam *Pere*, *Mere* and *Fitz*, Sir.

Wid. No, you are out, Child; hear me, Captain, then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*, *Ayle* is ſeiſed in Fee of *Blackacre*; and being ſo ſeiſed, *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes the *Ayle*, *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Diſſeiſor dies; and then the *Pere* re-enters, the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*——[*To Jerry.*] And the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Diſſeiſen, in the *Poſt*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of Diſſeiſen, in the *Pere*, and——

Man. Canſt thou here this ſtuff, *Freeman*? I cou'd as ſoon ſuffer a whole noiſe of Flatterers at a great mans Levy in the morning; but thou haſt ſervile complacency enough to liſten to a quibbling Stateſman, in diſgrace, nay, and be before-hand with him, in laughing at his dull No-jeſt; but I——

[*Offering to go out.*]

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the *Sub-pœna*, *Jerry*? I muſt ſerve you, Sir. You are requir'd, by this, to give your teſtimony——

Man. I'll be forſworn, to be reveng'd on thee.

[*Ex. Manley throwing away the Subpœna.*]

Wid. Get you gone, for a Lawleſs companion. Come, *Jerry*, I had almoſt forgot we were to meet at the Maſters at three: let us mind our buſineſs ſtill, Child.

Jer. I, forſooth, e'en ſo let's.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Free. Nay, Madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My business wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet business, I warrant: What, 'tis no *Westminster-Hall* business? wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little *Westminster-Abby* business: I wou'd have your consent.

Wid. O fy, fy, Sir; to me such discourse, before my dear Minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seizen of your Jointure, by digging the Turf; but I'll watch your waters, Bully, i'fac. Come away, Mother.

[*Ex. Jerry, hailing away his Mother.*]

Manet Freeman: Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but some in your Captain for me.

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing, as much as he did in the great storm, and cursing you, and sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of his *Olivia*.

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: is she handsome?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is she?

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty; but her Relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the *Indies*: and his aversion to this side of the World, together with the late opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his Fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had dy'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and as left behind him his great bosom Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What Charms has she for him, if she be not handsome?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the onely Woman of Truth and Sincerity in the World.

Free. No common Beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his Fortune, in his absence; I suppose, (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody?

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has shew'd Love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old Husband that dies as soon as he has made his Wife a good Jointure; but

THE PLAIN-DEALER

I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his *Olivia*. [Exit.]

Manet Fidelia sola.

Fid. His *Olivia* indeed, his happy *Olivia*,
Yet she was left behind, when I was with him;
But she was ne'r out of his mind or heart
She has told him she lov'd him; I have shew'd it,
And durst not tell him so, till I had done,
Under this habit, such convincing Acts
Of loving Friendship for him, that through it
He first might find out both my Sex and Love;
And, when I'd have him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me
Amongst the footy *Indians*; and I cou'd
To choose there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their Husbands die.
Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whil'st they live
With many Rival Wives. But here he comes,
And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever.

[Exit.]

Enter Manly and Freeman.

Free. But what strange Charms has she that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange Charms indeed! She has Beauty enough to call in question her Wit or Virtue, and her Form wou'd make a starv'd Hermit a Ravisher; yet her Virtue, and Conduct, wou'd preserve her from the subtil Lust of a pamper'd Prelate. She is so perfect a Beauty, that Art cou'd not better it, nor affectation deform it; yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face, ne'r knew artifice: nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart: She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing World, as I do; for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes not me: for she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes, and Ecchoes of men only, and refus'd their common place pert chat, flattery, and submissions, to be entertain'd with my fullen bluntness, and honest love. And, last of all, swore to me, since her Parents wou'd not suffer her to go with me, she wou'd stay behind for no other man; but follow me, without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which Oath——

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep?

Man. Yes; for she is not (I tell you) like other Women, but can keep her promise, tho she has sworn to keep it; but, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand Pounds: for Womens

THE PLAIN-DEALER

wants are generally their most importunate Solicitors to Love or Marriage.

Free. And money summons Lovers, more than Beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number; so makes it the harder for a Woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French Maxim*, if you wou'd have your Female Subjects Loyal, keep 'em poor: but, in short, that your Mistress may not marry, you have given her a Portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisfied with the security: I can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with Money. But how come you to be so diffident of the Man that says he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that says it?

Man. I shou'd (I confess) doubt the love of any other Woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other Man but him I have trusted; but I have such proofs of their faith, as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no man can be a great Enemy, but under the name of Friend; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you so; for your Enemy is not admitted to your house: if you are cheated in your Fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Trustee: If your Honour, or Good name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it still, because your Enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore I rather choose to go where honest, down-right Barbarity is profest, where men devour one another like generous hungry Lyons and Tygers, not like Crocodiles; where they think the Devil white, of our complexion, and I am already so far an *Indian*: but if your weak faith doubts this miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe, and thou wilt find her so handsom, that thou who art so much my Friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so wilt not fail to discover what her faith and thine is to me.

*When we're in Love, the great Adversity,
Our Friends and Mistresses at once we try.*

Finis Actus Primi.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

ACT II. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Lodging*.

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

Oliv. **A**H Cousin what a World 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

Eliz. Truly, Cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't; for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious Creature, I find.

Eliz. I must confess I think we Women as often discover where we love by railing; as men when they lye, by their swearing; and the World is but a constant Keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Let. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so; for if, by her indiscretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, she cries presently, '*Tis a Censorious World*'; if, by her vanity, the Intrigue be found out, '*Tis a prying malicious World*'; and if, by her over-fondness, the Gallant proves unconstant, '*Tis a false World*'; and if, by her nigardliness, the Chamber-maid tells, '*Tis a perfidious World*': but that, I'm sure, your Ladyship cannot say of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, '*Tis a very impertinent World*'. Hold your peace. And, Cousin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis such an one as is my aversion, Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it possible the World, which has such variety of Charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's see——first, what d'ye think of Dressing and fine Cloaths?

Oliv. Dressing! Fie, fie, 'tis my aversion. But, come hither, you Dowdy; methinks you might have open'd this Toure better: O hideous! I cannot suffer it! d'ye see how't fits?

Eliz. Well enough, Cousin, if Dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich Cloaths, they are more my aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your Ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's aversion, by having too much of it.

Oliv. Infatiable Creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, Cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliz. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliz. But what d'ye think of Visits——Balls——

Oliv. O, I detest 'em.

Eliz. Of Playes.

Oliv. I abominate 'em: filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliz. What say you to *Masquerading* in the Winter, and *Hide-Park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Infipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more solid Pleasures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! what a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your Ladyship think then of a liberal, handsom, young Lover?

Oliv. A handsom, young Fellow, you Impudent! Be gone, out of my sight; name a handsom young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsom young Fellow I abominate. [Spits.]

Eliz. Indeed! But let's see——will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? the Court! the Court, Cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions.

Eliz. How? the Court! where——

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a quality as out of fashion, and as unprosperous, as Bashfulness; I cou'd not laugh at a Quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Counsellor's; nor praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho' I were my self the Subject; nor an old Lady's young looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor sit to a vain young *Simile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me; in short, I cou'd not glote upon a man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the absent, to flatter the standers by, I——

Eliz. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they're the better for being flatter'd: and for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holburn-Lady*, who cou'd not get into the last Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at, when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my aversion.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Eliz. In what sense am I to understand you! But, in fine, by the Word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet that us'd it, who did not. Come, our tongues bely our hearts, more than our Pocket-glasses do our faces; but methinks we ought to leave off dissembling since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now a-days, as they do Dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazetes*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she says she has an Aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your discourse will be my Aversion; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes; for, if any thing be a Woman's Aversion, 'tis *Plain-dealing* from another Woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the World; for that will talk, as your Woman says.

Oliv. Talk, not of me sure; for what Men do I converse with? what Visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! you little, unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who——

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Countrey Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master, Taylor, or the spruce Millener, for Visitors. *[Exit Boy.]*

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you Buffle-headed, stupid Creature you; you wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits: But if it be Mr.——what did you call him?

Let. Mr. *Novel*, Madam, he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no more of him; but if it be your Mr.—— (I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Eliz. No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit: 'tis to you, Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the business of Visits, Flattery, and Detraction, are my Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? who, rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion; and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion; who likes nothing, but what is new; nay, wou'd choose to have his Friend, or his Title, a new one. In fine, he is my Aversion.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Eliz. I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heav'n's sake, let him not come up; tell him, Mrs. *Lettice*, your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin is here, and that he may come up: for notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own Lodging; since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't: I must disobey your Commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, *Lettice*.

Eliz. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that Errand. [*Holds Lettice.*]

Oliv. Well, then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. Mr. *Novel*. [*Calls out at the door*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon, perhaps you were busie: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Cousin!

[*Aside.*]

Oliv. —Chairs there.

[*They sit.*]

Nov. Well; but, Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholly place I warrant, Sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a Place, where they have treated me, at dinner, with so much civility and kindness, a pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate Flattery, Cousin.

[*Apart to Olivia.*]

Nov. Nay faith, Madam, d'ye think my way new? then you are obliging, Madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do any thing like other people: all that know me, do me the Honour to say, I am an Original, Faith; but as I was saying, Madam, I have been treated to day, with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable, at my Lady Autums; but the nauseous old Woman at the upper end of her Table——

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* Custom, of serving in a Deaths-head with their Banquets.

Nov. Ha! ha! fine, just i'faith; nay, and new: 'tis like eating with the Ghost in the *Libertine*; she wou'd frighten a Man from her dinner, with her hollow invitation, and spoil one's stomach——

Oliv. To Meat or Women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks; she

THE PLAIN-DEALER

looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unseemly smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate Detraction I see, Cousin! [Apart to Olivia.

Nov. But the silly old Fury, whilst she affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks——

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old Courtier, who has out-liv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then she never counts her age by the years, but——

Oliv. By the Masques she has liv'd to see.

Nov. Nay then, Madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but your self, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv. Most patiently: speak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her daughter, the very disgrace to good cloaths, which she always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich Frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, Madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, she is like——

Oliv. She is you'd say, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty for her drefs.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, Madam? Then she——

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face, all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip; but as the Fool is never more provoking, than when he aims at Wit, the ill-favour'd of our Sex are never more nauseous than when they wou'd be Beauties, adding to their natural deformity, the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliz. So, Cousin, I find one may have a collection of all ones acquaintances Pictures as well at your house, as at Mr. *Lely's*; only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of Picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do no Body wrong, Cousin.

Eliz. No, you hate flattery and detraction!

Oliv. But, Mr. *Novel*, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the Devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the privilege of railing in my turn; but, now I think on't, the Women ought

THE PLAIN-DEALER

to be your Province, as the Men are mine: and you must know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What, Invading me already? And giving the character, before you know the Man?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho' it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray, go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home wherefoe'ere he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool——

Nov. Nay, then Madam, your Servant: I'm gone. Taking a Fool out of ones mouth, is worse than taking the Bread out of ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done, your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the Rogue, that he may be the only Wit in company, will let no Body else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those Fops who love to talk all themselves, are of all things my Aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, Madam, sure, The Rogue, I say, will force his jest upon you; and I hate a jest that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a Glass.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting shou'd do him reason?

Nov. What, interruption from this side too! I must then——

[*Offers to rise, Olivia holds him.*]

Oliv. No, Sir,——You must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam——

Oliv. He a Wit! hang him, he's only an Adopter of stragling Jest, and fatherless Lampoons; by the credit of which, he eats at good Tables, and so like the barren Beggar-woman lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing, but his News; but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal Babler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner: he's, in fine, a base detracting Fellow, and is my aversion. But who else prythee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay, you shan't stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot stay in any place, where I'm not allow'd a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, prithee, Mr. *Novel*, stay; and tho' you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience; prythee who else was there with you?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Oliv. Nay, prythee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, prythee do.

Nov. We had no body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too, who is, Cousin, a——

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is alwayes in good humour, and——

Oliv. Hold, Cousin, hold, I hate Detraction; but I must tell you, Cousin, his civility is cowardise; his good nature, want of wit; and he has neither courage nor fence to rail: And for his being always in humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfi'd with himself: In fine, he is my Aversion; and I never admit his Visits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Dam him, cringing, grinning, Rogue; if I should see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha!——

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear Lord, your most humble Servant.

[Rises, and salutes Plausible, and kisses him.]

Eliz. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their quarrels are like Love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. *[Aside.]*

L. Plaus. Your most faithful, humble Servant, generous Mr. *Novel*; and, Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your fair hands; which I had done sooner, according to your commands, but——

Oliv. No excuses, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you sent for him then, Cousin?

[Apart.]

Nov. Ha! invited!

[Aside.]

Oliv. I know you must divide your self; for your good company is too general a good, to be engros'd by any particular Friend.

L. Plaus. O Lord, Madam, my company! your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good company indeed, for I parted at your door, with two of the worthiest, bravest Men——

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest, bravest men, pray?

L. Plaus. O the wisest, bravest Gentlemen! Men of such Honour, and Vertue! of such good qualities! ah——

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb, that speaks ill of all people a different way, and libels every body with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place, so makes his Panegyricks abusive Lampoons. *[Aside.]*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

L. Plaus. Ah! such patterns of Heroick Vertue! such——

Nov. Well but who the Devil were they?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

L. Plauf. The Honour of our Nation, the glory of our Age, ah! I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their praise; which indeed I might spar by telling their Names: Sir *John Current*, and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

Nov. Court-Title! Ha, ha.

Oliv. And Sir *John Current!* Why will you keep such a Wretch company, my Lord?

L. Plauf. Oh, Madam, seriously you are a little too severe, for he is a Man of unquestion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavours only with the Women, to pass for a Man of Courage; and with the Bullies, for a Wit; with the Wits, for a Man of Business; and with the Men of Business, for a Favourite at Court: and at Court, for good City-security.

Nov. And for Sir *Richard*, he——

L. Plauf. He loves your choice, pick'd company; persons that——

Oliv. He loves a Lord indeed; but——

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you say, tho——

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his Money, and ne'r paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd bespeak a place three days before at the back-end of a Lord Coach, to *Hide-park*.

L. Plauf. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then, to shew yet more his passion for quality, he makes love to that fulsom Coach-load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he is always at her Lodging.

L. Plauf. Because it is the Conventickle-Gallant, the Meeting-house of all the fair Ladies, and glorious Superfine Beauties of the Town.

Nov. Very fine Ladies! there's first——

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hostess.

L. Plauf. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comly, graceful person.

Nov. Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call'er? ugly——

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. Plauf. She has wit in abundance; and the handsomest heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever saw.

Nov. Heel, and elbow! ha, ha! And there's my Lady *Betty* you know——

Oliv. As fluttish, and flatteringly, as an *Irish* Woman bred in *France*.

L. Plauf. Ah, all she has hangs with a loose Air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz. You see all faults with Lovers eyes, I find, my Lord.

L. Plauf. Ah, Madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! But you can say nothing sure against the Superfine Mistrefs——

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Oliv. I know who you mean, She is as censorious and detracting a Jade, as a superannuated Sinner.

L. Plauf. She has a smart way of Railery, 'tis confest.

Nov. And then, for Mrs. *Grideline*.

L. Plauf. She I'm sure is——

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of any body, 'tis confest; for she is as silent in conversation as a Countrey Lover, and no better company than a Clock, or a Weather-glass; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or snow.

L. Plauf. Ah, poor Creature! she's extremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, she's——

Oliv. As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

L. Plauf. She's a Woman of great spirit and honour, and will not make her self cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all people by their Surnames, and is——

Oliv. As familiar a Duck——

Nov. As an Actress in the Tying-room. There I was once before-hand with you, Madam.

L. Plauf. Mrs. *Hoyden*! a poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul: But the Divine Mrs. *Trifle*, comes thither too: sure her beauty, virtue, and conduct, you can say nothing too.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!——pray let me speak, Madam.

Oliv. First, can any one be call'd beautiful that squints?

L. Plauf. Her eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! ha, ha.

Oliv. Languish! Then, for her conduct, she was seen at the *Countrey-Wife*, after the first day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. Plauf. But, Madam, she was not seen to use her Fan all the Play long, turn aside her head, or by a conscious blush, discover more guilt than modesty.

Oliv. Very fine! then you think a Woman modest, that sees the hideous *Countrey-Wife*, without blushing, or publishing her detestation of it? D'ye hear him, Cousin?

Eliz. Yes; and am, I must confess, something of his opinion, and think, that as an over-conscious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to shew the Authors want of Wit, exposes his own to more censure: so may a Lady call her own modesty in question, by publicly cavilling with the Poets; for all those grimaces of honour, and artificial modesty, disparage a Woman's real Virtue, as much as the use of white and red does the natural complexion; and you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with passive looks, ears, and tongue, undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty Plays?

Eliz. Truly I think a Woman betrays her want of modesty, by shewing it publickly in a Play-house, as much as a Man does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the trully modest and stout say least, and are least exceptious, especially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! Cousin, this cannot be your opinion; but you are one of those who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

Oliv. O fie, fie, fie, wou'd you put me to the blush anew? call all the blood into my face again? But to satisfy you then, first the clandestine obscenity in the very name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find it out, I confes.

Oliv. O horrid! does it not give you the rank conception, or image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the rest, that of an *Eunuch*?

Eliz. What then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but, Cousin, one cannot stop there.

Eliz. I can, Cousin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have those filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honest Mens Beds and Couches, Rapes upon sleeping and waking Countrey Virgins, under Hedges and on Haycocks: nay, further——

Eliz. Nay; no farther, Cousin, we have enough of your Coment on the Play, which will make you more asham'd than the Play it self.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play, and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as soon as anothers; but the filthiest thing in that Play, or any other Play, is——

Eliz. Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it, I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the Play, I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing, is his *China*; nay, I will never forget the beastly Author his *China*: he has quite taken away the reputation of poor *China* it self, and fully'd the most innocent and pretty Furniture of a Ladies Chamber, insomuch that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels. You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my *China*, for that of the Play-house.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now sure! 'tis now as unfit an ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which I alwayes cover, or scratch out, wherefoe're I find 'em. But *China*! out upon't, filthy *China*, nasty, debauch'd *China*!

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Eliz. All this will not put me out of conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is Acted to day, or another of the same beastly Author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not sure! nay, you sha' not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two Men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if——
[Pulls her back.]

Eliz. I stay!——your Servant.

[Exit Eliza.]

Oliv. Well——but, my Lord, tho' you justifie every body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer, whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plauf. Faith, I dare swear the poor Man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his Play.

Oliv. Foy, my Lord; but what think you Mr. *Novel*, of the Play? tho' I know you are a Friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the furly Fool you spake of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put this Play in Rithme; for Rithme, you know often makes mystical Nonsense pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving Passion. But now I talk of passion, I saw your old Lover this morning——Captain——
[[Whispers.]

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman and Fidelia standing behind.

Oliv. Whom?——nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unobserv'd:——How! in a close conversation with these supple Rascals, the Out-casts of Sempstresses shops?

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly bluntness, and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common-place flattery of these fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Ecchoes of Men only.

Man. Do not you, Sir, play the Echo too, mock me, dally with my own words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, Captain——

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuse her, methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there says to her.

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. *Manly* return'd, d'ye say! And is he safe?

[Whispers to Plaufible.]

Man. She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are ad-

THE PLAIN-DEALER

mitted now here but for their news of me; for Intelligence indeed is the common Passport of nauseous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houses. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I always lov'd his Brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his more Brutal love.

Man. What's that?

[*Apart.*]

Oliv. But is he at last return'd, d'ye say, unhurt?

Nov. Ay faith, without doing his business; for the Rogue has been these two years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly as the Staff of a *Marshal of France*, and rather read his Name in a *Gazet*.

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Estate.

Man. So!——

[*Aside.*]

Nov. I have an Ambition, I must confess, of losing my heart, before such a fair Enemy as your self, Madam, but that silly Rogues shou'd be ambitious of losing their Arms, and——

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compaffes.

Nov. But he has no use of his Arms, but to fet 'em on Kimbow, for he never pulls off his Hat, at least not to me, I'm sure; for you must know, Madam, he has a fantastical hatred to good Company: he can't abide me.

L. Plaus. O, be not so severe to him, as to say he hates good Company; for I assure you, he has a great respect, esteem and kindness for me.

Man. That kind, civil Rogue has spoken yet ten thousand times worse of me, than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then shall I be pester'd again with his boistrous Sea-Love; have my Alcove smell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfumed with his Tarpaulin Brandenburgh, and hear vollies of Brandy sighs, enough to make a Fog in ones Room. Foh! I hate a Lover that smells like *Thames-street*.

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aside.*]
But, since you have these two Pulvillio Boxes, these Essence Bottles, this pair of Musk-Cats here, I hope, I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Over-heard us then?

Nov. I hope he heard me not.

[*Aside.*]

L. Plaus. Most noble and heroick Captain, your most oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant.

Man. Away——Madam——

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for listning.

[*Thrusts Novel and Plausible on each side.*]

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not dissemble Love, tho' 'twas your interest; nor be

THE PLAIN-DEALER

vain, tho' you were handsom; nor break your promise, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuse your best Friend, tho' you had Wit: but I take not your contempt of me worse, than your esteem, or civility of these things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plauf. Let the Captain Railly a little.

Man. Yes, things; canst thou be angry, thou thing?

[*Coming up to Novel.*

Nov. No, since my Lord says you speak in Raillery; for though your Sea-raillery be something rough, yet I confess, we use one another to as bad every day, at *Locketts*, and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plauf. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: a word with you, I beseech you——

[*Whispers to Manly.*

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the rest of the Cheats of the World, when our Cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can trust no longer, pay Debts, and satisfy Obligations, with a quarrel, the kindest Present a Man can make to his Mistress, when he can make no more Presents: for oftentimes in Love, as at Cards, we were forc'd to play foul, only to give over the game; and use our Lovers like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet, upon the first dispute.

[*Aside.*

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a stinking breath, there's a secret, for your secret.

L. Plauf. Pshaw! Pshaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was't, about this spark, cou'd take you? was it the merit of his fashionable Impudence, the briskness of his noise, the wit of his laugh, his judgment: or fancy in his garniture? or was it a well-trim'd Glove, or the scent of it that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad these Sea Captains make nothing of dressing: but let me tell you, Sir, a man by his dress, as much as by any thing, shews his wit and judgment, nay, and his courage too.

Free. How, his courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tuck'd up Hair or Perruke, a greasie broad-Belt, and now adays a short Sword.

Man. Thy courage, will appear more by thy Belt, than thy Sword, I dare swear. Then, Madam, for this gentle piece of courtesie, this man of tame honour, what cou'd you find in him? was it his languishing affected tone? his mannerly look? his second-hand flattery? the refuse of the Play house tiring-rooms? or his slavish obsequiousness, in watching at the door of your Box at the Play-house, for your hand to your Chair? or his janty way of playing with your Fan? or was it the Gunpowder spot on his hand, or the Jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your Heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your——

THE PLAIN-DEALER

L. Plauf. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv. No, noble Captain, you cannot fure think any thing cou'd take me more than that heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha, ha, faith she is with thee, Bully, for thy Railery.

Man. Faith so shall I be with you, no Bully, for your grinning.

[*Afide to Novel.*

Oliv. Then that noble Lyon-like meen of yours, that Soldier-like weather beaten complexion, and that manly roughness of your voice; how can they otherwise than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy!

Nov. Ha, ha! Faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor shall I from kicking anon.

[*Afide to Novel.*

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like carelessness in your dress, but especially your Scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my Taylor as he past by my Window the last Training-day; for we Women adore a Martial Man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. Plauf. Nay, i'faith, there your Ladyship was a Wag, and it was fine, just, and well Railly'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, Madam, with you Ladies too Martial Men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*; and be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humor. Is there any thing more agreeable, then the pretty fullness of that? then the greatness of your courage? which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction, for you dare give all Mankind the Lye; and your opinion is your onely Mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another Mans.

Nov. Hah, hah! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee Tar, faith!

L. Plauf. And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, tho, I protest I mean you no hurt; but, when a Lady Raillies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do her reason in laughing: Hah, ha.

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful Wretches, you presume fure upon your Effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of Cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and by using me ill before you, has given me a priviledge of using you so before

THE PLAIN-DEALER

her; but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. Plauf. Nay, worthy, noble, generous Captain.

Man. Be gone, I say.

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, Baboons, instantly be gone. Or——

[*Manly puts 'em out of the Room: Novel struts, Plaufible cringes.*

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-chamber: fure you will not stay long with him. [*Ex. Plauf. Nov.*

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your Mistress, like a true Captain; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not so much as my Windows, nor do not think your self in the Lodgings of one of your Suburb Mistresses beyond the *Tower*.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so, for those less infamous Women part with their Lovers, just as you did from me, with unforc'd vows of constancy, and floods of willing tears; but the same winds bear away their Lovers and their vows: And for their grief, if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, fresh Cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those Women too suffers shipwrack, with their Gallants fortunes; now you have heard *Chance* has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn, as I was to your feign'd love: And henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath, and detest you, most faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the Hombre Cards ready in the next Room, *Lettice*, and——
[*Whispers to Lettice.*

Free. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'll be fure to keep your word, I hope, Sir?

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir? if you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, fure.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, Captain, there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your Jewels and Money, which it seems she has, Sir.

Man. What's that to you, Sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm fure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your self.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make claim too.

[*Both going towards Olivia.*]

Man. Hold, you impertinent officious Fops—
How have I been deceiv'd !

[*Afide.*]

Free. Madam, there are certain Appurtenances to a Lover's heart, call'd Jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with Lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with; our Captains, Madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A Gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident—us easie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my answer. (An agreeable young fellow this!—And wou'd not be my Aversion!) [*Afide.*] Captain, your young Friend here has a very persuading Face, I confels; yet you might have ask'd me your self for those Trifles you left with me, which (heark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret: you are a Man of so much Honour I'm sure;) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to—

[*Afide to Man.*]

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My Husband.

Man. Your Husband!

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for since you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately marry'd to one, who is a Man of so much Honour and Experience in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again to restore 'em to you; lest he should conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me, on any other score, but the exchange of my Honour: which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure your self, those Trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant Impudence ! but married too!

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my Servants know it not: I am marry'd; there's no resisting one's Destiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why did you love him too ?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have marry'd him, and he me: which mutual love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the Country, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my Honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there be your Messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him: I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his youth wou'd keep my Husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we Women may have pity for such as he, but no

THE PLAIN-DEALER

love: And I already think you do not well to spirit him away to Sea, and the Sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect Woman!—If I cou'd say any thing more injurious to her now, I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward: but, now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk; for something I must do. *[Aside.]*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again—— *[Aside.]*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within? I come then. Captain, I beg your pardon: You will not make one at Hombre?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, Curse me; for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, May all the Curses light upon you Women ought to fear, and you deserve; first may the Curse of loving Play attend your fordid Covetousness, and Fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the Curse of Pride, or a good Reputation, fall on your Lust; the Curse of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curse of your Husband's company on your Pleasures; and the Curse of your Gallant's disappointments in his absence; and the Curse of scorn, jealousy, or despair, on your love: and then the Curse of loving on.

Oliv. And to requite all your Curses, I will only return you your last; may the Curse of loving me still, fall upon your proud hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid Curses: but Heaven forgive you.

[Exit Oliv.]

Man. Hell and the Devil reward thee.

Free. Well, you see now, Mistresses, like Friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your Money; and most Women are such kind of Witches, who can have no power over a Man, unless you give 'em Money: but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you till they have all: therefore I never dare give a Woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's Money with one's Mistress, a man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love; who like a Pyrat, takes you by spreading false Colours: but when once you have run your Ship aground, the treacherous Picaroon loofs, so by your ruine you save your self from slavery at least.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs. *Lettice*, here's Madam *Blackacre* come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? let us be gone, before she comes; for hence for-

THE PLAIN-DEALER

ward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a sinking Ship. [Ex. Man. and Fid.]

Free. And I'll stay to revenge on her your quarrel to the Sex; for out of love to her Jointure, and hatred to business, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand Suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sorts of people; my Plaintifs, and her Defendants; my Creditors, and her Adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green Bags.

Wid. 'Tis an arrant Sea-Ruffian, but I'm glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, Major, for the last service was not good in Law. *Boy, Duck, Jerry,* where is my Paper of *Memorandums*? give me, Child: so, Where is my Cousin *Olivia*, now, my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind Relation, Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir?

Free. Why, faith, (to be short) to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person, we saw at Captain *Manly's*?

Jer. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent person, and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, Widow.

Wid. But I have other business I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business anights, Widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have: for anights I assure you, I am a Man of great business; for the business——

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my abilities, and industry.

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr.———she is a person of quality, a person that is no person———

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a Widow: be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her Squire, to arm her to her Lawyers Chambers; but I will be impudent and bawdy, for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy familiar *Jack*! You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me now adays, every idle, young, hectoring, roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red Breeches, and a broad Back, thinks to carry away any Widow, of the best degree; but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got like places at Court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young Man, and not fit——

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Free. For a Widow? Yes fure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their claims before you——

Free. Not you I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more proportionable match for her, than you, Sir; I who am an elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal Years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly perfon, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' undec. Caroli prim'*.

Old. Your pardon, Lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very Servant——But I fay, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty Years younger than her; without any Land or Stock, but your great stock of Impudence: therefore what pretension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; firft, becaufe I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a fufficient Plea to a Relict?

How appears it, Sir? by what foolifh Custom?

Free. By custom, time out of mind only. Then, Sir, becaufe I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty Years younger than her, and having a fufficient ftock of Impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me, in her Widow's Law or Equity.

Old. Well, fhe has been fo long in *Chancery*, that I'll ftand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray fnap up this young Snap at firft, or we fhall be troubled with him; give him a City Widow's Answer: (that is with all the ill breeding imaginable) [Aside to the Wid.

Come, Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolifh Wooing, for nothing interrupts bufinefs more; firft, for you, Major——

Old. You declare in my favour then?

Free. What, direct the Court? (Come, young Lawyer, thou fha't be a Counfel for me) [To Jer.

Jer. Gad, I fhall betray your Caufe then, as well as an older Lawyer, never ftir.

Wid. Firft, I fay, for you, Major, my walking Hofpital of an ancient Foundation, thou Bag of Mummy, that wou'd'ft fall afunder, if 'twere not for thy Cere-cloaths——

Old. How, Lady?

Free. Hah, ha——

Jer. Hey, brave Mother! ufe all Suitors thus, for my fake.

Wid. Thou wither'd hobling, diftorted Cripple; nay, thou art a Cripple all over; wou'd'ft thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch of thy Decrepidnefs? Me——

Free. Well faid, Widow! faith, thou wou'd'ft make a Man love thee now, without diffeibling.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytick, impotent, fumbling, frigid Nicompoop.

Jer. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of names, ifac!

Wid. Wou'dst thou make a Caudlemaker, a Nurse of me? Can't you be Bed-rid without a Bed-fellow? Won't your Swan-skins, Furrs, Flannels, and the scorch'd Trencher keep you warm there? Wou'd you have me your Scotch Warming-pan, with a pox to you? Me!——

Old. O Heavens!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man, Major.

Jer. Ay, you old Fobus, and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? to have taken care of my Estate, that half of't shou'd never come to me, by letting long Leafes at Pepper-corn Rents?

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an Earl; nay, what's more, a Judge, and been covered the Winter-nights with the Lamb-skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And durst thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor, there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a chopping Minor, God blefs him.

[*Strokes Jerry on the head.*]

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his bigness; and it seems, you will have the cheating of your Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear Witness; cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the Case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false Witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair, and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's Case, more than my own: And I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, (I warrant) some Renegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the Law: that is, be hang'd.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam——

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, leud, hectoring gaming Companion, and want'st some Widows old Gold to nick upon; but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne'r quarrel about that; for Guineys wou'd serve my turn: but, Widow——

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth Boaster of thy Lust, a meer Bragadochio of thy strength for Wine and Women, and will bely thy self more than thou dost Women, and art every way a base deceiver of Women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, Widow, this is Judging without seeing the Evidence.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out Whoremaster, at five and twenty, both in Body and Fortune: And cannot be trusted by the common Wenches of the Town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the Wives of the Town, lest you shou'd pay 'em: so you want Women, and wou'd have me your Baud, to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good Acquaintance, Widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you; that you might turn Keeper; for poor Widows are only us'd like Bauds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing Spendthrift: And having fold your own Annuity, wou'd waste my Jointure.

Jer. And make havock of our Estate personal, and all our old gilt Plate; I shou'd soon be Picking up all our mortgag'd Apostle-Spoons, Bowls and Beakers out of most of the Ale-houses, betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boatswain* in *Wapping*: nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you so, Bully?

Free. Nay, prythee, Widow hear me.

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I wou'd have marry'd a young Man, 'tis well known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopefull'st young Man this day at the *Kings-Bench Bar*; I, that am a Relict and Executrix of known plentiful Affits and parts, who understand my self and the Law: And wou'd you have me under Covert Baron again? No, Sir, no Covert Baron for me.

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure.

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there; I know your love to a Widow, is covetousness of her Jointure: And a Widow, a little stricken in years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Mansion-house in a good Purchase, never valu'd; but take one, take t'other: And perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs, or expences upon't.

Free. No, Widow, one wou'd be sure to keep all right, when one is to forfeit one's Lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my business, with this foolish discourse of Love. *Jerry Child* let me see the List of the Jury: I'm sure my Cousin *Olivia* has some Relations amongst 'em. But where is she?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more, pray; I will no more hearken again to your foolish love motions, than to offers of Arbitration. [*Ex. Wid. and Jerr.*]

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretension at Court, or to a Widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Old. Therefore I'll get her by Affiduity, Patience and Long-sufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young Fellows leave off Love, when it comes to be Business; and Industry gets more Women than Love.

Free. Ay, Industry the Fool's and old Man's merit; but I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by Law, Wrangling, and Contests, and not by Sufferings: And, because you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee counsel, Major.

*If you Litigious Widow e'r wou'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the Law complain:*

To her, as to a Baud, Defendant sue

With Statutes, and make Justice pimp for you. [Exeunt.]

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly and Freeman, two Sailors behind.

Man. I Hate this place, worse than a Man that has inherited a *Chancery-Suit*: I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why you need not be afraid of this place: for a Man without Money, needs no more fear a croud of Lawyers, than a croud of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with the State of a *Turkish* Emperor, rarely seen; and besieged rather than defended, by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own Halls, in *Christmas* time, whither, from all parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by the Dice (not the worst Judges) whether it shall be their own, or no: But after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their Money, on both sides; and finding neither the better, at last, go emptily and lovingly away together, to the Tavern, joining their Curses against the young Lawyers Box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a Revelling *Christmas* Lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one; I confess; but was fain to leave the Law, out of

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Conscience, and fall to making false Musters: rather chuse to Cheat the King, than his Subjects; Plunder, rather than take Fees.

Man. Well, a Plague, and a Purse Famine light on the Law; and that Female limb of it, who drag'd me hither to day: but pr'ythee go see if in that croud of dagled Gowns there, thou canst find her.

[*Pointing to a crowd of Lawyers, at the end of the Stage.*

[*Exit Freeman.*

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an Hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of Knavery,
Nay, Cowardice, to hide ones faults; but now
The common frailty, Love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love th'ungrateful still,
Left he contemn me, more than she: for I,
It seems can undergo a Womans scorn,
But not a Mans——

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, generous Captain.

Man. Pr'ythee, kind Impertinence, leave me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my Generosity now, since thou knowest I have no Money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or Fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing, but leave to share your miseries: You shou'd not be a Niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none then; for you, I'm sure, will through such Worlds of dangers, that I shall be inu'rd to 'em; nay I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and so turn valiant out of fear. Dear Captain, do not cast me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! to Court, thou Fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handsome Spaniel, and canst faun naturally? go, bus about, and run thy self into the next great Man's Lobby: first faun upon the Slaves without, and then run into the Ladies Bed-Chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last, to tumble her Bed: go seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able to keep thee: I have not Bread for my self.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, Sir; for at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! dost thou not know there's venturing your

THE PLAIN-DEALER

life in stealing ? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off, as that flattering effeminating mischief, Love.

Fid. Love, did you name ? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in Love, sure?

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or——

I had almost discover'd my Love and Shame; well if I had? that thing cou'd not think the worfe of me:——or if I did?——no——yes he shall know it——he shall——but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make Parasites and Pimps Lords of their Masters; for any flavery or tyranny is easier than Love's. *[Aside.*

Come hither, since thou art so forward to serve me: hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret ? for such, to some, is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe, as if your dear precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearnefs. It concerns more than my life, my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, I am already all joy, with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly, Sir.

Man. You said you'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, Sir:

Man. That is Pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir ?

Man. D'ye start ! thinkest thou, thou cou'd'st do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't: You have lost your time with me at Sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your self more Reasons for your Aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault: I am the unfittest in the World, to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it, shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling: here, (I say) you must go use it for me, to *Olivia*.

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing, to save my life ? And she said you had a persuading Face.

Fid. But, did not you say, Sir, your honour was dearer to you, than your life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you, to the most infamous, most false, and——

Man. And most beautiful!——

[Sighs aside.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman, that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think——

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge: I will lie with her out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night.

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy face again: by——

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away, you'll find me here till twelve. [*Turns away.*]

Fid. Sir——

Man. Not one word, no insinuating Argument more, or soothing persuasion; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone. [*Ex. Man. at the end of the Stage.*]

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my Sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twould but incense it more.——No, 'tis not time.
For his Love, must I then betray my own?
Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe?
Or shifting Woman pos'd with such a task?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd;
And give away her Lover not to lose him.

[*Ex. Fidel.*]

Enter Widow Blackacre in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black, Jerry Blackacre following the croud.

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Company you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference? A pretty Fellow! Mr. Serjeant *Ploddon*, here's a Fellow has the impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a Reference within these Walls?

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, to a Lady learned in the Law, as you are, the offer of a Reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your Brief? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of——Hark you——[*Whispers*] Go then, go to your Court of *Common-Pleas*, and say one thing over and over again: You do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the Court, and your Business. [Exit *Serj. Plod.*]

Wid. Let's see, *Jerry*, Where are my Minutes? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in the *Chancery*; let your words be easie and your Sense hard, my Cause requires it: Branch it bravely, and deck my Cause with flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Tricesimo quarti* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or exemplify Matter of Fact; baffle Truth with Impudence; answer Exceptions with Questions, tho' never so impertinent; for Reasons give 'em words; for Law and Equity, Tropes and Figures: and so relax and enervate the sinews of their Argument, with the oyl of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our Cause, say every thing of our Adversary; whose Reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the World, yet with sharp Invectives——

Wid. (Alias *Belin'sgate.*)

Quaint. With pious and sower Invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the juice of Lemons; and tell such a Story, (for, the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, such a Story——

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the Cause; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*. You are so copiously fluent, you can weary any one's ears, sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our Adversaries Counsel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine-spoken person: Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, Get you gone, and remember——[*Whispers*]

[Exit *Quaint.*]
Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray bawl soundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*; bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your Argument be intricate enough to confound the Court: And then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your Sense from Censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear Rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more souz'd Venison.

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment shall not be Arrested upon if's and and's.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you some new instructions, for our Cause in the *Exchequer*: Are the Barons safe?

Pet. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wish you wou'd but snap up the Counsel on 'tother side anon, at the Bar, as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Pet. You instruct me ! What is my Brief for, Mistress?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold your self contented, Mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir, tho' you, I see, will lose my Cause for want of speaking, I wo' not: You shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me, instructed by a Woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown——

Wid. By a Woman ! And I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman; but a Woman conversant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your self, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you: instruct me! *[Flings her Breviate at her.]*

Wid. Impertinent to me, you faucy *Jack* you! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee? You'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass Half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half so narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without Precedent. When did a Counsel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant, to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny Upstart in the Law, to use me so, you Green Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Causes, the Clerks Ink is scarce off of your Fingers, you that newly come from Lamblacking the Judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant ! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the ear, fitting the Courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing Counsel at the Bar.

[Exit Petulant.]

Enter Mr. Buttongown, crossing the Stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, *Mr. Buttongown,* whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, *Mrs. Blackacre,* I must be at the Council, my Lord's Cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five pound Fee, if not my Cause: that was something to you.

Butt. Away, away, pray be not so troublesome, Mistress, I must be gone.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. Nay, but confider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you, than my felf: I hope you believe I fhall be in Law as long as I live? therefore am no defpicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he fhould make you a Judge one day: but I hope his promife to you will prove a true Lord's promife: But, that he might be fure to fail you, I wifh you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what will you be thus impertinent, Miftrefs?

Wid. Nay, I befeech you, Sir, ftay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Cafe: come, in fhort.

Butt. Nay, then——

[*Ex.* Buttongown.

Wid. Well, *Jerry*, obferve Child, and lay it up for hereafter: Thefe are thofe Lawyers, who, by being in all Caufes, are in none: therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adverfary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and fo, in being againft thee, they'll be for thee.

Jer. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind of the unconfcionable Woers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial bufinefs for their Money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forfooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid. Well faid, Boy, come, Mr. *Splitcaufe*, pray go fee when my Caufe in *Chancery* comes on; and go fpeak with Mr. *Quillit* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk* in the *Common Pleas*, and fee how our matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your Caufes go as well, as if I my felf were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excufe me, I am bufie, and cannot answer Complements in *Westminfter-Hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcaufe*, and come to me again, to that Bookfellers, there I'll ftay for you, that you may be fure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Bookfellers, I'll attend your Ladifhip thither.

[*Ex.* Splitcaufe.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Becaufe he is my Bookfeller, Lady.

Wid. What, to fell you Lozenges for your Catarrh? or Medicines for your Corns? what elfe can a Major deal with a Bookfeller for?

Old. Lady, he Prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of fome few Effayes; deign you, Lady, to perufe 'em. (She is a Woman of parts, and I muft win her by fhewing mine.)

[*Afide.*

The Bookfeller's Boy.

Boy. Will you fee *Culpepper*, Miftrefs? *Aristotle's Problems*? The *Compleat Midwife*?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. No, let's see *Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate.*

Boy. We have no Law-Books.

Wid. No? You are a pretty Bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my Effayes left?

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

Boy. Why they are good, steady, lasting Ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live, let's see. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruse the poor endeavors of my Pen; tho' I say it, that——

[Gives her a Book.]

Jer. Pray let me see *St. George for Christendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of England.*

Wid. No, no, give him *The Young Clerk's Guide.* What, we shall have you read your self into a humour of Rambling, and Fighting, and studying Military Discipline, and wearing red Breeches!

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military Discipline, shew him my Treatise of *The Art Military.*

Wid. Hold, I wou'd as willingly he shou'd read a *Play.*

Jer. O pray, forsooth Mother, let me have a *Play.*

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough spoil'd already by *Playes*; they wou'd make you in love with your Landrefs, or what's worse, some Queen of the Stage, that was a Landrefs; and so turn Keeper before you are of age.

[Several crossing the Stage.]

But stay, *Jerry*, is it not that Mr. *what-d'y' call-him*, that goes there: he that offer'd to sell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred Pounds, for a hundred down, and only paying the Clerks Fees?

Jer. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the Bags, whil'ft I follow him: have a care of the Bags, I say.

Jer. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the Statute against *Cham-pertee*, I say. [Ex. Widow.]

Enter Freeman to them.

Free. So, there's a limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her: she can't be far. [Aside.]

How now, my pretty Son-in-law that shall be, where's my Widow?

Jer. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forthcoming presently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying Furniture for a little sleeping Closet, which you miscall a Study? For you do only, by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em: And your Bookseller is properly your Upholster; for he furnishes your Room, rather than your Head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, study you your Compass, that's

THE PLAIN-DEALER

more than your head can deal with. (I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his fight, or he'll board her, whil'ft I am treating a peace.) [*Afide.*

Manent Freeman, Jerry.

[*Ex.* Oldfox.]

Jer. Nay, pr'ythee, Friend, now, let me have but the *Seven Champions*, you fhall truſt me no longer than till my Mothers Mr. *Splitcauſe* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want Money, Squire? I'm forry a Man of your Eſtate ſhou'd want Money.

Jer. Nay, my Mother will ne'r let me be at Age: And till then, ſhe ſays——

Free. At Age! Why, you are at Age already to have ſpent an Eſtate, Man; there are younger than you, have kept their Women this three years, have had half a dozen Claps, and loſt as many thouſand pounds at Play.

Jer. Ay, they are happy Sparks! nay, I know ſome of my School-Fellows, who when we were at School, were two Years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go where they will, and look to themſelves: but my Curmudgeonly Mother wo'nt allow me wherewithal to be a Man of my ſelf with.

Free. Why, there 'tis; I knew your Mother was in fault: Ask but your School-Fellows what they did to be Men of themſelves.

Jer. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers; for they ſay, there's no good to be done upon a Widow Mother, till one goes to Law with her: but mine is as plaguy a Lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd ſhe marry too, and cut down my Trees: Now I ſhou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiſs'd, and flapt, and t'other thing too, (you know what I mean) by another Man; and our Trees are the pureſt, tall, even, ſhady twigs, by my fa——

Free. Come, Squire, let your Mother and your Trees fall as ſhe pleaſes, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green Bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony: But you ſhall be able to deal with her yet the common way; thou ſhalt make falſe Love to ſome Lawyer's Daughter, whoſe Father, upon thy hopes of thy Marrying her, ſhall lend thee Money and Law, to preſerve thy Eſtate and Trees; and thy Mother is ſo ugly, no body will have her, if ſhe cannot cut down thy Trees.

Jer. Nay, if I had but any Body to ſtand by me, I am as ſtomachful as another.

Free. That will I, I'll not ſee any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any other but your ſelf.

[*Afide.*]

Jer. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow-Mother to her poor Child, as any's in *England*: ſhe wo'nt as much as let one have fix pence in one's Pocket to ſee a Motion, or the Dancing of the Ropes, or——

Free. Come, you ſhan't want Money, there's Gold for you.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Jer. O Lurd, Sir, two Guineys! d'ye lend me this? is there no trick in't? Well, Sir, I'll give you Bond for my security.

Free. No, no, thou hast given thy face for security: And any body wou'd swear thou dost not look like a Cheat. You shall have what you will of me; and if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Jer. By my fa——he's a curious fine Gentleman!—— [aside. But, will you stand by one?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Jer. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll leave her to night, and come to you. But, now I have got Mony, I'll go to *Jack of All Trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neatest, purest things——

Free. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my blow at his mother: steal away the Calf, and the Cow will follow you.

[Exit Jerry, follow'd by Freeman.

Enter, on the other side, Manly, Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.

Man. Dam your Cause; can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you say, an honest one: I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime Witness, and the Cause is just now coming on, Mr. *Splitcause* tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me; but d'ye think I'll stay any longer, to have a Rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside, and whisper a Newsbook-secret to me with a stinking breath? A second come piping angry from the Court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaints against it? A third Law-Coxcomb, because he saw me once at a Reader's dinner, come and put me a long Law-Cafe, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness, and my wearied patience? A fourth, a most barbarous Civil Rogue, who will keep a Man half an hour in the crowd with a bow'd body, and a hat off, acting the reform'd Sign of the *Salutation-Tavern*, to hear his bountiful professions of service and friendship; whilst he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my way; I'd as soon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other turn.

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre without his Bags; but laden with Trinkets, which he endeavors to hide from his Mother: and follow'd at a distance by Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir? But where have you been, you Afs? And how came you thus laden?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Jer. Look here, forsooth, Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar-cat, and here's an Owl.

[*Making a noise with Cat-calls, and other such like Instruments.*]

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird, indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame, and carry back those Trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd; for no Body wou'd trust a Minor in *Westminster-Hall*, sure.

Jer. Hold your self contented, forsooth, I have these Commodities by a fair Bargain and Sale; and there stands my Witness, and Creditor.

Wid. How's that! What, Sir, d'ye think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a Rattle? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Rascal?

Jer. O Law! Where are they indeed?

[*Aside.*]

Wid. How, Sirrah? speak, come——

Man. You can tell her, *Freeman*, I suppose.

[*Apart to him.*]

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks steal 'em, whil't he was eagerly choosing his Commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his Mother.

[*Apart to him.*]

Wid. Won't you speak? Where were you, I say, you Son of a——an unfortunate Woman? O, Major, I'm undone; they are all that concern my Estate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of Gift, my Evidences for all my Suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. I'm glad to hear this.

[*Aside.*]

They'll be safe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you Villain, along with me, and shew me where.

[*Exeunt Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.*]

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a Widow, by making her great Boy rebel; for, when nothing will make a Widow marry, she'll do't to cross her Children. But canst thou in earnest marry this Harpy, this Volume of shrivel'd blur'd Parchments and Law, this Attornies Desk.

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry, and live honestly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due Benevolence, pay my debts.

Man. Thy Creditors, you see, are not so barbarous, as to put thee in Prison, and wilt thou commit thy self to a noisom Dungeon for thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy Creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow, for her Money, will find himself as much mistaken, as the Widow that marries a young Fellow for due Benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I shan't deserve Wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the least

THE PLAIN-DEALER

propriety in the Ore: You may dig, and dig; but if thou wou'dst have the Money, rather get to be her Trustee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Estate to any body, and cheat her self, rather than be cheated by her Children, or a second Husband!

Enter to them Jerry running in a fright.

Jer. O Law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: You said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave Squire, I warrant thee.

Jer. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes: for she's as furious, now she has lost her Writings, as a Bitch when she has lost her Puppies.

Man. The comparifon's handfom!

Jer. O, she's here?

Enter Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.

Free. [To the Sailor] Take him Jack, and make haste with him, to your Master's Lodging; and be sure you keep him up, till I come.

[*Ex.* Jerry and Sailor.]

Wid. O my dear Writings! where's this heathen Rogue, my Minor?

Free. Gone to drown, or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne'r be *Felo de se* that way; but he may go and choose a Guardian of his own head, and so be *Felo de ses biens*, for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he shan't want one. [Aside.]

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this Cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a Maid by her Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you*: But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be Law; and my Minor and Writings are not forth-coming, I'll bring my Action of Detinue or Trover. But first I'll try to find out this Guardianless, graceless Villain. Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have lost your Evidence, I hope your Causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no, stay but a making Water while, (as one may say) and I'll be with you again. | [Ex. Widow, and Oldfox.]

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well, sure I am the first Man that ever began a Love-Intrigue, in *Westminster-Hall*.

Man. No, sure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cause goes against the Heir or Executors, the Jointure-Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how, pray, have you past your time here, since I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. Is this a Place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law-Suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the World; you shou'd be ty'd up again in your Sea-kennel, call'd a Ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here?

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the Lye.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the Bar, that they make no Bones on't elsewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a Cuff on the Ear; whereupon he jogs two Men, whose Backs were turn'd to us, (for they were reading at a Book-fellers) to witness I struck him sitting the Courts; which office they so readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Rascals, and Knights of the Post: one of 'em presently calls two other absent Witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance: whil'st the other, with a whisper, desires to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ; but if it were not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge: there you see is one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So:——and the other two.

Man. For desiring a Poet to leave off Writing and turn Lawyer, because he is dull, and impudent, and says or writes nothing now, but by Precedent.

Free. And the third Quarrel?

Mar. For giving more sincere advice, to a handsom, well-drest, young Fellow (who ask'd it too) not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your sincere advice to Lovers, and Poets, you will not fail of Quarrels.

Man. Or, if I stay in this place; for I see more Quarrels crouding upon me: let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, at a distance, coming towards them.

A Plague on him, that Sneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we shall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look so grum upon me, you told me just now, you had forgiven me a little harmless Raillery upon wooden legs last night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of business.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always——

Man. Impertinent! 'tis business that concerns *Freeman* only.

Nov. Well, I love *Freeman* too, and wou'd not divulge his secret: pr'y-thee speak, pr'ythee I must——

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee, I must be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou can't hardly, I love thee so. Come, I must know the business.

Man. So, I have it now.

[*Aside.*

Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his Adversary bids him bring two Friends with him: now I am one; and we are thinking who we shall have for a third.

Several Crossing the Stage.

Nov. A Pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an Hundred pound, and goes out of Town to morrow: I'll speak with him, and come to you presently.

[*Exit Novel.*

Man. No, but you wo't.

Free. You are dextrously rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another, as impertinent? I know, by his grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, because she carry'd me from your company; for faith, Captain, I must needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in *England*, who was not an *Edg-hill* Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dst thou have me love them?

Man. Any body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modest, I see! therefore too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modest, but love to brag my self, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last Civil War; therefore go look out the Fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his Stockings and his Sword out at heels, and let him tell you the History of that scar on his cheek, to give you occasion to shew yours, got in the field at *Bloomsbury*, not that at *Edg-hill*: go to him, poor Fellow, he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to stink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him some to hear you, I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love thee now, Boy, for thy furliness: thou art no tame Captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that sha'nt make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at Law. Pr'ythee tell me what ill Luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the Picture of ill Luck? Gadfnouns I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first?

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd quality, and thee.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! You won't fure. Pr'ythee don't look like one of our Holy-day Captains now a days, with a Bodkin by your fide, your Martinet Rogues.

Man. (O, then there's hopes)

[*Afide.*

What, d'ye find fault with Martinet? let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best exercise in the World; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd, and the most——

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more, Sir, your Servant; if you praise Martinet once, I have done with you, Sir Martinet! Martinet! [*Exit Oldfox.*

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy; for he was truly for the King and Parliament: for the Parliament, in their Lift; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their Pay, and never hurting the King's party in the Field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A Pox! this way, here's a Lawyer I know threatning us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, Sir, your very Servant; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your Wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman, Sir; I remember you were merry, when I was last in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, fure.

Law. Why, I'm fure you jok'd upon me, and sham'd me all night long.

Man. Sham'd! pr'ythee what barbarous Law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit, Sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then, Shamming! What does he mean by't, *Freeman*?

Free. Shamming, is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the flie Wag the Author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your Lawyers Jest, I find, like his practice, has more Knavery, than Wit in't. I shou'd make the worst Shammer in *England*; I must alwayes deal ingenuoufly, as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with Attornies and Solicitors, than such Fellows as I am; they will credit your Practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith, go this way, there goes an Attorney, leave me for him: let it be never said, a Lawyer's Civility did him hurt.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, fure.

Man. Unless he had a Fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any bufinefs here, Sir? try me, I'd ferve you fooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Bufinefs!——So, I have thought of a fure way. [*Afide.* Yes, faith, I have a little bufinefs.

Law. Have you fo, Sir? in what Court, Sir? what is't, Sir? tell me but how I may ferve you, and I'll do't, Sir; and take it for as great an honour——

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan of a Sea-Officer of mine; that has no Money; but if it cou'd be follow'd *in Forma Pauperis*, and when the Legacy's recovered——

Law. *Forma Pauperis*, Sir!

Man. Ay, Sir!

Several crossing the Stage.

Law. Mr. *Bumblecufe*, Mr. *Bumblecufe*, a word with you; Sir, I beg your pardon at prefent, I have a little bufinefs——

Man. Which is not *in Forma Pauperis*. [*Exit Lawyer.*

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City Rogue will ftick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him Money.

Ald. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours heartily d'ye fee: Why fhould you avoid your old Friends?

Man. And why fhould you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty refpects to you; for there is not a Man in *England*——

Man. Thou wou'dst fave from hanging, with the expence of a fhilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me——

Man. Truth, which you won't care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with fome body elfe.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better, of fome young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dip'd Seat and Eftate in *Middlefex*, *Hartfordshire*, *Effex*, or *Kent*, any of thefe wou'd ferve my turn: now, if you knew of fuch an one, and wou'd but help——

Man. You to finifh his ruine.

Ald. I'faith, you fhould have a fnip——

Man. Of your Nofe; you thirty in the hundred, Rascal; wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Baud for Mannors?

[*Takes him by the Nofe.*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Ald. Oh !

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-Suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring perfon you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, Sir; I begin to think (as things go) Land security beft, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, fome ten, fifteen or twenty thoufand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hofpital, and take a Mortgage of Heaven, according to your City cuftom; for you think by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do, I fay, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald. No, to keep the Cripples you make this War; this War fpoils our Trade.

Man. Dam your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you fpeak againft our Trade?

Man. And dare you fpeak againft the War, our Trade ?

Ald. Well, he may be a Convoy of fhips I am concern'd in. [*Afide.* Come, Captain, I will have a fair correſpondency with you, fay what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; pr'ythee, Captain, let's go drink a Diſh of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the Times: Come, I'll treat you; nay, you ſhall go, for I have no buſinefs here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a Man to give thee a Dinner: Come, I'll do thy buſinefs for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, fo you may, as well as any Man; for 'tis to pick up a Man, to be bound with me, to one who expects City ſecurity, for——

Ald. Nay, then your Servant, Captain; buſinefs muſt be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you——

Ald. Buſinefs, Sir, I fay, muſt be done; and there's an Officer of the Treafury I have an Affair with—— [*Exit Alderman.*

Man. You ſee now what the mighty friendship of the World is; what all Ceremony, Embraces, and plentiful Profeſſions come to: you are no more to believe a profeſſing Friend, than a threatening Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a miſchief; no Man, you ſee, is your Servant, who ſayes he is ſo. Why, the Devil, then ſhou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool or Cully; or with the fondnefs of Fools, if he be not a Knave or Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleaſure; for there is ſome in laughing at Fools, and diſappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a pleaſure, I think, wou'd coſt you too dear, as well as marrying your Widow to diſappoint her; but, for my part, I have no plea-

THE PLAIN-DEALER

sure by 'em, but in despising 'em, wherefoe'r I meet 'em; and then the pleasure of hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the World, which all the World shall know, and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for: But is the twenty pound gone since the morning?

Man. To my Boats Crew: wou'd you have the poor, honest, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you, or I.

Man. Why, art thou without Money? thou who art a Friend to every Body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the Squire, to nick him of his Mother; and cannot help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine with my Lord——

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear for me, where flattery must pay for my dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go to the Bishops——

Man. There you must flatter the old Philosophy: I cannot renounce my Reason for a Dinner.

Free. Why, then let's go to your Aldermans.

Man. Hang him, Rogue! that were not to dine, for he makes us drunk with Lees of Sack before dinner, to take away your stomach: and there you must call Usury and Extortion, God's Blessings, or the Honest turning of the Penny; hear him brag of the Leather Breeches in which he trotted first to Town; and make a greater noise with his Money in his Parlor, than his Casheers do in his Counting-House, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay, a pox on't, 'tis like dining with the great Gamesters; and when they fall to their common Dessert, see the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There to flatter her looks, you must mistake her Grandchildren for her own; praise her Cook that she may rail at him; and feed her Dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then?

Man. Eat with him! Dam him; to hear him employ his barbarous Eloquence in a Reading upon the two and thirty good Bits in a shoulder of Veal; and be forc'd your self to praise the cold Bribe pye, that stinks, and drink Law-French Wine, as rough and harsh as his Law French. A Pox on him, I'd rather dine in the Temple-Rounds or Walks, with the Knights without Noses, or the Knights of the Post; who are honefter Fellows, and better Company. But let us home, and try our Fortune; for I'll stay no longer here for your old damn'd Widow.

Free. Well, let us go home then; for I must go for my damn'd Widow,

THE PLAIN-DEALER

and look after my new damn'd Charge; three or four hundred Year ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.

Man. But now, the Lawyer only here is fed :

And, Bully-like, by Quarrels gets his Bread.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Manly's Lodgings.

Enter Manly, and Fidelia.

Man. **W**ell, there's success in thy face; hast thou prevail'd? say.

Fid. As I cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy Genius. Well thou hast mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, Sir, not so; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better!

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my heart is too much in earnest to be fooled with, and my desire at heighth, and needs no delays to incite it; what, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleasure, by withholding it? but leave off your Pages, Baudy-house tricks, Sir, and tell me, will she be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So then: well, pr'ythee, what said she?

Fid. She said——

Man. What? thou'rt so tedious; speak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That, of all things, you are her aversion.

Man. How?

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a Bedfellow out of an Hospital, and Diseases into her Arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her Honour, with a dissolute, debauch'd Hector; nay worse, with a finical baffled Coward, all over loathsome with affectation of the fine Gentleman;

Man. What's all this you say?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offensive, than when Parents wooe their Virgin Daughters, to the enjoyment of Riches onely; and that you were, in all circumstances, as nauseous to her as a Husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold; I understand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work I fee.

[*Aside.*

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand Ruffins.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes——

Man. Hold.

Fid. Sea-Monsters——

Man. Dam your intelligence: hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, furly Coward she call'd you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? hold, or——

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, Sir.

Man. Not yet——

Fid. I've done. Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you say she was kinder than I cou'd with her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then?——O——I understand you now. At first she appear'd in rage, and disdain, the truest sign of a coming Woman; but at last, you prevail'd it seems: did you not?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only; come pr'ythee, without delays: I'll kiss thee for that News beforehand.

Fid. So; the Kiss I'm sure is welcome to me, whatsoe're the News will be to you.

[*Aside.*

Man. Come, speak, my dear Voluntier.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Woman's sake!

[*Aside.*

Man. What, won't you speak? You prevail'd for me, at last, you say?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir, it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then, not to fool you, Sir, I spake to her for you, but prevail'd for my self; she wou'd not hear me when I spake in your behalf; but bid me say what I wou'd in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming; and so was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd with; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How's this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I must hear you out, and if——

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked.

Man. How, wicked! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only——

Fid. Impudence, Sir! Oh, she has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what said she?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess was silent; but her speaking Eyes gloted such things, more immodest, and lascivious, than Ravishers can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whose Eyes reflect more Obscenity, than the Glasses in Alcoves; but there are others who use a little Art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving: which vain young Fellows, like you, are apt to interpret in their own favor, and to the Lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, Sir; pray have you a care of gloting Eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at last, a thousand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em, instead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir: but, what, you had only eye-kindness from *Olivia*?

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, no Woman sticks there; Eye-promises of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, Sir, she seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless Kisses: believe me, Sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the Enemy's Fireship; and nothing but cutting 'em off, cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, Damn'd Woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! What easie, tame, suffering, trampled thing does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! but——

Fid. So! It works, I find, as I expected.

[*Aside.*

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favor to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me first of her Love. Her Love!——a Whores, a Witches Love!——But, what, did she not kiss well, Sir? I'm sure I thought her Lips——but must not think of 'em more——but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss——grow to——and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammoicks, and spit 'em into her Cuckolds face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneasie is he! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withall I give him a cure; and to my self new life.

[*Aside.*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. But, what, her Kiffes fure cou'd not but warm you into defire at laft, or a compliance with hers at leaft?

Fid. Nay more, I confefs——

Man. What more? fpeak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pafs'd betwen us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lie, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir, 'twas impoffible for me; befides, we were interrupted by a vifit; but, I confefs, fhe wou'd not let me ftir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as foon as it fhould be dark; by which time fhe wou'd difpofe of her vifit, and her Servants, and her felf, for my reception: which I was fain to promife to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as falfe to you, as fhe is; hate, and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you fhall keep your word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the firft, nay, fo tempting an affignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I fay you fhall go to her when 'tis dark, and fhall not difappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I fhould difappoint her more by going; for——

Man. How fo?

Fid. Her impudence, and injuftice to you, will make me difappoint her Love; loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you difguft her, I'll go with you, and act Love, whilft you fhall talk it only.

Fid. You, Sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act Love, Sir! You muft but act it indeed, after all I have faid to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love——

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is Honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her, and thou fhalt be my fecond.

Fid. Not in a bafe action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy: O, go not near her, Sir, for Heavens fake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I fhould catch you. What, you are my Rival at laft, and are in Love with her your felf; and have fpoken ill of her out of your Love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heaven witnefs for me, 'tis becaufe I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm fatisfied you do love her: thofe Kiffes, young Man, I knew were irrefiftible; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Besides false, and ungrateful, as she has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are so soon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavor it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, Sir, I will conduct you to her; and unseen, your Ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you; if that will satisfy you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt: because 'tis that alone with-holds us from the pleasure of Revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faithless Love, by the loving another, and making her happy with the others' longings: which, if I must advise——

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Free. What, are you talking of Love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

Free. Something imperfectly of Love, I think.

Man. I was only wondering why Fools, Rascals, and desertless Wretches, shou'd still have the better of Men of Merit with all Women; as much as with their own common Mistresses, Fortune!

Free. Because most Women, like Fortune are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions; their love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all sympathy; therefore the noisive, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and Man of Honour; for they have no more reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune her self.

Man. Yes, they have their reason. First, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love; and Sence in a Lover, upbraids their want of it; and they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless Flatterers, than in paying just Debts. And in short, all Women, like Fortune, (as you say) and Rewards, are lost, by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir! sure there are some who have no other quarrel to a Lover's merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we——

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 *Sail.* Here are now below, the scolding, daggl'd Gentlewoman and that Major Old——old——Fop, I think you call him.

Free. *Oldfox*; pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square; if I shall not disturb you.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, *Voluntier*.

Free. Nay, pray stay; the Scene betwixt us will not be so tedious to you as you think: besides, you shall see how I have rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd Wardrobe; he is under your *Sea-valet de Chambre's* hands, and by this time drest, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my *Voluntier* and I have business abroad.

[*Ex. Manly, Fidelia on one side, Freeman on t'other.*]

Enter Major Oldfox and Widow Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow say he was within?

Old. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little busie at present; but, if you think the time long till he comes, [*Unfolding Papers*] I'll read you here some of the fruits, of my leisure, the overflowings of my fancy and Pen. (To value me right, she must know my parts.) [*Aside.* Come——

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own, in my Bag, I thank you.

Old. I, Law, Madam; but here's a Poem, in Blank Verse, which I think a handsom Declaration of one's Passion.

Wid. O! if you talk of Declarations, I'll shew you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I mended too my self, you must know.

Old. Nay, Lady, if you have used your self so much to the reading of harsh Law, that you hate smooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of——

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll shew you my Bill in Chancery here, that gives you such a Character of my Adversary, makes him as black——

Old. Pshaw; away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above 20 lines, upon a cruel Lady; who Decreed her Servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his Passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of Decreeing, I have such a Decree here, drawn by the finest Clerk——

Old. O Lady, Lady, all interruption, and no fence between us, as if we were Lawyers at the Bar! But I had forgot *Apollo* and *Littleton* never lodge in a head together. If you hate Verses, I'll give you a cast of my Politics in Prose: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Countrey; which is now the way of all such sober, solid Persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the Times; 'tho perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Countrey. And sure a Politic, serious person may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Countrey to write to, as well as an idle Poet a feign'd Mistress to write to. And so here's my Letter to a Friend, or no

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Friend, in the Country, concerning the late Conjunction of Affairs, in relation to Coffee-houses: or, The Coffee-man's Cafe.

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Cafe in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Countrey, call'd a Letter of Attorney.

Enter to them Freeman and Jerry Blackacre, in an old gaudy Suit, and red Breeches of Freeman's.

Old. What, Interruption still? O the Plague of Interruption! worse to an Author, than the plague of Critics!

Wid. What's this I see, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in Red Breeches! What, hast thou left the modest seemly Garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I lost all my good Inns of Chancery breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy self from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Westminster-Hall*, at Coffee-houses, and Ordinaries, Play-houses, Tennis-courts, and Baudy-houses?

Jer. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? here's my Guardian and Tutor now, forsooth, that I am out of your Hucksters hands.

Wid. How? thou hast not chosen him for thy Guardian yet?

Jer. No, but he has chosen me for his Charge; and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to Ordinaries, and Baudy-houses, or any where else.

Wid. To Ordinaries and Baudy-houses! have a care, Minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy Estate and Body: do not go to Ordinaries and Baudy-houses, good *Jerry*.

Jer. Why, how come you to know any ill by Baudy-houses? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forsooth? Pray hold your self contented; if I do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you may thank your self; for you us'd me so unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a Penny to go abroad with: nor so much as come near the Garret, where your Maidens lay; nay, you wou'd not so much as let me play at Hot-cockles with 'em, nor have any Recreation with 'em, tho' one shou'd have kist you behind, you were so unnatural a Mother, so you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, faith, Squire.

Wid. But, *Jerry*, consider thou art yet but a Minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good Child, thou shalt see——

Free. Madam, I must have a better care of my Heir under age, than so; I wou'd sooner trust him alone with a stale Wating-woman and a Parson, than with his Widow Mother, and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou Villain, part Mother and Minor! Rob me of my Child and my Writings! but thou shalt find there's Law; and as in the Case of Ravishment of Guard——*Westminster* the Second.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Old. Young Gentleman, Squire, pray be rul'd by your Mother, and your Friends.

Fer. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends, therefore not my Mother, so I won't: I'll choose him for my Guardian till I am of age; nay, may be for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt of Age, thou wilt Sign, Seal, and Deliver too, wilt thou?

Fer. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze Wax, Son; rather go to Ordinaries, and Baudy-houses, than squeeze Wax: If thou dost that, farewell the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*, with all its Woods, Underwoods, and appurtenances whatever. Oh, oh! [Weeps.]

Free. Come, Madam, in short, you see I am resolv'd to have a share in the Estate, yours or your Son's; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him who is less coy you find; but, if you wou'd have your Son again, you must take me too. Peace, or War? Love, or Law? You see my Hostage is in my hand: I'm in possession.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my Body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the sake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you; if *Ferry* won't be rul'd by me, what say you, Booby, will you be rul'd? speak.

Fer. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid. Wilt thou choose him for Guardian, whom I refuse for Husband.

Fer. Ay, to choose, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? shall I never hear thee put Cafes again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never see thee amble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than the Cryer?

Fer. No; for I have taken my leave of Lawyering, and Pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane Villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging!—then you shall take your leave of me, and your Estate too; thou shalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Fer. O, but if you be there too Mother, we have the Deeds and Settlements, I thank you: Wou'd you cheat me of my Estate, ifac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother *Bob*, for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Free. How's that?

Fer. How? What Quirk has she got in her head now?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shalt not inherit the *Blackacres* Estate.

Free. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there to?

Wid. Thou art but my base Child; and according to the Law, canst not inherit it: nay, thou art not so much as Bastard eigne.

Fer. What, what? Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. The Law says——

Free. Madam, we know what the Law says; but have a care what you say: do not let your Passion, to ruine your Son, ruine your Reputation.

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me for a Wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Free. But, consider, Madam.

Fer. What, have you no shame left in you, Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor preft Widows case, to give up her honour to save her Jointure; and seems to be a light Woman, rather than marry: as some young men, they say, pretend to have the filthy Disease, and lose their credit with most Women, to avoid the importunities of some. [*Aside to Oldfox.*]

Free. But one word with you, Madam.

Wid. No, no, Sir. Come, Major, let us make haste, now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, Lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know, Major, a wise Woman will no more value her Reputation, in disinheriting a Rebellious Son of a good Estate; than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Estate. [*Ex.* *Wid. and Oldfox.*]

Free. Madam——we must not let her go so, Squire.

Fer. Nay, the Devil can't stop her tho' if she has a mind to't. But come Bully-Guardian, we'll go advise with three Attornies, two Proctors, two Solicitors, and a shrewd man of *White-Friers*, neither Attorney, Proctor, or Solicitor, but as pure a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and sure all they will be hard enough for her, and I fear, Bully Guardian, you are too good a Joker to have any Law in your head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't Squire; I understand no Law: especially that against Bastards, since I'm sure the Custom is against that Law; and more People gets Estates by being so, than lose 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Lord Plausible, and Boy with a Candle.

L. Plaus. Little Gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble Servant: where, I beseech you, is that Divine person, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plauf. Which he muſt not obſerve. [*Aſide.*] [*Puts it up.*

Nov. Hey, Boy, where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I muſt beg a word with you.

[*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Nov. For me? So.

[*Puts up the Letter.*

Servant, Servant, my Lord; you ſee the Lady knew of your coming, for ſhe is gone out.

L. Plauf. Sir, I humbly beſeech you not to cenſure the Lady's good breeding: ſhe has reaſon to uſe more liberty with me, than with any other man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plauf. Nay, I humbly beſeech you, be not in choler; where there is moſt love, there may be moſt freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclerciſment with you, and to tell you, you muſt think no more of this Lady's love.

L. Plauf. Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reaſons, Reaſons, Vicount.

L. Plauf. What, I beſeech you, noble Sir?

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, be not impertinent, my Lord; ſome of you Lords, are ſuch conceited, well-aſſured, impertinent Rogues.

L. Plauf. And you noble Wits, are ſo full of ſhamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you, ſeriouſly.

Nov. Well, you ſhall find me in Bed with this Lady, one of theſe days.

L. Plauf. Nay, I beſeech you ſpare the Lady's honour; for her's and mine will be all one ſhortly.

Nov. Pr'ythee, my Lord, be not an Aſ: doſt thou think to get her from me? I have had ſuch good encouragements——

L. Plauf. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclerciſment, as I ſaid.

L. Plauf. Why, ſeriouſly then ſhe has told me, Vicounteſs founded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Novel* was a name ſhe wou'd ſooner change her's for, than for any Title in *England*.

L. Plauf. She has commended the ſoftneſs, and reſpectfulneſs of my behaviour.

Nov. She has praiſ'd the briskneſs of my Raillery of all things, Man.

L. Plauf. The ſleepineſs of my Eyes ſhe lik'd.

Nov. Sleepineſs! dulneſs, dulneſs. But the fierceneſs of mine ſhe ador'd.

L. Plauf. The brightneſs of my hair ſhe lik'd.

Nov. The brightneſs! no, the greaſineſs, I warrant.

But the blackneſs, and luſtre of mine, ſhe admires.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

L. Plauf. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

L. Plauf. The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. Plauf. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plauf. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Ha, ha!——Nay then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* said: the sweetness of your Pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! ha, ha, ha. Your breath is such, Man, that nothing but Tobacco can perfume: and your Complexion nothing cou'd mend, but the Small Pox.

L. Plauf. Well, Sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, Sir, she has received some Jewels from me, of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jantly, by way of, Ombre, of three or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest Pence for our Love-bargain.

L. Plauf. Nay, then, Sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you here, Sir, she has writ to me——

[*Deliver to each other their Letters.*]

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there——

L. Plauf. What's here!

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

Y*ou'll excuse me, for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the Drawing-room; where I expect you, with as much impatience, as when I us'd to suffer Novel's Visits, the most impertinent Fop, that ever affected the name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your*

OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. Plauf. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Reads the other Letter.

Nov. **H***Umh! hah!——meet——for your sake——umh——quitted an old Lover——World——Burn——in your heart with your*

OLIVIA.

Just the same, the names only alter'd.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

L. Plauf. Surely there must be some mistake; or some body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord, but I'll to *White-Hall*, and see.

L. Plauf. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-sufferers enough; for as *Freeman* said of another, she stands in the Drawing-room, like the Glass, ready for all Comers, to set their Gallantry by her: and like the Glass too, let's no man go from her, unsatisfi'd with himself.

[*Ex. Ambo.*]

Enter Olivia and Boy.

Oliv. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a Letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, Madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to *Westminster*, *Holbourn*, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: Be gone, and take the Candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm sure; he has his Lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark: which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing Gallant's modesty; for young Lovers, like game Cocks, are made bolder, by being kept without light.

Enter her Husband Vernish, as from a Journey.

Ver. Where is she? Darknefs every where! [*Softly.*]

Oliv. What, come before your time? my Soul! my Life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—[*Embracing and kissing him.*] And tho' (my Soul) the little time since you left me, has seem'd an Age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven—

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. Ha! my Husband return'd! and have I been throwing away so many kind Kisses on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already? [*Aside.*]

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven?

Oliv. What shall I say?—oh— [*Aside.*]

Why 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of Town? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay then—

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence——
But, my soul, since you went, I have strange News to tell you: *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. *Manly* return'd! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the Chancel, fought, sunk his ship, and all he carri'd with him: he was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him?

Oliv. I told him I was marry'd, to put an end to his love, and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him, and all the World: And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne'r return, to reason it farther with me; I have sent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep a while our great secret, till he be gone: in the mean time I'll lead the easie, honest Fool by the Nose, as I us'd to do; and, whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and, when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels safe? Part not with a Seed Pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand Guineys he left in my name, out of the Goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another Goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay but, my Soul, you had best have a care he find not where the money is: for his present wants (as I'm inform'd) are such, as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too: but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow? O do not stay till to morrow: go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly: I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay tho' not till morning, with all my heart: go, dearest, I am impatient till you are gone.——

[*Thrusts him out.*]

So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which all prudent Women do together, secured money and pleasure; and now all interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go, Husband, and come up, Friend; just the Buckets in the Well; the absence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, jumble, and clash together.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Enter Fidelia, and Manly treading softly, and staying behind at some distance.

So, you are come? (but not the Husband-bucket, I hope, again.) Who's there? my dearest? [Softly.]

Fid. My life——

Oliv. Right, right: where are thy lips? here, take the dumb, and best Welcomes, Kisses and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a Duel of Love, as in others, Parlying shews basely. Come we are alone? and now the Word is only Satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

Man. How's this? Wuh! she makes Love like a Devil in a Play; and in this darkness, which conceals her Angel's face; if I were apt to be afraid, I shou'd think her a Devil. [Aside.]

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young Gentleman.

[Fidelia avoiding her.]

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! [Aside.]

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceness of my Love?

Fid. Yes, Madam, lest its violence might presage its change; and I must needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so brave a Gentleman as *Manly*.

Oliv. O! name not his Name; for in a time of stoln joys, as this is, the filthy Name of Husband were not a more alaying sound.

Man. There's some comfort yet. [Aside.]

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it, who is a Man of that fence, nice discerning, and diffidency, and I should think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the World, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceiv'd, because he thinks he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's Sword, by which he is oftner worsted, than defended.

Fid. Yet, fure, you us'd no common Art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any Copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the World too, that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm fure 't were much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd——

Fid. D'ye hear me, Sir? pray hear her. [Aside to Manly.]

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling Brute! he! a Mastiff Dog were as fit a thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monkey were fitter for thee. [Aside.]

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fid. I must confess, for my part, (tho' my Rival) I cannot but say he has a Manly handfomness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign.

Fid. Is proper and well made.

Oliv. As a Drayman.

Fid. Has Wit.

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Corage.

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a man when his hands are ty'd. He has Cruelty indeed; which is no more Corage, than his railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em; and Reputation, like other Mistresses, is never true to a Man in his absence. [*Aside.*]

Fid. He is——

Oliv. Pr'ythee no more of him; I thought I had fatisfied you enough before, that he cou'd never be a Rival for you to apprehend; and you need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last testimony of my love to you: which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way——
[*Pulls Fidelia.*]

Fid. But, Madam, what cou'd make you dissemble Love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you, and flatter his Love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the World flatter and dissemble, 'twas his Money: I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as for it to take him; for, as soon as I had his Money, I hastned his departure: like a Wife, who, when she has made the most of a dying Husband's breath, pulls away the Pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money! its Master's potent Rival still; and, like a saucy Pimp, corrupts, it self the Mistress it procures for us. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have lock'd a door in the other Room, that may chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting Poets, or losing Gamsters fear not more than I at this time do. [*Exit Olivia.*]

Fid. Well, I hope, you are now fatisfied, Sir, and will be gone to think of your Revenge?

Man. No, I am not fatisfied, and must stay to be Reveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own Life, to take away hers? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my Revenge shall only be upon her Honour, not her Life.

Fid. How, Sir? her honour? O Heavens! Consider, Sir, she has no honour. D'ye call that Revenge? Can you think of such a thing? But reflect, Sir, how she hates and loaths you.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it wou'd be a revenge sufficient to make her accessary to my pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, Sir, no ; to be Reveng'd on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone. *[Pulls Manly.]*

Man. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whil'st I go in for you: but, when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very Board, or breath the least murmuring Accent, I'll cut her Throat first, and if you love her, you will not venture her life; nay, then I'll cut your Throat too; and I know you love your own life at least.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my Revenge on her, by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis Revenge, that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whist.

Fid. 'Tis a strange Revenge indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

[Exit Manly, at the same door Olivia went.]

Manent Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! is there not punishment enough
In loving well, if you will have't a Crime;
But you must add fresh Torments daily to't,
And punish us like peevish Rivals still,
Because we fain would find a Heaven here?
But did there never any love like me,
That, untry'd Tortures, you must find me out?
Others, at worst, you force to kill themselves;
But I must be Self-murd'ers of my love,
Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my Life,
My cruel life; for when a Lover's hopes
Are dead, and gone, life is unmerciful.

[Sits down, and weeps.]

Enter Manly to her.

Man. I have thought better on't; I must not discover my self now, I am without Witnesses: for if I barely would publish it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you?

Fid. Here——oh——now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you; you must stay, and act the second part of a Lover: that is, talk kindness to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. No disputing, Sir, you must: 'tis necessary to my design, of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes, and you must make the appointment, and an Apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her, but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine: do this faithfully, and I promise you here you shall run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, Sir; but such a consideration will make it easier: you won't forget your promise, Sir?

Man. No, by Heavens. But I hear her coming.

[*Exit.*

Enter Olivia to Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my life? run from me already! you do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me; for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? let us go in again, we may be surpriz'd in this Room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: Come, come——

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a suddain diziness; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have spirits within.

Fid. Oh!——don't you hear a noise, Madam?

Oliv. No, no, there is none: Come, come.

[*Pulls her.*

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your Honour, if you wo'not, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, pr'ythee.

Fid. Oh!——I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits.

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the Falling sickness: and I lie generally an hour in a trance; therefore pray consider your honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your wayes then, if you will, you naughty Creature you.

[*Exit Fidel.*

These young Lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness, more than their tatling.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Fidelia returns.

Fid. O, Madam, we're undone! there was a Gentleman upon the stairs, coming up with a Candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

Enter Vernish, and his Man with a Light.

Oliv. How! my Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [*Ex.*

Ver. Ha! You shall not escape me so, Sir. [*Stops Fidelity.*

Fid. O Heavens! more fears, plagues, and Torments yet in store!

[*Aside.*

Ver. Come, Sir, I guess what your business was here; but this must be your business now. Draw. [*Draws.*

Fid. Sir——

Ver. No Expostulations: I shall not care to hear of't. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir.

Ver. How, you Rascal! not Courage to draw, yet durst do me the greatest injury in the World? Thy Cowardice shall not save thy life.

[*Offers to run at Fidelity.*

Fid. O hold, Sir, and send but your Servant down, and I'll satisfy you, Sir, I cou'd not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light, and be gone.

[*Exit Serv.*

Now, quickly, Sir, what you have to say, or——

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! A very handsome Woman I'm sure then: Here are Witnesses of't too, I confess—— [*Pulls off her Peruke, and feels her Breasts.*

Well, I'm glad to find the Tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of Cuckolding, than I was. [*Aside.*

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are so much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now I have satisfi'd you, Sir.

Ver. When you have satisfi'd me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge these secrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour: You may guess my misfortune to be Love, by my disguise; but a pair of Breeches cou'd not wrong you, Sir.

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd your outside, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir; perhaps because she wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspicions, that you might not discover me your self; which ungentleman-like curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know certainly what you are: which you must not deny me. Come,

THE PLAIN-DEALER

there is a Bed within, the proper Rack for Lovers; and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no secrets, you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come.

[Pulls her.]

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help, oh——

Ver. I'll show you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here.

Fid. Tyrant here; but if you are Master of this House, which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you, as your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shall drag me to a death so horrid, and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths; but you do not look like a Ravisher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't, but if you will——

Fid. Oh! Oh! help, help——

Enter Servant.

Ver. You saucy Rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a Woman squeak? that shou'd have been your Cue to shut the door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately after you were at his house, has sent his Caltheer with the money, according to your Note.

Ver. Dam his money! money never came to any sure unseasonably, till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He says, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He says, he must have your Receipt for it: he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, Sir.

Ver. Dam him. Help me in here then with this dishonorer of my Family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No matter, Sir; must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heavens! is there——

[They thrust her in, and lock the door.]

Ver. Stay there, my Prisoner; you have a short Reprieve.

*I'll fetch the Gold, and that she can't resist;
For with a full hand 'tis we Ravish best.*

[Exeunt.]

Finis Actus Quarti.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's *Lodgings*.

Enter Olivia, and Eliza.

Oliv. **A**H, Cousin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious World its Revenge, and Reason now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eliz. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, Cousin, the World cannot talk worfe of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Cousin? I'd have you to know, before this faux pas, this trip of mine, the World cou'd not talk of me.

Eliz. Only, that you mind other peoples actions so much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your Fellow-Criminals first, to clear your self.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eliz. That you pretend an aversion to all Mankind in publick, only that their Wives and Mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private.

Oliv. Base World!

Eliz. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eliz. That you condemn the obscenity of modern Plays, only that you may not be censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

Eliz. That you deface the nudities of Pictures, and little Statues, only because they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their Censures makes me blush.

Eliz. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd say now.

Enter Lettice hastily.

Let. O! Madam, here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you say is my Master.

Oliv. O, Cousin, whither shall I run? protect me, or———

[*Olivia runs away, and stands at a distance.*

(177)

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Mans Cloaths; but have a care of a Man in Womens cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: Or has my dear Friend made him believe he was a Woman? My Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not. [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your House for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspicions, you must have discover'd who she was: And pr'ythee, may I not know it?

Oliv. She was——(I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, since my Lover has play'd the Card, I must not renounce.) [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? if I must not know who she is, I'm satisfi'd without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but that I was interrupted by the Goldsmith you know, and was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his sight; but, when I return'd, I found she was got away, by tying the Window-curtains to the Balcony, by which she slid down into the street: for, you must know, I jest'd with her, and made her believe I'd ravish her; which she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't——otherwise you had ravish'd her, Sir? but how dar'st thou go so far, as to make her believe you wou'd ravish her? let me understand that, Sir. What! there's guilt in your face, you blush too: nay, then you did ravish her, you did, you base Fellow. What, ravish a Woman in the first Month of her Marriage! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou base ungrateful Man; wrong my Bed already, Villain! I cou'd tear out those false Eyes, barbarous, unworthy Wretch.

Eliz. So, so!——

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my Dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I swear—pr'ythee hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false Oaths and Vows, especially your last in the Church. O wicked Man! And wretched Woman that I was! I wish I had then sunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your lothsom Bed. Oh——oh——

[*Seems to Weep.*]

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Ver. So, very fine ! just a Marriage quarrel ! Which tho' it generally begins by the Wife's fault, yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the Husband's; and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last.
My Dear——

Oliv. My Devil——

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; I have bespoken our Supper betimes; for I cou'd not eat, till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, Two hundred of those Guineys I receiv'd last Night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your Baud ?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go and I'll thoroughly satisfy you when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter, at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the *Cock* in *Bow-street*, where I hear he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn, indeed, this!

[*Afide.*

Ver. Now, Cousin, since by my Wife I have that honour, and privilege of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our Marriage to any whatever, yet a while, for some reasons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconciliation.

Your Servant.

[*Exit Vernish.*

Eliz. That I dare promise, Sir, will be no hard matter. Well, Cousin, this I confess was reasonable hypocrisy; you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocrisy?

Eliz. Why, this last deceit of your Husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Husband.

Eliz. You do not understand me, sure; I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a sign your Gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he cou'd so dextrously cheat your Husband in passing for a Woman.

Oliv. What dy'e mean, once more, with my Gallant, and passing for a Woman?

Eliz. What do you mean? you see your Husband took him for a Woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey-day ! Why, the Man he found you with, for whom last Night you were so much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eliz. Why did not you tell me last night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last night, in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for? for a Woman? besides, were you not afraid to see your Husband just now? I warrant, only for having been

THE PLAIN-DEALER

found with a Woman! nay, did you not just now too own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a Woman too! Fy, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive.

Oliv. And fooling with my Honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my Husband say, he found me with a Woman, in Mans cloaths? And d'ye think he does not know a Man from a Woman?

Eliz. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrilous, and are I find more censorious than the World! I must have a care of you, I see.

Eliz. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of Confidants, tho' you value your self upon being a good one.

Eliz. O admirable confidence! you show more in denying your wickedness, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. (I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth she may speak against me. [*Aside.*] *Lettice*, where are you? let us be gone from this censorious ill Woman.

Eliz. Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to damn thy self quite. [*Aside.* One word first, pray Madam; can you swear that whom your Husband found with you——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good; or, may I never more have joys here, or in the other World: nay, may I eternally——

Eliz. Be damn'd. So, so, you are damn'd enough already by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd: and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this Plain-dealing Age, to leave off forswearing your self; for when People hardly think the better of a Woman for her real modesty, why shou'd you put that great constraint upon your self to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it. She will spoil us, *Lettice*. [*Ex. Oliv. and Lett. at one door, Eli. at t'other.*

*The Scene changes to the Cock in Bow-street.
A Table and Bottles.*

Manly and Fidelia.

Man. How! sav'd her Honour, by making her Husband believe you were a Woman! 'twas well, but hard enough to do, sure.

Fid. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of man he was ?

Fid. I was so frightned, I confes, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one I'm sure I ne'r had seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to night?

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again; for the Husband wou'd murder me, or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll swear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, Sir, I will not go, to be accessary to your death too: besides, what shou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No disputing, or advice, Sir, you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go, therefore, presently, and write her a Note to inquire if her assignation with you holds; and if not to be at her own house, where else? and be importunate to gain admittance to her to night: let your Messenger, e're he deliver your Letter, inquire first, if her Husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the Clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dextrously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, Sir: but will you be sure to remember that ?

Man. Did I ever break my Word? go, no more replies, or doubts.
[Exit Fidelia.]

Enter Freeman to Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Free. In the next Room, with my Lord *Plausible* and *Novel*.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private House; but with thee indeed no House can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an eating house, always keep company with all people in't, but those they came with.

Free. I went into their Room, but to keep them, and my own Fool the Squire, out of your Room; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no Money: but why the Devil won't you write to those we were speaking of ? since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you Money, why won't you try 'em at last, that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want, better than Denials; nay, than Obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot: all of 'em have been your intimate Friends.

Man. No, they have been people only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no: those you have obliged most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your Visits like so many Duns: Friends, like Mistresses, are avoided, for Obligations past.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Free. Pfhaw! but most of 'em are your Relations; Men of great Fortune, and Honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have so much Honour, as to think Poverty taints the Blood; and disown their wanting Kindred: believing, I suppose, that, as Riches at first make a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em, now I am poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a Female acquaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all *Olivia's*.

Man. Dam thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my Footman of his Wages: Besides, 'twere in vain too: for a Wench is like a Box in an Ordinary, receive all peoples Money easily; but there's no getting, nay shaking any out again; and he that fills it, is surest never to keep the Key.

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have so many Friends, and have oblig'd so many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred pound?

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know Friends, methinks should not wonder at it; since you find Ingratitude too; for how many Lords Families (tho' descended from Blacksmiths or Tinkers) hast thou call'd Great and Illustrious? how many ill Tables call'd good eating? how many noisie Coxcombs, Wits? how many pert Coaching Cowards, stout? how many taudry affected Rogues, well drest? how many Perukes admir'd? and how many ill Verses applauded? and yet canst not borrow a shilling; dost thou expect I, who always spoke truth, shou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but heark you, Captain, I have heard of a thing call'd grinning Honour, but never of starving Honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the Fate of some brave Men: and if they won't give me a Ship again, I can go starve any where, with a Musket on my Shoulder.

Free. Give you a Ship! why, you will not solicit it?

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir; nay then I'm fatisf'd I must solicit my Widow the closer, and run the desperate fortune of Matrimony on shore. [*Exit.*]

Enter to Manly, Vernish.

Man. How!——Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms can know no wants. [*Embraces Vernish.*]

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms, is secure from all fears whatever; nay, our Nation is secure by your defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

that fought against you, have prov'd enemies to themselves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? and yet from any other 'twere unfufferable: I thought I shou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friends priviledge is to speak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable heart: but *Olivia* is false, my Friend, which I suppose is no News to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't.

Man. But cou'dst thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, Sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all, before I went? cou'd she so deceive us both?

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it, was three dayes after your departure, when she receiv'd the Money you had left in *Lombard-street*, in her name; and her tears did not hinder her it seems from counting that. You wou'd trust her with all, like a true generous Lover!

Man. And she like a mean Jilting——

Ver. Trayterous——

Man. Base——

Ver. Damn'd——

Man. Covetous——

Ver. Mercenary Whore——

(I can hardly hold from laughing.) *[Aside.]*

Man. Ay, a Mercenary Whore indeed, for she made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How!——Why, have you lay'n with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heaven, 'tis true.

Ver. How! fure not.

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the clock.

Ver. Ha!——Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other, rather than me: A confounded Whore indeed! *[Aside.]*

Man. But what, thou wonderst at it! nay you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her, for her usage of you: damn'd, infamous, common Jade.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who first Cuckolded me in my Money, shall not laugh all himself; we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a Friend, take pleasure enough in your Friends Revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that Rascal her Cuckold is ?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes——

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewest but all the circumstances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith thou shalt. You must know——

Enter Freeman backwards, endeavouring to keep out Novel, Lord Plausible, Jerry and Oldfox, who all press in upon him.

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em ! a man can't open a Bottle in these Eating-houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Insects in your Glafs——Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my Money, to supply my present wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at least.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfy you before-hand, it will be to no Purpose: You'll no more find a refunding Wench——

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike scarce ever return: however, try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a vengeance.

[Exit Vernish.]

Manent cæteri.

Nov. Nay, you shall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come, Major, I'll speak it to your teeth: if people provoke me to say bitter things to their faces, they must take what follows; tho' like my Lord *Plausible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Man's back.

L. Plauf. You wrong him sure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a Man no more harm behind his back, than to his face.

Free. I am of my Lord's mind.

Man. Yes a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's back, more than a witty Man: for, as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Nov. A Fool, Tar———a Fool! nay, thou art a brave Sea-Judge of Wit! a Fool! pr'ythee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess, thou art always talking, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, always talking; especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a Fool.

Nov. Pshaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em down, no matter for parrying; push on still, fa, fa, fa: no matter whether you argue in form, push in guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no; I think thou always talk'st without thinking, *Novel.*

Nov. Ay, ay, study'd Play's the worse, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant says.

Old. A Young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of most Wit had been like him of most Money, who has no vanity in shewing it every where; whilst the beggarly pusher of his Fortune, has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, Sir, and makes a very pretty show in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your close Hunks: A Pox, give me ready Money in Play; what care I for a Man's Reputation? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty Curmudgeon in Wit, Sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young Rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of Wit; and so is Railing, Roaring, and making a noise: for Railing is Satyr, you know; and Roaring, and making a noise, Humor.

Enter to them Fidelia, taking Manly aside, and shewing him a Paper.

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me; as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I must stay here yet a while for my Friend. But is Railing Satyr, *Novel*? [Ex. Fidel.]

Free. And Roaring, and making a noise, Humor?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's Humor in Roaring, and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting Napkins and Hangings?

Man. No sure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, insipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him those things for Wit; for his parts lie only that way.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Nov. Peace, old Fool, I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say, there's no Humor in making a noise, and breaking Windows! I tell you, there's Wit and Humor too, in both: And a Wit is as well known by his Frolick, as by his Simile.

Old. Pure Rogue! there's your modern Wit for you! Wit and Humor in breaking of Windows! There's Mischief, if you will; but no Wit or Humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee peace, old Fool. I tell you, where there is Mischief, there's Wit. Don't we esteem the Monkey a Wit amongst Beasts, only because he's mischievous? And let me tell you, as good Nature is a sign of a Fool, being mischievous, is a sign of Wit.

Old. O Rogue, Rogue! pretend to be a Wit, by doing Mischief and Railing!

Nov. Why, thou old Fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a Wit, but by railing at new Playes.

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious, noble way of Wit, quibbling.

Nov. Thou call'st thy dulness, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dulness Spleen: And you talk much, and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no Jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself: And thou hast nothing of the Satyr, but in thy Face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad Memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now: for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any occasion of laughing at us Wits, but when we quarrel: therefore let us be Friends, *Oldfox.*

Man. They are such Wits as thou art, who make the name of a Wit as scandalous, as that of Bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for Wit; as t'other his huffing and blustering, for Courage.

Enter Vernish.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with, and I have nothing to say to you. *[Puts 'em out of the Room.]*

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her: she says, if a shilling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving, or hang-

THE PLAIN-DEALER

ing, or what you wou'd think worfe, begging or flattering; and rails fo at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never trust for that matter, a Womans railing; for she is no less a diffempler in her hatred, than her love: And as her fondness of her Husband is a sign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to. [*Aside.*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope?

Ver. So!———Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disproved him, by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet. [*Aside.*

Man. What hast thou in thy head, that makes thee seem so unquiet?

Ver. Only this base, impudent Woman's falseness: I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs, for then I shall feel 'em too, with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Dam her, her Money, and that ill-natur'd Whore too, Fortune her self; but if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go to borrow me somewhere else, some Money: I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do: I have lately lost a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet pay; so that not only my Money, but my Credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow; but cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet wou'd rather end your wants, by cutting your throat.) [*Aside.*

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. [*Embraces Vernish.*

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour, (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing——

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done?

[*Novel looks in, and retires again.*

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for these Fools, you see, will interrupt us; but anon, at Supper, we'll laugh at leisure together, at *Olivia's* Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senseless, easie Rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a Husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing Office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Womans hair ty'd up behind; nor those infallible proofs, her pouting swelling breasts: I have handled too many fure not to know 'em. [*Aside.*

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow cou'd be such a blind Coxcomb!

Ver. Yes, yes——— [*Novel looks in again, and retires.*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, *Manly*; Gad, all the fine things one says, in their company, are lost, without thee.

Man. Away, Fop; I'm busie yet.

You see we cannot talk here at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting with *Olivia* again to night.

Ver. To night! it cannot be, sure——

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! inivelling Gull! he a thing to be fear'd! a Husband, the tamest of creatures!

Ver. Very fine!

[*Afide.*

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, go try to get me some Money. Tho' thou art too modest to borrow for thy self, thou can't do any thing for me, I know. Go, for I must be gone to *Olivia*: go, and meet me here anon.—*Freeman*, where are you?

[*Exit Manly.*

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it shall be at *Olivia*'s. Sure it cannot be; she denies it so calmly; and with that honest, modest assurance, it can't be true——and he does not use to lye——but belying a Woman, when she won't be kind, is the onely lye a brave Man will least scruple. But then the Woman in Mans cloaths, whom he calls a Man!——well, but, by her Breasts, I know her to be a Woman:——But then, again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night! I am distracted more with doubt, than jealousy. Well, I have no way to disabuse or revenge my self, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding Suit, and pretending to my Wife the same business which carry'd me out of Town last, requires me again to go Post to *Oxford* to night; then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's sure to hold; and I shall have an opportunity of either clearing her, or revenging my self on both. Perhaps she is his Wench, of an old date, and I am his Cully, whilst I think him mine; and he has seem'd to make his Wench rich, only that I might take her off his hands: or if he has but lately lay'n with her, he must needs discover, by her, my treachery to him; which I'm sure he will revenge with my death, and which I must prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too just reproaches; for, I must confess I never had till now any excuse, but that of int'rest, for doing ill to him.

[*Exit Vernish.*

Re-enter Manly and Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only, I say, be sure you mistake not the time; you know the house exactly where *Olivia* lodges: 'tis just hard by.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the house: for the more Witneffes I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: and be sure you come strait up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the Watch: you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer, and can naturally beat up a Wenches quarters that won't be civil. Shan't we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no: be punctual only. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

*Enter Widow Blackacre, and two Knights of the Post,
a Waiter with Wine.*

Wid. Sweetheart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those Roysters saw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Mistress; and you shall have a privater Room above, instantly. [*Exit Wait.*]

Wid. You are safe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this house ere now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, Gentlemen, in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to you.

1 Knight. We are ungrateful Rogues, if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and so, here's to you again.

2 Knight. Why, we have been perjur'd but six times for you.

1 Knight. Forg'd but four Deeds, with your Husband's last Deed of Gift.

2 Knight. And but three Wills.

1 Knight. And counterfeited Hands and Seals to some six Bonds; I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and so, here's to you again.

2 Knight. Nay, 'twou'd do one's heart good to be forsworn for you: you have a Conscience in your wayes, and pay us well.

1 Knight. You are in the right on't, Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all ones heart.

2 Knight. But there are Rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em; and when we come to be paid, they'l be forsworn too, and not pay us our wages which they promis'd with Oaths sufficient.

1 Knight. Ay, a great Lawyer, that shall be Namelefs, Bilk't me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer shou'd use Gentlemen Witneffes no better.

1 Knight. A Lawyer! d'ye wonder a Lawyer shou'd do't? I was Bilk'd

THE PLAIN-DEALER

by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundayes, and prays half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How ? a Conscientious Divine, and not pay people for damning themselves! Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But come, to our business : pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name. [*Pulls out a Deed or two.*]

1 Knight. O he's the best in *England*, at untangling a flourish, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 Knight. I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. Well, these, and many other shifts, poor Widows are put to sometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a Widow, as they say, and breaking into her Jointure: they think marrying a Widow an easie business, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone over before; a Widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, with two Waiters.

[*The Knights of the Post huddle up the Writings.*]

What, he here! go then, go, my hearts, you have your instructions.

[*Ex. Knights of the Post.*]

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but she shall hear me. [*Aside.*]

Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my Garters, and here's a Gag: you shall be acquainted with my parts, Lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A Rape, a Rape——What, will you ravish me ? [*The Waiters tie her to the Chair, and gag her, and Ex.*]

Old. Yes, Lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the Ear, Lady, the Ear only, with my well-pen'd Acrosticks.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, three Bayliffs, a Constable, and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Jer. O Law! my Mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to day !

Free. What means this, *Oldfox* ? But I'll release you from him: you shall be no Mans Prisoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your Writ.

[*Freeman untyes her.*]

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bayl, and paying her Debts, without being her Husband. [*Ex. Oldfox.*]

1 Bay. We arrest you in the King's name, at the suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre Esq*; in an Action of Ten thousand pounds.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. How, how! in a Choak-Bayle Action! What, and the Pen and Ink Gentlemen, taken too! have you confest, you Rogues?

Knight. We needed not to confest; for the Bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and over-heard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no Man was ever too hard for me till now. *Jerry*, Child, wilt thou vex again the womb that bore thee?

Jerr. Ay, for bearing me before Wedlock, as you say: But I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Bastard, tho' you were never so much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone: not one trick left? no Law-Meush imaginable?
[*Afide.*]

Cruel Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to release your self, but by the Bonds of Matrimony!

Wid. How, Sir, how! that were but to sue out an *Habeas Corpus*, for a removal from one Prison to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O stay, Sir, can you be so cruel, as to bring me under Covert-Baron again? and put it out of my power to sue in my own name. Matrimony to a Woman is worse than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But heark you, Sir, I am contented you shou'd hold and enjoy my person by Lease or Patent; but not by the spiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the privileges of a Husband, without the dominion; that is, *Durante beneplacito*: in consideration of which, I will out of my Jointure, secure you an Annuity of Three hundred pounds a Year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger Brothers desire to marry a Widow for, I'm sure.

Free. Well, Widow, if——

Jer. What, I hope, Bully-Guardian, you are not making Agreements without me?

Free. No, no. First, Widow, you must say no more that he is the Son of a Whore: have a care of that: And then, he must have a fetled Exhibition of forty Pounds a Year, and a Nag of Assizes, kept by you, but not upon the Common; and have free ingrefs, egress and regrefs to and from your Maids Garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no Cabbage; but, Guardian, make her Sign, Sign and Seal: for otherwife, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not trust her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well, Widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll secure me Four hundred pounds a Year, but during your life, and pay my debts, not above a thousand pound; I'll bate you your Person to dispose of as you please.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a Consideration, is void in the Law: you must do something for't.

Free. Pr'ythee then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony: and the Consideration, our Separation: Come, my Lawyer, with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come.

Wid. But what, no other kind of Consideration, Mr. *Freeman*? well, a Widow, I see, is a kind of *fine cure*, by custom of which the unconscionable Incumbent enjoys the profits, without any duty, but does that still elfewhere. [Ex. Omnes.]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia with a Candle in her hand.

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's reception: my Husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of love——[Puts out the Candle.] Kind darkness, that frees us Lovers from scandal and bashfulness, from the censure of our Gallants, and the World. So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia, Fidelia, follow'd softly by Manly.

Come, my dear punctual Lover, there is not such another in the World; thou hast Beauty and Youth to please a Wife; Address and Wit, to amuse and fool a Husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a Lover, but your Fits: I hope, my Dear, you won't have one to night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, though there be no need of it, but to lock out your Fits; for my Husband is just gone out of Town again. Come, where are you? [Goes to the door, and locks it.]

Man. Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me Fits too, and make Revenge it self impotent, hinder me from making thee more infamous, if it can be. [Aside.]

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my Dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How! time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough: You shall stay with me all night; but that but a Lover's moment. Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your Husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your Husband——

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly's* more loathsome name, if you love me; I forbid 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my Husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray; 'twas ominous to us. You make me

THE PLAIN-DEALER

fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. [*A noise at the door.*] Where are you? Come; for, rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my Husband were at the door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I wou'd give my self to this dear hand, to be led away, to Heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give. But what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The noise at the door increaseth.*] Ha!——O Heavens, my Husband's voice!—— [*Olivia listens at the door.*]

Man. *Freeman* is come too soon.

[*Aside.*]

Oliv. O, 'tis he!—Then here's the happiest minute lost, that ever bashful Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my Husband's reconciliation too was false, as my joy, all delusion: but come this way, here's a Back-door.

[*Exit, and returns.*]

The officious *Jade* has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out; but let us then escape your way, by the Balcony; and whilst you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch from my Closet, what next will best secure our escape: I have left my Key in the door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open.

[*Exit.*]

A noise as it were, people forcing the door.

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing, but your life, Sir.

Man. We shall know this happy *Man* she calls Husband.

Olivia Re-enters.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? what, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purse, for it is thine, if we escape;

[*Manly takes from her the Cabinet and Purse.*]

therefore let us make haste.

[*Ex. Oliv.*]

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me: to you at least.

[*The door broken open, Enter Vernish alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at Manly; who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whilst Fidelia runs at Vernish behind.*]

Ver. So, there I'm right sure——

[*With a low voice.*]

Man. softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are some odds; but——

Ver. Odds! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected: what, has my insatiable two Seconds at once? but——

[*With a low voice.*]

[*Whilst they fight Olivia re-enters, tying two Curtains together.*]

Oliv. Where are you now?——what, is he entered then, and are they fighting! O do not kill one that can make no defence. [*Manly throws Vernish down, and disarms him.*] How! but I think he has the better on't: here's his Scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest?

[*Embracing Manly.*]

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Enter to them Freeman, Lord Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, and the Widow Blackacre, lighted in by the two Sailors with Torches.

Ha!—what?—*Manly!* And have I been thus concern'd for him, embracing him! And has he his Jewels again too? what means this? O 'tis too fure, as well as my shame! which I'll go hide for ever.

[Offers to go out, Manly stops her.]

Man. No, my dearest, after so much kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. *Freeman*, let no body stir out of the Room; for notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this Gentleman please to turn his face——

[Pulls Vernish by the sleeve.]

How! *Vernish!* Art thou the happy Man then? Thou! Thou! speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all——well, I shall not upbraid thee; for my wonder is striking me as dumb, as thy shame has made thee. But what? my little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, Sir, is but a slight one, in my Arm: 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more strange things! *[Observing Fidelia's hair untied behind, and without a Peruke, which she lost in the scuffle.]*

What means this long Womans hair! and face! now all of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I still thought Womanish indeed! what, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little Volunteer?

Oliv. Me she has, I'm fure.

[Aside.]

Man. Speak.

Enter Eliza, and Lettice.

Eliz. What, Cousin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I suppose, to be a witness of the second vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous: You might spare me, I have you.

Eliz. Have a care, Cousin, you'll confess anon too much; and I wou'd not have your secrets.

Man. Come, your blushes answer me sufficiently, and you have been my Volunteer in love. *[To Fidelia.]*

Fid. I must confess, I needed no compulsion to follow you all the World over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of shame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater shame, your refusal of it: for I knew of your engagement to this Lady, and the constancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her self.

Man. Dear Madam, I desir'd you to bring me out of confusion, and you have given me more: I know not what to speak to you, or how to look upon you; the sense of my rough, hard, and ill usage of you, (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had, when you suffer'd it: and if my heart, the refusal of such a Woman, *[Pointing to Olivia]*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

were not a Sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you; I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as she has done; for tho it deserv'd not from her the treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had punishment sufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I must confess, I wou'd not be the only cause of making you break your last night Oath to me, of never parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this with it; [*Gives her the Cabinet*] for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due; I only beg leave to dispose of these few——Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid. [*Takes some of the Jewels, and offers them to Olivia; she strikes 'em down: Plausible and Novel take 'em up.*]

Oliv. So it seems by giving her the Cabinet.

L. Plaus. These Pendants appertain to your most faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earnest for love, which she never, paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Cousin *Olivia*, a word: What do they make a seizure on your Goods and Chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your demand, I say, and bring your Trover. I'll follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge. [*Exit Oliv.*]

Man. to Ver. But 'tis, my Friend, in your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your Wives portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a Rascal: yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in Vilany, the World and Fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Ex. Vernish doggedly.*]

Now, Madam, I beg your pardon, [*Turning to Fidelia*] for lessning the Present I made you; but my heart can never be lessn'd: this I confess, was too small for you before; for you deserve the *Indian World*; and I wou'd now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your heart, Sir, is a Present of that value, I can never make any return to't [*Pulling Manly from the Company*] but I can give you back such a Present as this, which I got by the loss of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean Extraction, whose only Child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of Two thousand Pounds a Year; which I left, with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you, Sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd your actions thoroughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my Family is *Grey*; my other *Fidelia*: the rest of my Story you shall know when I have fewer Auditors.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Man. Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any Complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake only, I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure of a retirement; and rather stay in this ill World of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at Sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the World) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd say, 'tis your Estate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I must confess, I shou'd; for I think most of our quarrels to the World, are just such as we have to a handsome Women: only because we cannot enjoy her, as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if you art a *Plain-dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll say, I am thy Friend indeed: And for your two fakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd in Friends of both Sexes;

*I will believe there are now in the World
Good natur'd Friends, who are not Prostitutes,
And handsome Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friend untry'd.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FINIS

LETTERS

Letters upon Several Occasions.

Mr. Wycherley's Answer to Mr. Dennis.

Dear Sir,

You have found a way to make me satisfyed with my absence from *London*, nay, what is more, with the distance which is now betwixt you and me. That indeed uses to lessen Friendship, but gives me the greater Mark of yours by your kind Letter, which I had mis'd if I had been nearer to you: So that I, who receive no Rents here, yet must own if I did, I cou'd not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Patents; For I value your Friendship more than Money, and am Prouder of your Approbation than I should be of Titles; For the having the good opinion of one who knows mankind so well, argues some merit in me, upon which every man ought to consider himself more, than upon the goods of Fortune. I had rather be thought your Friend in proof of my Judgment and good Sense, than a Friend to the Muses; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am as you say, at once Proud and Humble, tis since I have known I have had the honour to please you; thô your praise rather humbles than makes me (thô a damn'd Poet) more vain. For it is so great, that it rather seems the Railery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves the Copiouness of your own Invention, than justifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the Plaindealer with you; and seem like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuse praise, but to get more; and so by returning your Compliments, shew my self grateful out of Interest, as Knaves are punctual in some payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praise of my Humility, (the only mark of my Knowledge, since it is a mark of my knowing my self.) you have prais'd that to its Destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none. Like those Admirers who praise a young Maids Modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, tis not to my humility that you owe my Friendship, but to my Ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteem'd by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

LETTERS

Postscript.

My Dear Friend, I have no way to show my Love to you in my Absence, but by my jealousy. I would not have my Rivals in your Friendship the C—s, the D—s, the W—s, and the rest of your Tavern Friends enjoy your conversation while I cannot; tho' I confess, 'tis to their interest to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in your company; tho' it were more the Demonstration of their wit to hear you, than to be heard by you. For my own part, I am Ambitious of your Company alone in some Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am sure if I can pretend to any Sense, I can have no Instruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Friends, that is, to all yours whom I know, and be charitable (as often as you can) to the absent; which you good Wits seldom are; I mean be charitable with your Letters to

Your humble Servant.

Postscript.

Pray let me have more of your Letters, tho' they should rally me with Compliments undeserv'd as your last has done; for like a Countrey Esquire I am in love with a Town Wit's Conversation, tho' it be but at a Distance that I am forced to have it, and tho' it abuses me while I enjoy it.

From Cleve near Srewsbury

February the 4th 169 $\frac{3}{4}$.

To Mr. Dennis.

Dear Sir,

I have received yours of the 20th of *November*, and am glad to find by it, that however your Friends are Losers by your Absence from the Town, you are a Gainer by it; of your Health, which every one you have left behind you, (but *Ch—*) may be thought a Friend to; and the more each Man is your Friend, the more he is satisfy'd with your Absence, which tho' it makes us Ill for want of you, makes you well for want of us: your taking no leave of me (which you would excuse) I take to be one of the greatest Kindnesses you ever shew'd me; for I could no more see a Departing Friend from the Town, than a Departing Friend from this Life; and sure 'tis as much kindness and good breeding to steal from our Friend's Society unknown to 'em, (when we must leave 'em to their Trouble) as it is to steal out of a Room, after a Ceremonious Visit, to prevent trouble to him, whom we would Oblige and Respect; so that your last Fault (as you call it) is like the rest of your Faults, rather an Obligation than an Offence,

LETTERS

thô the greatest Injury indeed you can do your Friends, is to leave 'em against their Will, which you must needs do. You tell me you converse with me in my Writings, I must confess then you suffer a great deal for me in my Absence, which (thô I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer Diversion, pray change my *Country-Wife* for a better of your own in the Country, and exercise your own Plain-Dealing there, then you will make your Country Squire better Company, and your Parson more sincere in your Company than his Pulpit, or in his Cups: But when you talk of Store of Delights you find in my *Plain-Dealer*, you cease to be one; and when you commend my *Country-Wife*, you never were more a Courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's Country Wife better than you do mine, that you may pass your time, better than you can do with my *Country-Wife*; and like her Innocence more than her Wit, since Innocence is the better Bawd to Love; but enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Absence, I shall take it as civilly as a City Cuckold; I was sorry to find by you that your head ak'd whilst you writ me your Letter. Since I fear 'twas from reading my Works (as you call them) not from your own Writing, which never gave you Pain, thô it would to others to imitate it, I've given your Service to your Friends at the *Rose*, who since your absence own they ought not to go for the Witty Club, nor is *Wills* the Wits Coffee-House any more, since you left it, whose Society for want of yours is grown as Melancholly, that is as dull as when you left 'em a Nights, to their own Mother-Wit, their Puns, Couplets, or Quibbles; therefore expect not a Witty Letter from any of them, no more than from me, since they, nor I have conversed with you these three Weeks. I have no News worth sending you, but my next shall bring you what we have; in the mean time let me tell you (what I hope is no News to you) that your Absence is more tedious to me, than a Quibbler's Company to you; so that I being sick yesterday, as I thought without any cause, reflected you were Forty or Fifty Miles off, and then found the reason of my Indisposition, for I cannot be well so far from you, who am

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

Your obliged humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLY.

London, Dec. 1. 94.

Postscript.

Pray pardon me that I have not sooner answer'd your Letter, for I have been very busy this last Week about Law Affairs, that is, very Dull and Idle, thô very Active. Your Friends of the Coffee-House and the *Rose*, whether Drunk or Sober, Good Fellows or Good Wits, show at least their Sense, by valuing you and yours, and send you all their Service; and never

LETTERS

are more Wits, and less Poets, that is, less Lyars, than when they profess themselves your Servants.

For News, *W*—— lives Soberly, *Ch*—— goes to bed Early; *D'Ur*sy sings now like a Poet, that is, without being ask'd: And all the Poets or Wits-at-Wills, since your departure, speak well of the Absent. *Bal*—— says his ill Looks proceed rather for want of your Company, than for having had that of his Mistress; even the Quibblers and Politicians, have no Double-meaning when they speak well of you.

Mr. Wycherly's to Mr. ——

Dear Sir,

I have had yours of the 31st of *March*, to which I should sooner have returned an Answer, had I not been forced to take a little turn out of Town; but your Letter to me, brought me not more satisfaction than your last to Mr. *Moyle* gave me disquiet for you. Since by that I find how uneasy you are. Yet know my Friend from one sufficiently experienced in love disasters, that Love is often a kind of losing Loadam, in which the loser is most often the gainer. If you have been deprived of a Mistress, consider you have lost a Wife, and tho' you are disappointed of a short satisfaction, you have likewise escaped a tedious vexation, which Matrimony infallibly comes to be, one way or another; so that your Misfortune is an accident which your true Friends should rather Felicitate than Commiserate. You told me in your last, that you were no more Master of your self. Then how should I help rejoicing at the restoration of your Liberty? A Man might as reasonably be sorry for his Friend's recovery from Madness, as for his recovery from Love, (tho' for the time a pleasant Frenzy;) so that, your Mistress's Father, has rather been your Doctor than your Enemy. And you should not be angry with him, if he cures you of your love distemper, tho' by a means a little too violent, for next to his Daughters cure of love, his may prove the best; well, pray be not angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thing that can so much displease you. I own my Friendship for you has a little Selfishness in it, for now you cannot be so happy as you wou'd in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in Town, which we shall be as soon as we have your company: For know, my Friend, change of Air after a love distemper, may be as good as 'tis after a Fever; and therefore make hast to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to compleat your Cure. Your Friends will do any thing to root out the remains of your Passion. The witty Club will grow grave to instruct you, and the grave Club will grow gay to delight you. *Wh.* will turn a Philosopher, and I will grow a good fellow, and venture my own health,

LETTERS

for the recovery of your good Humour; for I had rather be sick in your Company, than for want of it (who am,

*Dear Sir,
Your most unalterable Friend and
humble Servant*

W. WYCHERLY.

Postscript.

Pray pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you so dully now, which I hope will be my best excuse for my not writing sooner. All your Friends of the Coffee-house are well, and what is no news to you, are in spite of your Absence your constant humble Servants.

London, April 11. 1695.

Mr. Wycherly's Letter.

Dear Sir,

I lately received from you so kind, and so witty a Reproach for my not writing to you, that I can hardly repent me of my fault, since it has been the occasion of my receiving so much satisfaction: But you have had a reasonable excuse for your silence, since you say I promis'd to write to you first, which is very true; and I had kept my promise, but for my Conjecture that you could not stay so long out of *Northamptonshire*; nor was I it seems, mistaken in that. But be assur'd, *Dear Sir*, I think there can be no better End, or Design of my writing, than in its procuring me the satisfaction of receiving something of yours; especially, since I have no other way left me now of conversing with you. But it seems, you forbear to relieve me out of Charity, since you say your trouble was so great, that you were unwilling to communicate it to me to mine. I see your Wit can do any thing, make an omission of a kindness a greater obligation, and if you complain but to your Mistress, as wittily as you do to your Friend, I wonder not at her Cruelty, nor that she should take pleasure to hear you complain so long. But, my Friend have a care of complaining to her, with so much true Sense, lest it should disparage your true Love; and indeed, that I fear is the only cause you are suffer'd to complain so long, without the success which is due to your Merit, Love, and Wit, from one who; you say has her self so much, which with your Pardon, I shall hardly believe, tho' you are her Voucher, if she does not do what you wou'd have her, that is, do you and her self Reason as fast as she can; since she must need believe you a warm and sincere Lover, as much as I believe you a Zealous and a true Friend. And I am so well acquainted with Love and you, that I believe no body is able to alter your Love, or advise your Reason; the one being

LETTERS

as Unalterable as the other infallible, and you (for ought I know) are the only Man, who at once can Love and be Wife. And to the Wife, you know, a word is enough, especially since you gave me a caution against opposing your passion; because it would be in vain. If Love be in you as in other Men, a violent Passion, it is therefore a short Frenzy, and should be cur'd like other Distempers of that kind, by your Friend's humouring it, rather than opposing it. Yet pardon me, if I prescribe the common remedy of curing one Love with another. But whether you will let me be your Doctor or no, I must at least wish you well, who am,

(*Dear Sir,*)

*Your most Obligated Affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,*

W. WICHERLY.

Postscript.

Pray thank my Friend Mr. *W*—— for putting his Surtout of a Letter over yours of a finer Stuff, as the lining of a Garment is often finer than the outside. Pray give all the honest Gentlemen of the Coffee-house, of my acquaintance and yours, my humble Service, whom with you, I hope to see again, within these three weeks at *London*.

Cleve *near* Shrewsbury,

August *the* 31st, 1695.

LETTERS

From WYCHERLEY *to* POPE¹

I.

March 22, 1705-6.

My Great Little Friend,

I have Receiv'd yours of the 17th Instant yesterday, being the 21 and your letter was the best and most Wellcome thing I have Receiv'd since I came down, tho' I have receiv'd some Monny. But I must confes, you try my patience (as you say) in the beginning of your Letter; not by the many Lines in it, but the too many Compliments you make me for nothing; in which you prove your selfe (tho' a sincere Friend) a man of too much fiction; for I have not seen so much Poetry in Prose a great while, since your Letter is filled with so many fine words and acknowledgments of your Obligations to me (the only asseverations of yours I dare contradict) for I must tell you your Letter is like an Author's Epistle before his Book, written more to shew his wit to the World than [than] his Sincerity, or gratitude to his Friend, whom he Libells with Praise, so that you have provok'd my modesty ev'n whilst you have sooth'd my Vanity for I know not whether I am more Complimented than abused; since too much praise turns Irony, as too great thanks for smal favors turns ingratitude, or too much Cerimony in Religion, Hipocrisy; but if you woud have commanded my Judgment you should only have sayd you thought me y^r true Friend, and if you woud have layd some Wit to my Charge, you must have told me I shou'd (att least) some when I intended to submitt all I writ to the infallibility of your Wit, Judgment, and Senfure who are my Pope.

I have had no sort of Pleasure since I came from you, and hardly expect any till I return back to you; which I feare will not be as soon as I hopd, or Imagind; for I have some thoughts of going from hence to the Bath, being advisd to it by Dr. Radcliff when I was at London as likewise by my Doct^r here (if I woud be thouroughly well,) but you may be assur'd, I will make hast to you, to be better. In the meantime, pray present my humble Service to your Mother and Father, as likewise to that factious young Gentleman Mr. Englefield and tell him, if I come into Berkshire, I will make him hollow as lowd in the Tavern at Reading as he did at the Coffee House in London till he dances wth his own Dayry Mayds.

Pray let me hear from you the only Satisfaction I can have in this place.

¹ As transcribed by W. J. Courthope (1888-9) from the MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, with the transcriber's notes.

LETTERS

¹ Now after all I must lay a penance upon you which is to desire you to look over that Damnd Miscellany of Madrigals of mine to pick out (if possible) some that may be so altered that they may yet appear in print again I hope with better Success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reason for this request of mine when I see you which I am resolved shall be when I have done here and at the Bath where I designe to goe and afterwards to spend two Months (God Willing) with you at Binfield, or near it, or at Epham, or elsewhere. [In the meantime once more farewell, My Deare Little Infallible.]²

II.

To the same.

London, Novr. 11, 1707.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I rece^d yours of the 9th yesterday; which has, like the rest of your Letters, at once pleas'd and instructed me; so that I can assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent Friends than speak too much to the present; which is a truth that all men own, who have either seen your writings, or heard your discourse,—enough to make others show their Judgment in ceasing to write, or talk, especially to you, or in your Company. However I speak, or write to you, not to please you but myself, since by speaking or writing to you I provoke your Answers, which, whilst they humble me, give me Vanity; tho' I am lessend by you, ev'n when you commend me; since you commend my little Sense, with so much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a Way (against the Custom of you great Wits) to show even a great deal of good nature with a great deal of good Sense. I thank you for the Book you promis'd me. I find you would not only correct my Lines, but my Life, and save me here and hereafter from Damnation. Now as to the Damn'd verses you say I intrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other People's damning them, since the Criticks who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their damn'd Circumstances; ³[whose works having suffer'd the Flames themselves, will have those of all others share their Fates; for their presumption in seeking their Immortality, which themselves, by pretending too much to it, the sooner mis's'd.

¹ This paragraph is printed by Pope as if it were an entire letter; but the date of the letter from which it is extracted is correctly given.

² The words in square brackets are omitted in the paragraph of the letter published by Pope.

³ The passages in square brackets are omitted in the letter as published by Pope.

LETTERS

I am forry your Father is averse to your coming to Town at this time, when ev'ry Body of the two Nations, almost, are in it, and there is likely to be so much Comedy acted by the two great Play-Houses of the Nation, the House of Lords, and that of the Commons; that methinks all People should come to Town but for their diversion,¹ but I fear my Company has given you a Surfit of it; wherefore, when my man returns from the Country, I hope to come to yours, which will be within a fortnight at farthest. In the meantime] I beg you to peruse my [damn'd] Papers, and select what you think best, or most tollerable. Look over them again, for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, who, like a harden'd old Gamster, will (in spite of all former ill usage by Fortune) push on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himself, especially since I have such a Croupier, or second to stand by me, as Mr. Pope, [the Infallible; who shall have with me the Pow'r of the tother Infallible, to damn or save us by our works, as t'other Infallible of Rome; since I believe in your Infallibility who am (Dear Mr. Pope) your obliged real Poetick penitent and humble Servant.

My service pray to your Good Father and Mother, and let me beg of you to use my Follies with unmerciful kindness.

Mr. Cromwel is your humble Servant as he tells me.]

III.

To the same.

London, Decemr. 6, 1707.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I have reced yours of the 29th of Novem^r which has so much overpaid mine in kindness that, (as Voiture says) I doubt whether the best Effects of those fine expressions of Friendship to me can be more obligeing than they themselves: and for my humility you talk of you have lessen'd, while you magnify it, as, by commending my good Nature with so much more of yours, you have made me almost incapable of being grateful to you: for you have said so many kind things of me, you have left me hardly anything of the same kind to return you; and the best actions are not capable of making you amends for so many good words you have given me; by which you justly magnify them, and yourself, by saying they are Sincere,—so that you have obliged me to be vain rather than not think you a Plain-dealer.²

¹ The substance of this paragraph was inserted by Pope in the published letter of Wycherley, dated Nov. 5, 1705.

² This description of Pope's letter of Nov. 29th, does not at all tally with the letter of that date published by himself.

LETTERS

Thus (ev'n against your own Opinion) your freedom with me proves not you a Fool, but me so, especially if I cou'd think half the good, you say of me, my due.

As for the Good Book you sent me, I took it as kindly as the Reprimand from the Good Man (which I think you heard) and was that I should not stand in my own light; which was spoken with the Zeal and Simplicity of a Prophet; so that he will much sooner work my Salvation than all the Doctrines or Examples of our new Inspir'd Prophets, Three of which lately (I mean of the French Prophets) stood on the Pillory by Order of the Chief Justice, and our English Prophets are threaten'd with the same Usage, if they persist in their Enthusiastick Doctrines, to the deluding the People. * * * For Agitation is now the word; because they work out their Damnation here, with fear and trembling as the Quakers did formerly; and they are seized with a Spiritual Ague, which turns to such a Fever in their Brains, that they are hot-headed to the degree of Fanatical Prophecy; and so great a Faith that 'tis said they believe themselves what they say; and pretend to working Miracles also as indeed (I think) they may, (to one at least) since they have made a Physician a believer, (one Doct^r Bifield, famous for his Salvolatile Otiofum) who is now as spiritually mad as the rest, beyond the cure of his own Helibore, for he preaches in the stile of his Bretheren, and to the Coffee-houses; ev'n to the present Scribes and Pharisees; the Lawyers and Parsons who frequent them. In fine as the new Prophets talk to the whole Town, they are the present talk of the whole Town, and are pretty numerous already; nay, they say are like to encrease, for the great Lawyers intend to persecute them and whip them; and you know, *Sanguis Martyrum est semen Ecclesiæ*.

I expect my Man's return from Shropshire this day, and if he comes I will soon after be with you, who am not easy in your absence, because I am (My Dear Friend) Your real true Friend, and humble Servant.

Soft Cromwell salutes you, and eek
Poetical, drunken Tom Cheek.

IV.

To the same.

Shrewsbury, Jany. 19, 1707-8.

My Dear Mr. Pope,

I have received your most extream kind and entertaining Letter, written upon New Year's Day, and I must confess was the best New Years Gift I receivd this Yeare, tho' some of my Tennants brought me that Day

LETTERS

some Monny, but your Letter yet was more wellcome to me, like other acceptable Presents as it was more Copious and bountfull which is no wonder, for you were never a Niggard of your Wit. I must confesse my Journy (as you apprehend) was very Tedious to me, by reason of the season, but it was yet more insupportable because every day it encreased the distance betwixt you and me; but necessity (which made the old Mare to trot) made me the old Gelding jogg down into Shropshire, having two Farmes of some Concidderable Rents thrown upp into my hands which might have benn unlet, (for ought I know) for this whole Yeare following, had I not come down, nor had I stayd above, woud my Tennants have come down with the Ready. These were the reasons made me defer the most pleasant Journy to me, that which woud have brought me to you, but I am in hopes of this advantage by it that when I get once again to you I shall have the less reason or cause to leave you, and the longer time of enjoying your agreeable Conversation, the thoughts of which make me bear our present Separation the better, or the Damnd Conversation I meet with here, and the rather because you have kept up my Spirits by your kind ingenious Letters which found me in the Country at an honest Gentleman's house, with whom I made an end of the old Yeare, and began the new one, which is the reason your Letter has been so long unanswered, I haveing been theise four Days out of Shrewsbury.

Now, Sr, tho your Letter has brought me a great deal of Satisfaction

Yet my Dear little Friend (as wise men say) there is no happines without alay.

Since your Letter tells me you are forced to keep your Chamber upon so melloncolly an Occasion as that of your Sight being so Obscurd that you are deprivd of the Conversation you delight so much in (in your Solitude) that of Books the Consideration of which makes me as melloncolly here for the Misfortune of your eyes as for that of my own being deprived of the sight of the Sun or of the sight of you, but your Eyes I suppose know when they have read enough, tho you do not; therefore pray look to your Eyes, because the [they] usd to look so kindly on me, and do not loose your sight in reading to mend your inward decerning at the expence of your outward, since you may spoyle your Eye Sight and make it become weak or dark, but you can hardly emprove your reason's insight which can never fail you, wherefore you may better bear the weakness of your outward sight, since it is recompenc'd by the strength of your imagination and inward penetration as your Poetick Forefathers were from Homer to Milton. But pray (my Dear Friend) take care of your Eyes, and do not read so much as you doe (since you have learned enough) and that I may not be the Occasion (whilst I advise the preservation of your Eyes) to weaken them (more in vain) by making them read a longer or more tedious Letter I conclude it, in assuring you I will make all the hast I can to you, and hope within a

LETTERS

Month to come nearer my two best and brightest Friends, you and the Sun, for I am sure I cannot longer bear being at this distance from either of you. In the meantime pray give my humble Service to your good Father and Mother and take my advice rather to venter loosing your Eyes by gazing on the fair Shepherdesses of your plains, than by poring on the Fayrest Impressions of your Authors, which may blind your sight, but scarcely can more improve your inward decerning. Therefore pray be rather blind for Love than Knowledge, but if you will be quite blind any way I will be your Dog to lead you who every other way would follow you to serve you and myself because I am (My Dear Little Great Friend) your most assured Friend and Unalterable Humble Servant.

My humble Servis (pray) to your Good Father and Mother; wishing them, as you, a happy new Yeare, and many more; you may be sure I will make hast to you. My Servise likewise pray to that Catholick Whigg, Mr. Englefield.

V.

To the same.

London, Novr. 13, 1708.

My Dear Mr. Pope,

I came to Town upon Saturday night last, the 6th of this month, and I assure you the best part of my welcome to Town was your ingenious, kind Letter, another of which I was so happy as to receive at Shrewsbury, to which (I confess) I made no answer, since I intended my return for London in some few days after; but I am to beg your Pardon, for not answering sooner your last obliging Letter of the 7th of this month, which I reced since I came to town, by which I find neither Time nor distance can allay or alter your Friendship; for which I think myself not a little obliged to you, as likewise I find by a letter of yours to Mr. Cromwell (which he shew'd me) wherein you make so kind a mention of me, that it were ungrateful in me to doubt, (tho I little deserve it,) what you say; no more than your warmth, and reallity of your Friendship, in spite of absence or Distance, which I value myself much upon, and the more, because you seem jealous in your last of mine, for I think no more in Friendship than in Love can any man be jealous without either; so that I am proud of your Quarrel and reproach for not writing to you oftener, or being capable of forgetting you; but to allay the satisfaction I reced by your Letter to me, as by that of yours to Mr. Cromwell, you tell me you have been troubled this Month with the Head-ach, for which I am heartily sorry, that that which gives us so much Pleasure (with so much ease) should give you so much Pain; but if your

LETTERS

head has ask'd it, it is but just it should, for its jealousy of me and my Friendship, for not answering sooner your Letters. You and Voiture say, the Woods and Rocks reply; and ev'n the Gods (some say) answer'd (by their Oracles) every dull Pray'r or Praise of them, at whate'er distance it did come to them; so that I confess ev'ry Friend shou'd ev'ry way answer all his Friends' Kindness, and Expectations (if he cou'd). Therefore no Elivation or Rise, (tho upon the Welch Mountains or at Court) cou'd make me above answering my Friends, especially since my Answers to you wou'd procure yours to me again, which I shou'd value more than my Lord Treasurer's, nay the Queen's to my Petitions as a Poet, in formâ Pauperis. But so much for answering. And now for questioning awhile; in the first place I desire to know when you will come to Town to make Titcombe and me bear the Prince's departure from this Life the better,¹ for which the whole Town is going to be sad, as far as black cloth and Crape or muslin will shew their sorrow; for I believe the Truest Mourners are the Silkmen, the Lace-men, the Embroiderers, and Players, who (they say) must shut up their Shops for these Six Months; so consequently be the Greatest and Truest Mourners for the Prince's Death; nay Titcombe himself is now a sader Fellow than ever, so that the only way to relieve the general sadness here is, for you to come to Town, in order to which I can heartily assure and ensure your welcome to me for the Chamber next mine is Empty and Mrs. Bambro's Table is now no more full of Guests than Meat, so that, if you can think of coming to Town, you are sure to be welcome to everybody here that knows you, but more especially to (Dear Mr. Pope) your real friend and humble servt.

In the meantime, pray give my humble service to your Good Father and Mother, and I beg you to make my Compliment to that most Ingenious, humane, most honourable, and most Learned Gentleman, S^r W^m Trumbold.

I thank you for the Friendship as well as the Wit of your Epigram, which I cou'd praise more were it less to my own Praise.

VI.

To the same.

London, Feb. 19, 1708-9.²

³ [*Dear Mr. Pope,*]

I have reced yours of the 6th as kind as it is ingenious for which therefor I most heartily thank you: [but] it would have been much more

¹ Prince George of Denmark died October 28, 1708.

² Dated in Pope's version, February 19, 1706-7.

³ The passages in square brackets are not included in the letter published by Pope.

LETTERS

welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of Health, [which I am sorry for who have underwent likewise (of late) a great deal of Sickness and trouble from the Collick, since your leaving the Town, tho', I thank God, at present I am pretty well recover'd, if I can keep of (off) the Common Foe, the Cold, and shall be contented to want the Philosophy sickness may teach a Man, to be a good harden'd Blockhead with Health, without Thought, or Sense.] But you, who have a mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation since (you know) the old Similitude says, the keenness of the Mind soonest wears out the Body, as the sharpest Sword soonest destroys the Scabbard; so that, (as I say,) you must be satisfy'd with your apprehension of an Uneasy Life, (tho I hope not a short one,) notwithstanding that generally you sound Wits (tho' weak Bodys,) are immortal hereafter, by that Genius, which shortens your present Life, to prolong that of the Future. But I yet hope your great, vigorous, and active Mind, will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcase.

Now to say something to what you writ, concerning the present epidemick distemper of the Mind and Age call'd Callumny, I know it is no more to be avoided, (at one time or another of our Lives,) than a Fever, or an Ague, and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten, the best Constitutions from the worst Aire, so does that malignant Aire of Calumny soonest attack the Sound and Elevant in Mind, as storms the tallest and most fruitful Trees, whilst the low and weak (for bowing and moving to and fro) are by their weakness secure from the Danger and violence of the Tempest [they undergo]. But so much for stinking Rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of, * * * *. [Wherefore I have (from my long experience of the World) learnt to be slow to believe, as to Anger, who, rather than be unjust to my Friend, by censuring his Faith too soon, wou'd be treacherous to myself for believing my Foes want of Faith to me, too late: but so much for fear or doubt of Friendship, which may be as much a signe of it as Jealousy is of Love. Now next to preserving me in your Opinion of my real Friendship to you, I take it not a little kindly, that you do what you can to preserve me in Sr W^m Trumbold's good opinion, and to that end pray continue to assure him, that no man is more his humble servant, than he who is likewise yours by the names of the plain-dealer and

WM. WYCHERLEY.

Sr,—Since my writing this I rec^d yours of the 15th, which is a second part to your Former, in relation to your concern for my seeming to take anything ill of you; but you will (I hope) pardon the crime which my Kindness and Friendship for you is guilty of; for when our Love is indifferent our resentments are so; and if a Man did not value his Friend's Kindness, he wou'd not fear the loss of it. You desire me to let you know, when the

LETTERS

Miscellany comes out, wherein you are concern'd. I can only tell you that the other night Captⁿ Steel who writes the Gazzett (and is consequently converſent with Tonſon,) told me the Miſcellany would not come out this three weeks yet; ſo you hav a pretty long Reprieve. In the meantime my hearty ſervice to your good Father and Mother, whiſt your Allys and Friends of the Coffee-houſe, Titcombe the rough, and Cromwell the gentle, ſend you theirs; the one ſwearing (by God) you are a pretty Fellow, and t'other (by God) that you are a polite Perſon, &c.]

VII.

To the ſame.

London, May 17, 1709.

¹ [*Dear Mr. Pope,*

I have had your laſt which, as all the reſt of your Letters, is as ingenious as it is Kind, and which, I find lately, came by the hands of your Mother, whom I ſhou'd certainly have waited upon, had not the Maid of the Houſe forgotten (till two days after,) to tell me, who it was left the Letter for me, at my Lodgings. If you have not heard from me lately ſo frequently as I uſ'd to write, I muſt needs tell you the reaſon; I have had a very odd Accident befall me. Upon Friday was fortnight, or rather Saturday morning the laſt of April, when I went to, and came from, the Painters' Tavern, with one Mr. Balam, who, being ſomething drunker than I (becauſe he thought himſelf ſober) wou'd needs lead me down ſtairs; which I reſuſed, and therefore went down very well, but at the ſteps going into the ſtreet, he turn'd ſhort upon me to help me again from falling, and ſo procur'd my Fall; for Balam turning back upon the Aſs, not the Aſs upon Balam, he fell upon me, and threw me backward, with his Elbow in my Stomach, and the Hilt of his Sword in my Eye, bruiſ'd me ſo forely I was forc'd to keep my Bed for two Days, with a great pain in my Side, which by the help of Surgeons, is but lately gone, ſo that I have been almoſt a Fortnight in pain, and that's the reaſon you have not heard from me; which (I ſuppoſe) made you imagine I was gone into Shropſhire; but I ſhall not go till this day come ſeavennight, being the 24th of this Month, when I muſt be forced to goe, and make a ſtay in the Country for about a Month, or ſix weeks, (at fartheſt), when I ſhall return again (God willing) to London, and then, keep my word better than I have yet done with you, in viſiting you at Binfield, to redeem the credit of my word with you (if poſſible) and enjoy with you the remainder of the Sumer, in your plaines, where, by your company, the male Ruſticks are civilized, as the Female made incivil, to ſhow their better breeding.

¹ The paſſages in ſquare brackets are not included in the letter published by Pope.

LETTERS

In the meantime] I must thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies which Tonson sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better reced by the Publick than your part of it; so that you have only displeas'd the Criticks by your pleasing them too well; having not left them a word to say for themselves against you and your ingenious Performances; so that now your Hand is in you must persevere till my Prophefys of you be fulfill'd. In earnest all the best Judges of good Sense or good Poetry are admirers of yours; and like your part of the Book so well, that the rest is lik'd the worse; this is true, (upon my word,) without Compliment; so that the first success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in spite of your Wit; for a Poet's success at first, like a Gamester's fortune at first, is like to make him a Lover at last, and so to be undone by his good fortune and merit, by being drawn to farther adventures of his future credit by his first success.

But hitherto your Miscellanys have safely run the Gantlet through all the Coffee-houses, which are now entertained with a whimsical new Newspaper call'd the Tatler which I suppose you have seen, [and is written by one Steel, who thinks himself sharp upon this Iron Age, since an Age of War, and who likewise writes the other Gazetts, and this under the name of Bickerstaff.] So this is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (most People say) is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all Europe is, or must be satisfy'd with, so Poverty (you see) which makes Peace in Westminster Hall, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field through the World. So peace be to you and to me who am grown Peaceful now [with my Dagger, as well as with my Sword, and to keep my honour, will neither venture it now with man or Woman,] and will have no contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend or humble Servant, than your,

[You shall hear from me out of Shropshire. In the meantime pray present my humble service to your good Father and Mother, and to S^r W^m Trumbold.]

VIII.

To the same.

London, May 23, 1709.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I writ to you last week, to let you know my intention of leaving the Town this; and accordingly I begin my Journey towards Shropshire tomorrow; where (as I told you) I intend my stay shall not be above a month, to rob the country and then run out of it as fast as I can, (as other Thieves doe) that I may the sooner come to you and your Country; for you shall

LETTERS

find (strange as you may think it) that I can at last keep my word, tho' I am long about it. I was extremely concern'd (as I told you in my last,) that I mis'd waiting upon your good Mother, when she was in Town. I have now no news to send you, but of the Peace of which so many various things are said, that I think it to no purpose to send you the Particulars, which will soon be communicated to you by the Tatler, Mr. Steel, in his Gazette. In the meantime all that I can observe to you is, Fortune (like all other Jilts) leaves those in their Age, who were her Favourites in their Youth; which truth I myself, (as unworthy as I am,) have experienc'd sufficiently, as well as Lewis the Grand (now the Petit). However, far be it from me to lessen by (by any impertinent popular Reflexion,) so great a Prince, who, like his Devise, the Sun, from having been all the first part of his days in Glory, may set at last in a Cloud, but let his declension or going down be what it will, he will leave behind him our Lady the Moon, and abundance of Confederate twinklers (call'd Starrs of the first magnitude) but to outshine him by his own borrow'd light. But I must confess, for the Sun to be eclips'd by a Holland Cheese wou'd have vex'd Lewis the Saint as well as Lewis the Great. But so much for news and politick or moral Reflections, and to return to my promise of making myself happy in your Company at Binfield; be assur'd that about six weeks hence (at farthest) I will beat up your Quarters there, and disturb your private Enjoyments, both of your Muse and your Mistress, as most of the old impotent Fumblers do where they can no more have the Enjoyment of either of their own; and then I have promis'd Mr. Englefield to ride behind you upon your domestick Pegasus, to wait upon him at his Enchanted Castle, tho' he no more believes it than perhaps you may; but look to't. I'll do't I'll do't, as surely as I have been hitherto, (Dear Mr. Pope) your promising Friend, tho' Poetical, that is lying, humble Servant.

In the meantime my humble service (pray) to your good Father and Mother and my good honourable and ingenious Patron, S^r W^m Trumbold.

IX.

To the same.

London, June 4, 1709.

My Dear Mr. Pope,

I reced yesterday your last Letter with the wonted satisfaction yours use to bring to me, yet I must confess my satisfaction was not without some alloy, since your letter likewise brings me the ill news of your wonted Indisposition, which is very hard for you that that part of you (your Head) which gives others so much pleasure should cause you so much pain; which

LETTERS

yet (I believe) might be eased by another pain that of your heart; as the pain of the Head is not felt when the Foot is seiz'd with that of the Gout; so that if you would be heartily in Love and take the Remedy for both pains upon one of your Binfield Nymphs you wou'd be rid of them.

Now, Sr, to answer your kind quarel to me for not seeing you at Binfield yet, I assure you I have been these five weeks (since my Fall by Balam) troubled with an akeing side, and the Consequences of it retarded my Journey into Shropshire, and must have prevented my Journey to Binfield; for I was some time under the Surgeon's hands, and it is not long since I have been totally rid of the pain of my side, who thought at this age I shou'd never more have had pain there.

I intend (God willing) to go for Shropshire upon this Day Sev'nnight, where a Month will be the longest Time of my Stay, and then you shall see whether I can keep my Word, or no, with you at Binfield. In the meantime I beg you to believe that I never made a promise yet to any Man, but with an Intention of performing it, tho I believe you think I never make my Promises to Men but only with intention to break them; yet (you may believe me) I seldom break my Promises to my Friends which wou'd deprive me of my pleasure, no more than I shou'd have fail'd formerly an Affignation with my She-Friends whereby I shou'd have been the greatest Loofer.

I find by your Letter to Mr. Cromwell you have dispos'd of the Sappho (you promis'd me) to him, so that you have a mind to give me Jealously [Jealousy], but it is rather of your Friendship than of the Love of your Sappho, since he refus'd to let me see your last Letter to him, who wou'd be a Lover or a Friend by his rude civil ceremony, too much for Woman or Man to bear, so that I dare swear your Ladys (his acquaintance) whom you desire him to salute in your Name are Irishwomen, by their Intimacy with and Friendship for him, more than their Names, otherways his hard Face would render ineffectual all the soft things he cou'd say to them in praise of theirs; who never discommends anything and is only a Satyr in his Face not in his Tongue, and like the Devil Tempts the living Eves to Sin most by his creeping advances, clinging embraces, since the more he bows and creeps to them, the less they see his Face, which like the Devil's were enough to frighten them from what his tempting Tongue wou'd persuade them to. Thus he is damn'd to perpetual Flames of Love here without hopes of his Fool's Paradise in Love; yet like the Devil is still tempting Women to his Love to the Augmentation of their Persecution and his despare. All this I say a little peevishly of him because he wou'd not let me see your Letter; but so much for Him who looks like a Devil, loves like a Tormentor, and damns like a Critick, because he is damn'd himself. But so much for him, you, and me, who am, in spight of

LETTERS

the Devil and lying (as a Poet or Courtier), Your real Friend and humble Serv^t.

My humble service pray, as formerly, give to your good Father and Mother and good Sr W^m.

Upon the word of a Plain-dealer I never saw two such good letters upon such bad subjects, Mr. Cromwel and myself; and for my Credit as much as yours I have a good mind to use you as Dennis did me, and print your Letters, the only way for me to print anything to oblige the World.

X.

To the same.

London, Feb. 14, 1710.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I must needs tell you in the Stile of the wise Recorder of London, who told King James, after the death of King Charles, he came to him with sorrow in one hand, and grief in t'other (tho' he meant Joy), so your Letter brings me sorrow in one sense and joy in another; sorrow for your indifposition, and joy that it will not hinder you from coming to Town. In the meantime I am not a little concern'd that that Head which gives your Friends so much pleasure, shou'd give you so much pain; but since it gives you no pain in pleasing the World with its Productions you must be contented with some pain it gives you otherways. Most things which are most delightful and pleasant give the owners of them most Pain, so that we must take one with t'other. The most pregnant Womb is often most vex'd; the most productive and fruitful Soyl is most plow'd and tourn [torn] up; so that there is no advantage or pleasure without Labour or Pains. No drunkenness which gives Joy to the Head and Heart over-night, but gives sorrow and pain to both the next morning. So that you see by less'ning one's sense as well as improving it the Head must suffer some pain. Thus if pain must be the Concomitant of Pleasure, you must not wonder that your Head, which thinks and writes without Pains (to give us Pleasure) shou'd give you otherways so much pains. Wherefore come to Town, and I will make your Head ake for something. Therefore bear the Head-ach heroically (which you suffer by too much Studdy) and which will be so far from short'ning your Life, that it will give you Immortality, since your Head (Mr. Pope) like the Head of the Church can save or damn any of your Followers, and their ill works by the Supererogation of your good works, good example, and infallable Judgment, that is by your Approbation or Senfure, but I am afraid my Damn'd Works cannot be fav'd other-

LETTERS

ways than by Fire without you lend your Aid, (Mr. Pope,) to their Salvation and mine by giving them your plenary Indulgence, and me, who am an implicit believer in your Power and the Infallibility of your Judgment, consequently, your humble Servant.

My humble service pray, to your good Father and Mother. I will endeavour to wait upon Sr W^m Trumbold before he goes out of Town.

XI.

To the same.

London, April 1, 1710.

My Dear Mr. Pope,

I have had yours of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I desire it shou'd be, since it tells me you wou'd be better pleas'd to be sick again in Town, in my Company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of Happiness than of health. [Very fine, Mr. Pope, by Gad (as Bays wou'd say;)]¹ yet my dear Friend fet Railery or Compliment aside, I can bear your absence (which procures your Health and Ease) better than I can your Company when you are in pain; for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt; nor do you (I hope) my love to it, or you; since there I can enjoy your Company without seeing you in pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure. There I can have you without Rivals or Disturbers; without the Cromwells too civil or the Titcombs too rude; without the noise of the Loud, and the silence of the Silent; and wou'd rather have you abuse me there with the Truth than at this distance with your Compliment, since now your business of a Friend and kindness to a Friend is by finding fault with his faults and mending them by your obliging severity to them: wherefore I hope (in spite of your good nature) you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine you were so willing to be troubled with, which I take most infinitely kindly of you, and shall acknowledge with gratitude as long as I live, since no Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation (nay, not by preserving his Life) since by preserving his Life, he can only make him live about threecore or fourscore years, but by preserving his Reputation he can make him live as long as the World lasts; so [give him Immortality here, and] save him from damning when he is gone to the Devil. Wherefore pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to save them from condemnation by the Publick: [therefore I hope you will] be most kindly

¹ The passages in square brackets are not included in the letter published by Pope.

LETTERS

unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers as you Country Gentlemen do with your Trees, flafh, cut, and lopp off the excreffnefs and dead parts of my wither'd Bays, that the little Remainder may live the longer; and [burn the bulk of my writings to] encrease the value of them by diminishing the number [of them, as the Dutch burn three parts of their fices (from the Indies) to add to the value of the Remainder; fo to magnify their price by leffening their Store.]

I have troubled you with my Papers, rather to give you pains than Pleasure, notwithstanding your Compliment, which fays you take that trouble kindly. Such is your generofity to your Friends that you take it kindly to be defir'd by them to do them a Kindnefs, and think it done to you when they give you an opportunity to do it to Them; wherefore you may be fure to be troubled with my Letters, out of Intereft if not kindnefs, fince mine to you will procure yours to me, fo that I write to you more for my own fake than yours, lefs to make you think I write well than to learn from you to write better. Thus you fee Intereft in my kindnefs which is like the Friendfhip of the World rather to make a Friend than be a Friend. But I am yours, [not]¹ as [a feigning lying Poet, but] a true plain Dealer [(efpecially) when I tell you I am, (my Dear Mr. Pope) your moft obliged Friend, and real humble Servant.

Pray let me hear from you before I go out of Town, which may be yet ten days or thereabouts.

My humble fervice to your good Father and Mother, and to that moft Ingenious and honourable Gentleman, good Sr W^m Trumbold. In the meantime I fhall be fure to make your Compliment to Cromwell the gentle, and to the reft of the Coffee-houfe Vertuofos, who are Statesmen and no Politicians; Senfurers and no Criticks; Poets and no Wits.]

XII.

To the same.

London, April 27, 1710.

[*My Dear Mr. Pope,*

I anfwer'd yours of the 15th (which I think was the laft I had from you) about three days after my receiving it; but having not yet receiv'd any anfwer to it from you, I doubt your old pain of the head-ach has prevented it, which gives me a great deal of concern for you, infomuch that I have had thoughts of making you a Vifit before my Journey into Shropfhire, which has 'been delay'd by delays and difappointments to me out of the Country.]

¹ The passages in fquare brackets are not included in the letter published by Pope.

LETTERS

You give me an account in your Letter of the trouble you have undergone for me in comparing my Papers you took down with you with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your Hands; amongst which (you say) you find numerous repetitions of the same thoughts, and subjects; all which I must confess my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as committing them; since of all Figures that of Tautologie is the last I would use, or least forgive myself for; but seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those Papers in your hands, with one another as well as with the former printed Copy or Book of my damn'd Miscellanys, all which, (as bad a memory as I have,) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy. Wherefore I wou'd not have you give yourself more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have and may give the World in writing upon new Subjects of your Own, whereby you will much better entertain yourself and the World. Now as to your remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers; all that I desire of you is to mark in the Margent, (without defacing the Copy at all,) either any Repetition of words, matter, or sense, or any thoughts, or words too much repeated, which if you will be so kind as to form you will supply my want of memory with your good one, and any deficiency of sense, with the infallibility of yours, which, if you will do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now, as to what you call freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive you;) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it with me, for I am so far from thinking your plainness a fault, or an offence to me that I think it a Charity and an obligation, which I shall always acknowledge with all sort of gratitude to you for it, who am therefore (Dear Mr Pope,) Your most obliged humble Servant.

All the news I have to send you is that poor Mr Betterton is going to make his Exit from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

[My most humble service pray to Sr W^m Trombold, and your good Father and Mother, whilst I can assure you from hence all the world here are your Servants and Friends.

I know not but I may see you very suddenly at Binfield after all my broken promises.]¹

¹ It will probably be inferred by any reader who studies this correspondence, that those professed letters of Wycherley published by Pope which have no original voucher were concoctions of the poet. He imitates in them Wycherley's 'conceited' style, but he makes it much less laboured and obscure than it appears in the letters as actually written. His object was to preserve as much of the correspondence as exhibited him, while little more than a boy, acting as critic to a man so distinguished and advanced in years as Wycherley, and having made his extracts he gave them such an ideal setting as might place the whole situation in the light most advantageous to his own reputation.

LETTERS

The Correspondence as published by POPE, with his notes.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Jan. 25, 1704.

I have been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my Madrigals, for a great Man or two who desir'd to see them, that I have (with your Pardon) omitted to return you an Answer to your most ingenious Letter: So Scribblers to the Publick, like Bankers to the Publick, are profuse in their voluntary Loans to it, whilst they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just Debts, to their best and nearest Friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good Nature as good Sense, (since they generally are Companions) will have Patience with a Debtor, who you think has an Inclination to pay you his Obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time should consider, when you have oblig'd me beyond my present Power of returning the Favour, that a Debtor may be an honest Man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, tho' late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a Return to so much Profuseness of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they seldom accompany each other, in other Men, are in you so equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my Opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equal'd by nothing but your Judgment, or Modesty; which (though it be to please my self) I must no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will say no more now of them, than that your good Wit ne'er forfeited your good Judgment, but in your Partiality to me and mine; so that if it were possible for a harden'd Scribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited, than what I scribble my self; yet I must confess I ought to be more humbled by your Praise than exalted; which commends my little Sense with so much more of yours, that I am disparag'd and dishearten'd by your commendations; who give me an Example of your Wit in the first Part of your Letter, and a Definition of it in the last: to make writing well (that is like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your Example and Definition of Wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of shewing my Judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the best way to shew my Friendship to you, is to put an end to your Trouble, and to conclude

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

March 25, 1705.

When I write to you, I foresee a long Letter, and ought to beg your Patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the

LETTERS

worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my Gratitude at large for your obliging Letter, is not more my Duty than my Interest; as some People will abundantly thank you for one Piece of Kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my Faults; Spots and Blemishes you know, are never so plainly discover'd as in the brightest Sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those Commendations which were design'd to encourage me: for Praise to a young Wit, is like Rain to a tender Flower; if it be moderately bestow'd, it cheers and revives, but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most Men in years, as they are generally discouragers of Youth, are like old Trees, that being past Bearing themselves, will suffer no young Plants to flourish beneath them: But as if it were not enough to have out-done all your Coævals in Wit, you will excel them in good Nature too. As for my¹ green Essays, if you find any pleasure in 'em, it must be such as a Man naturally takes in observing the first Shoots and Buddings of a Tree which he has rais'd himself: and 'tis impossible they should be esteem'd any otherwise, than as we value Fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the Year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much Compliment, which is at best but the Smoak of Friendship. I neither write, nor converse with you, to gain your Praise but your Affection. Be so much my Friend as to appear my Enemy, and tell me my Faults, if not as a young Man, at least as an unexperienc'd Writer.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

March 29, 1705.

Your Letter of the Twenty-fifth of *March* I have receiv'd, which was more welcome to me than any thing cou'd be out of the Country, tho' it were one's Rent due that Day: and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with Want of Sincerity, or Justice, for giving you your Due; who shou'd not let your Modesty be so unjust to your Merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that Compliment which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if Compliment be the Smoak only of Friendship (as you say) however you must allow there is no Smoak but there is some Fire; and as the Sacrifice of Incense offer'd to the Gods wou'd not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its Smoak; so Friendship like Love, cannot be without some Incense, to perfume the Name it wou'd praise and immortalize. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my *Praise*, but my *Affection*, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your Friend as to appear

¹ *His Pastorals, written at 16 Years of Age.*

LETTERS

your Enemy, and find out your Faults rather than your Perfections: But (my Friend) that would be so hard to do, that I who love no Difficulties, can't be persuaded to it. Besides, the Vanity of a Scribbler is such, that he will never part with his own Judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take Pains to do it: And tho' I am proud to be of your Opinion, when you talk of any Thing, or Man but your self, I cannot suffer you to murder your fame, with your own hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last Letter is the worst (since the longest) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the best, as the longest Life (if a good one) is the best, as it yields the more Variety and is more Exemplary; as a chearful Summer's Day, tho' longer than a dull one in the Winter, is less tedious and more entertaining: Therefore let but your Friendship be like your Letter, as lasting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 7, 1705.

I have receiv'd yours of the Fifth, wherein your Modesty refuses the just Praise I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a Bishop gains his Bishoprick by saying he will not Episcopate: But I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please my self; just as Incense is sweeter to the Offerer than the Deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being so much above it: For indeed, every Man partakes of the Praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my enquiry after your Intrigues with the *Muses*, you may allow me to make it, since no old Man can give so young, so great, and able a Favourite of theirs, Jealousy. I am, in my Enquiry, like old Sir *Bernard Gascoign*, who us'd to say, That when he was grown too old to have his Visits admitted alone by the Ladies, he always took along with him a young Man, to ensure his Welcome to them; who, had he come alone had been rejected, only because his Visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old Rook, who is ruin'd by Gaming) forc'd to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men, whose Fancies are so vigorous, that they ensure their Success in their Adventures with the *Muses*, by their Strength of Imagination.

— Your Papers are safe in my Custody (you may be sure) from any one's Theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to trust a Scribbler with your Wit, as a Gamester with the Custody of your Money. — If you happen to come to Town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, dear Mr. *Pope*,

Your, &c.

LETTERS

Mr. POPE's Answer.

April 30, 1705.

I cannot contend with you. You must give me leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from 'em, that your Design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that Paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an Offer of your Friendship. Were I possess'd of That, it would put an End to all those Speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome Advices, and free Sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion, that Friendship is best contracted betwixt Persons of equal Age: but I have so much Interest to be of another Mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in opposition to that Opinion;

In the first place 'tis observable, that the Love we bear to our Friends is generally caused by our finding the same Dispositions in them, which we feel in our selves. This is but Self-love at the Bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be such, the Inclinations of such being commonly various. The Friendship of two young Men is often occasioned by Love of Pleasure or Voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the Courses he pursues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the score of some Profit, Lucre, or Design upon others: Now, as a young Man who is less acquainted with the Ways of the World, has in all probability less of Interest; and an old Man¹ who may be weary of himself, less of Self-love; so the Friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmix'd with too much Self-regard. One may add to this, that such a Friendship is of greater Use and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow more gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young Man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a Cure of those epidemical Diseases of Age and Youth, Sourness and Madness. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Possibility of this; One alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the very Heart; which is, that

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I have now chang'd the Scene from the Town to the Country; from *Will's* Coffee-House to *Windsor* Forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common Town-Wits, and the downright Country Fools; that the first are pertly in the Wrong, with a little more Flourish and

¹ *Mr. Wycherley was at this time about Seventy Years old, Mr. Pope under Seventeen.*

LETTERS

Gaiety, and the last neither in the Right nor the Wrong, but confirmed in a stupid, settled Medium betwixt both. However, methinks these are most in the Right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle Reign of Dulness, which the Wits must do at last, tho' after a great deal of Noise, Pother, and Resistance. Ours are a sort of modest, inoffensive People, who neither have Sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial Sort of Dulness. They are commonly known in the World by the Name of honest, civil Gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting Life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard, something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer Solitude to the Company of all these; for tho' a Man's self may possibly be the worst Fellow to converse with in the World, yet one would think the Company of a Person whom we have the greatest regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleasant: As a Man in love with a Mistress, desires no Conversation but hers, so a Man in love with himself, (as most Men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful Knowledge, be the knowledge of our selves, Solitude conducing most to make us look into our selves, should be the most instructive State of Life. We see nothing more commonly, than Men, who for the sake of the circumstantial Part, and meer outside of Life, have been half their Days rambling out of their Nature, and ought to be sent into Solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoil'd instead of being taught, at their coming into the World; whereas by being more conversant with Obscurity, without any Pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a Man be a Coxcomb, Solitude is his best School; and if he be a Fool, it is his best Sanctuary.

These are good Reasons for my own Stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I can't help saying, I have suffer'd a great deal of discontent that you do not, tho' I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last: Those who have most Wit, like those who have most Money, are generally most sparing of either.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 5, 1705.

Yours of the 26th of *October* I have receiv'd, as I have always done yours, with no little Satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best Excuse for it: And tho' they (as you say) who have most Wit or Money, are most sparing of either; there are some who appear Poor to be thought Rich, and are Poor, which is my Case: I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone so much

LETTERS

discontent for want of my company; but if you have a Mind to punish me for my fault, (which I could not help) defer your coming to Town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your Charity always exceeds your Revenge, so that I will not despair of seeing you, who, in return to your inviting me to your Forest, invite you to my Forest, the Town; where the Beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long Ears or Horns, pursue one another either out of Love or Hatred. You may have the Pleasure to see one Pack of Bloodhounds pursue another Herd of Brutes, to bring each other to their Fall, which is their whole Sport: Or, if you affect a less bloody Chase, you may see a Pack of Spaniels, called *Lovers*, in hot pursuit of a two-legg'd *Vixen*, who only flies the whole low'd Pack to be singled out by one Dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a Noise, to the Loss of their Game. In fine, this is the Time for all sorts of Sport in the Town, when those of the Country cease; therefore leave your Forests of Beasts, for ours of Brutes, call'd Men, who now in full Cry, (pack'd by the Court or Country) run down in the House of Commons, a deserted horned Beast of the Court, to the satisfaction of their Spectators. Besides, (more for your Diversion) you may see not only the two great Play-houses of the Nation, those of the Lords and Commons, in Dispute with one another; but the two other Play-houses in high Contest, because the Members of one House are remov'd up to t'other, (as it is often done by the Court for Reasons of State.) Inasmuch that the lower Houses, I mean the Play-houses, are going to act Tragedies on one another without Doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two Houses) to silence one or both, to keep Peace between them: Now I have told you all the News of the Town.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 5, 1705.

I have receiv'd your kind Letter, with my Paper¹ to Mr. *Dryden* corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the *Dutch* are said to burn half the Spices they bring home to enhance the Price of the remainder, so to be greater Gainers by their Loss, (which is indeed my Case now.) Well; you have prun'd my fading Lawrels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead Branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus like your Master *Apollo*, you are at once a Poet and a Physician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the Town, your good Nature was the first Cause of my confident request; but excuse me, I must (I see) say no more upon this Subject, since I find you a little too nice to

¹ The same which was printed in the Year 1717, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the present Edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.

LETTERS

be dealt freely with; tho' you have given me some Encouragement to hope, our Friendship (tho' young) might be without Shyness, or criminal Modesty; for a Friend like a Mistress, tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a Friend's kindness because it is small or trivial: I have told you (I think) that a *Spanish* Lady said to her poor, poetical Gallant, that a Queen if she lay with a Groom, would expect a Mark of his kindness from him, tho' it were but his Curry-comb. But you and I will dispute this Matter when I am so happy as to see you here; and perhaps 'tis the only Dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another Excuse for my boldness in inviting you to Town, I design'd to leave with you some more of my Papers, (since these return so much better out of your Hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to spend a Month, or six Weeks this Summer, near you in the Country, for you may be assured there is nothing I desire so much, as an Improvement of your Friendship,——

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

March 22, 1705.

I must lay a Penance upon you, which is to desire you to look over that damn'd Miscellany of Madrigals of mine, to pick out (if possible) some that may be so alter'd that they may yet appear in Print again; I hope with better success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reason for this Request of mine, when I see you; which I am resolv'd shall be when I have done here, and at the *Bath*, where I design to go, and afterwards to spend two Months (God willing) with you, at *Binfield*, or near it——

Mr. POPE's Answer.

April 10, 1706.

By yours of the last Month, you desire me to select, if possible, some Things from the first¹ Volume of your Miscellanies, which may be alter'd so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those Verses, (as that on the *Idleness of Business*; on *Ignorance*; on *Laziness*, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions? For tho' (upon reading 'em on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an Alteration with Advantage; yet they would not be chang'd so much, but any one would know 'em for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst Pieces, which are such as to render them very good, would require a great addition, and almost

¹ Printed in Folio, in the Year 1704.

LETTERS

the entire new writing of them? Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-Verfes? For these will need only to be shortned, to omit repetition; the Words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have try'd what I could do to some of the *Songs*,¹ and the *Poems on Lazinefs and Ignorance*, but can't (e'en in my own partial Judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your Care wholly at present, to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable Volume, of full as good ones, nay, I verily believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wish you would defer, at least 'till you have finish'd these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a Sample of some few of these; namely, the Verfes to Mr. *Waller in his old Age*; your new ones on the *Duke of Marlborough*, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: Some I have contracted, as we do Sun-beams, to improve their Energy and Force; some I have taken quite away, as we take Branches from a Tree, to add to the Fruit; others I have entirely new exprefs'd, and turned more into Poetry. *Donne* (like one of his Successors) had infinitely more Wit than he wanted Verification: for the great dealers in Wit, like those in Trade, take least Pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit, spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. You have commision'd me to paint your Shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your Neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the Merit of the Production, than a Midwife to the Virtues and good Qualities of the Child she helps into the Light.

The few Things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than Sparks lighted up by your Fire; and you may omit them at last, if you think them but Squibs in your Triumphs.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 19, 1706.

I have received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you: It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not inform'd me of your want of Health: But you who have a Mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy Habitation; since (you know) the old Similitude says, The Keeness of the Mind soonest wears out the Body; as the sharpest Sword soonest destroys the Scabbard: So that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your apprehension.

¹ Vid. *Letter of Nov. 20, 1707.*

LETTERS

of an uneasy Life, (tho' I hope not a short one;) notwithstanding that generally you found Wits (tho' weak Bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that Genius which shortens your present Life to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active Mind, will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcass.

Now to say something to what you write, concerning the present epidemick Distemper of the Mind and Age, Calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our Lives) than a Fever, or an Ague; and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten the best Constitutions, from the worst Air; so does that malignant Air of Calumny, soonest attack the sound and elevated in Mind, as Storms of Wind the tallest and most fruitful Trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are, by their Weakness, secure from the danger and violence of the Tempest. But so much for stinking Rumour, which weakest Minds are most afraid of; as *Irish Men*, tho' the nastiest of Mankind, are most offended at a *Fart*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I receiv'd yours of the 9th yesterday, which has (like the rest of your Letters) at once pleas'd and instructed me; so that I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent Friends, than speak too much to the present. This is a Truth that all Men own who have either seen your Writings, or heard your Discourse; enough to make others show their Judgment, in ceasing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your company. However, I speak or write to you, not to please you, but my self; since I provoke your Answers; which, whilst they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am lessen'd by you even when you commend me; since you commend my little Sense with so much more of yours, that you put me out of Countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (against the Custom of great Wits) to shew even a great deal of good Nature with a great deal of good Sense.

I thank you for the Book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my Lines, but my Life.

As to the damn'd Verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other People's damning them; since the Criticks, who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their own Circumstances. I beg you to peruse my Papers, and select what you think best, or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a harden'd old Gamester will (in spite of all former ill

LETTERS

usage by Fortune) push on an ill Hand, in expectation of recovering himself; especially, since I have such a *Croupier* or Second to stand by me as Mr. Pope.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 20, 1707.

Mr. *Englefyld* being upon his Journey to *London*, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it so lately by the Messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the fair Copy of the *Poem*¹ on *Dulness*, which was not then finish'd, and which I should not care to hazard by the common Post. Mr. *Englefyld* is ignorant of the Contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own: Since if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder Reports shou'd be rais'd, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great Man, whom you met in the *Court of Requests*, that your Papers were in my hands: No Man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, that tho' your self should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolv'd to deny it.

The method of the Copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: For the better help of your Memory, I desire you to compare it by the *Figures* in the Margin, answering to the same in this Letter. The Poem is now divided into four Parts, mark'd with the literal Figures I. II. III. IV. The first contains the *praise* of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions, it passes for 1. Religion. 2. Philosophy. 3. Example. 4. Wit. And 5. The Cause of Wit, and the end of it. The second Part contains the *advantages* of Dulness: 1st, In Business; and 2dly, at Court; where the Similitudes of the Biass of a Bowl, and the Weights of a Clock, are directly tending to illustrate those advantages of Dulness, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of them; (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the *happiness* of Dulness in all Stations, and shews in a great many Particulars, that it is so fortunate, as to be esteem'd some good Quality or other in all sorts of People; that it is thought Quiet, Sense, Caution, Policy, Prudence, Majesty, Valour, Circumspection, Honesty, &c. The fourth Part I have wholly added, as a Climax which sums up all the *praise*, *advantage*, and *happiness* of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them all by

¹ The Original of it in Blots, and with Figures of the References from Copy to Copy, in Mr. Pope's Hand, is in the Harley Library, among other such Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. Vid. Lett. Ap. 10, 1708. Note (1).

LETTERS

the opposition of the *disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness* of Wit, with which it concludes.¹

Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one Thought omitted, but what is a Repetition of something in your first Volume, or in this very Paper: Some Thoughts are contracted, where they seem'd encompass'd with too many words; and some new express'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning, (as you'll see particularly in the Simile of the *Clock-Weights*²; and the Versification throughout, is, I believe such, as no Body can be shock'd at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done; for if I have not spar'd you when I thought Severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of Amputation. As to Particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 22, 1707.

You may see by my Stile, I had the happiness and satisfaction to receive yesterday (by the hands of that Wagg, Mr. *Englefyld*) your extream kind and obliging Letter of the 20th of this Month; which like all the rest of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; since it tells me with so much more Wit, Sense and Kindness than mine can express, that my Letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilst your Kindness invites me to write to you, your Wit and Judgment forbids me; since I may return you a Letter, but never an Answer.

Now, as for my owning your assistance to me, in over-looking my unmusical Numbers, and harsher Sense, and correcting them both, with your Genius, or Judgment; I must tell you I always own it, (in spite of your

¹ This is totally omitted in the present Edition: Some of the Lines in the H. M. are these.

*Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind,
The last kind refuge weary Wit can find,
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Un-fear'd, unbated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.*

² It was originally thus express'd:

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.

We find it so in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of Verses of his, *To the Author of a Poem call'd Successio*, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three Years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole design of publishing any Poems.

LETTERS

unpoetick Modesty) who would do with your Friendship as your Charity; conceal your Bounty to magnify the Obligation; and even whilst you lay on your Friend the Favour, acquit him of the Debt: But that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical Damning, the second time; and save my Rhimes from being condemn'd to the Criticks Flames to all Eternity: But (by the Faith you profess) you know your works of Supererrogation, transfer'd upon an humble, acknowledging Sinner, may save even Him; having good Works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours, and their Immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my *Dulness*, by making it more methodical, I give you a thousand thanks; since true and natural *Dulness* is shown more by its pretence to form and method, as the sprightliness of Wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated Invitations to come to *Binfield*:—You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindness to you, as it would for me to deserve, or return to yours; however, it shall be the Endeavour of my future Life, as it will be to demonstrate my self,

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE's Reply.

Nov. 29, 1707.

The Compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable Service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my Friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which upon my faith I shall equally take amiss, whether made to my self, or to any others. For God's sake, (my dear Friend *Wycherley*) think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of Favour so much, as that of serving you, more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner, with some others of your Pieces; but since you desire I would not deface your Copy for the future, and only mark the Repetitions; I must, as soon as I've mark'd these, transcribe what is left on another Paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can devise, for their Improvement. For you are sensible, the Omission of *Repetitions* is but one, and the easiest Part, of yours and my Design; there remaining besides to rectify the *Method*, to connect the *Matter*, and to mend the *Expression* and *Verseification*. I will go next upon the ¹Poems of *Solitude*, on the *publick*, and on the *mixt Life*; the *Bill of Fare*; the *Praises of Avarice*, and some others.

I must take some Notice of what you say of “ My pains to make your

¹Some Brouillons of these, transcrib'd and very much blotted by Mr. Pope, are extant in the Harley Library.

LETTERS

Dulness methodical;" and of your hint, that "The sprightliness of Wit despises method." This is true enough, if by *Wit* you mean no more than *Fancy* or *Conceit*; but in the better notion of *Wit*, consider'd as propriety, surely *Method* is not only necessary for Perspicuity and Harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place: According to a Simile Mr. *Dryden* us'd in conversation, of Feathers in the Crowns of the wild *Indians*, which they not only chuse for the beauty of their Colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a Lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my Sentiments from you: To *methodize* in your Case, is full as necessary as to *strike out*; otherwise you had better destroy the whole Frame, and reduce them into *single Thoughts* in *Prose*, like *Rochfoucault*, as I have more than once hinted to you.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I have had yours of the 23d of this Instant, for which I give you many thanks, since I find by it, that even absence (the usual bane of Love, or Friendship) cannot lessen yours no more than mine. ¹As to your hearing of my being ill; I am glad, and sorry for the report: In the first place, glad that it was not true; and in the next sorry that it shou'd give you any disturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think my self most eternally oblig'd to you; assuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your sake I love this Life so well, that I shall the less think of the other; but 'tis in your power to ensure my Happiness in one and the other, both by your Society and good Example, so not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your Excuse for the plainness of your Stile, or Letter, I must needs tell you, that Friendship is much more acceptable to a true Friend than Wit, which is generally false Reasoning; and a Friend's reprimand often shews more Friendship than his compliment: Nay Love, which is more than Friendship, is often seen, by our Friend's correction of our Follies or Crimes. Upon this Test of your Friendship I intend to put you when I return to *London*, and thence to you at *Binfield*, which I hope will be within a Month.

¹ Mr. *Pope* had this from Mr. *Cromwell*, after his Enquiry, in these Words. "I returned to Town last *Saturday*, and inquiring (as you desir'd) about Mr. *Wycherley*, was told, in two several Places, that he had been very ill, and that he was even gone off our Stage: But I cou'd not imagine this report to be true, or that so great a Man could leave the World without its being instructed to lament so considerable a Loss."

LETTERS

Next to the News of your good Health, I am pleas'd with the good News of your going to print some of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the Publick for your Friend; who intend (perhaps the same way) to be reveng'd of you for your kindness; by taking your Name in vain in some of my future Madrigals: yet so as to let the World know, my love or esteem for you are no more Poetick than my Talent in scribbling. But of all the Arts of Fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning Friendship, and that I am sincerely,

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 13, 1708.

I have receiv'd yours of the first of *May*. Your Pastoral Muse outshines, in her modest and natural drefs, all *Apollo's* Court-Ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and costly Finery; therefore I am glad to find by your Letter, you design your Country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at Court and in Publick; to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected, Town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their Shame: But her artful Innocence (on the contrary) will gain more Honour as she becomes more Publick; and in spite of Custom will bring Modesty again into Fashion, or at least make her Sister-rivals of this Age, blush for Spite, if not for Shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical Pufs, whom you would keep in countenance, by saying she has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet pass Muster by a little licking over; it is true that (like most vain antiquated Jades which have once been passable) she yet affects Youthfulness, in her Age, and wou'd still gain a few Admirers, (who the more she seeks, or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheless, she is resolv'd henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the World, except it be as an attendant on your Muse, or as a Foil, not a Rival to her Wit, or Fame: So that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the World,¹ my old worn-out Jade of a lost Reputation, shall be her attendant into it, to procure her Admirers; as an old Whore who can get no more Friends of her own, bawds for others, to make Sport or Pleasure yet, one way or other, for Mankind. I approve of your making *Tonson* your Muse's Introduc'tor into the World, or Master of the Ceremonies, who has been so long a Pimp, or Gentleman-Usher to the Muses.

¹ *This, and the following Extract, are a full Confutation of the Lying Spirit of John Dennis and others, who impudently asserted that Mr. Pope wrote these Verses on himself, (tho' publish'd by Mr. Wycherley six Years before his Death.) We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, promis'd before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was absent. The first, Broüillon of those Verses, and the second Copy with Corrections, are both yet extant, viz., in the Harley Library, in Mr. Wycherley's own hand; from which will appear, that if they received any alterations from Mr. Pope, it was in the Omission of some of his own Praises.*

LETTERS

I wish you good Fortune; since a Man with store of Wit, as store of Mony, without the help of good Fortune, will never be Popular; but I wish you a great many Admirers, which will be some Credit to my Judgment as well as your Wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

*Extract from two Letters of Mr. WYCHERLEY of May 18,
and of July 28, 1708.*

I have made a damn'd Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me.—If you suffer my old Dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly Lads of the Plains, into the Company of the Town, 'twill be but like an old City-bawd's attending a young Country-beauty to Town, to gain her Admirers, when past the Hopes of pleasing the World herself.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 17, 1709.

I must thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies, which *Tonson* sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better receiv'd by the Publick, than your part of it; you have only displeas'd the Criticks by pleasing them too well; having not left them a Word to say for themselves, against you and your performances; so that now your hand is in you must persevere, 'till my Prophecy's of you be fulfill'd. In earnest, all the best Judges of good Sense, or Poetry, are Admirers of yours; and like your Part of the Book so well, that the rest is lik'd the worse. This is true upon my word, without Compliment; so that your first Success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in spite of your Wit; for a Poet's Success at first, like a Gamester's Fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the Gantlet, through all the Coffee-houses; which are now entertain'd with a whimsical new Newspaper, call'd, *The Tatler*, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (most People say) is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all *Europe* is, or must be satisfy'd with; so Poverty you see, which makes Peace in *Westminster-Hall*, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field, throughout the World: Peace then be to you, and to me; who am now grown peaceful, and will have no Contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend, or humble Servant, than

Your, &c.

LETTERS

Mr. POPE's Answer.

May 20, 1709.

I am glad you receiv'd the *Miscellany*,¹ if it were only to show you that there are as bad Poets in this Nation as your Servant. This modern Custom of appearing in Miscellanies, is very useful to the Poets, who, like other Thieves, escape by getting into a Crowd, and herd together like *Banditti*, safe only in their Multitude. Methinks *Strada* has given a good Description of these kind of Collections; *Nullus hodiè mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregrè; aut redit, aut nubit; aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi extemplò cudant Epicædia, Genethaliaca, Protrepica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticania, Propemptica, Soterica, Parenætica, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you were pleas'd to say of me to the World; which you do well to call your *Prophecy*, since whatever is said in my favour, must be a Prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My Pastoral Muse, like other Country Girls, is but put out of Countenance, by what you Courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young Scribler's vanity needs no Recruits from abroad: for Nature like an indulgent Mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their Satisfaction. If my Verses should meet with a few flying Commendations, *Virgil* has taught me that a young Author has not too much reason to be pleas'd with them, when he considers, that the natural consequence of Praise, is Envy and Calumny.

—*Si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuro :

When once a Man has appear'd as a Poet, he may give up his Pretensions to all the rich and thriving Arts: Those who have once made their court to those Mistresses without Portions, the Muses, are never like to set up for Fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfy'd if I can lose my Time agreeably this way, without losing my reputation: As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the Matter as *Falstaffe* was, and may say of *Fame* as he did of *Honour*, *If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an End on't.* I can be content with a bare saving game, without being thought an Eminent hand, (with which Title *Jacob* has graciously dignify'd his adventures and voluntiers in Poetry.) *Jacob* creates Poets, as Kings sometimes do Knights, not for their honour, but for money. Certainly he ought to be esteem'd a worker of Miracles, who is grown rich by Poetry.

What Authors lose, their Booksellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am, your, &c.

¹ Jacob Tonson's sixth Vol. of Miscellany Poems.

LETTERS

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 26, 1709.

The last I receiv'd from you, was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true Friend, and a true Christian, and I shall endeavour to follow your Advice, as well as your Example,——As for your wishing to see your Friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be said to leave the world, since I shall enjoy in your conversation, all that I can desire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the success of your Poems in the late Miscellany, I told you of in my last; (upon my word) I made you no Compliment, for you may be assur'd, that all sorts of Readers like them, except they are Writers too; but for them, (I must needs say) the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleas'd with 'em: So that you do not come off with a bare *Saving Game* (as you call it) but have gain'd so much Credit at first, that you must needs support it to the last: Since you set up with so great a Stock of good Sense, Judgment and Wit, that your Judgment ensures all that your Wit ventures at. The Salt of your Wit has been enough to give a relish to the whole insipid Hotch-Potch it is mingled with¹; and you will make *Jacob's Ladder* raise you to Immortality, by which others are turn'd off shamefully, to their Damnation (for Poetick Thieves as they are) who think to be sav'd by others good works, how faulty soever their own are: But the Coffee-house Wits, or rather Anti-wits, the Criticks, prove their Judgments by approving your Wit; and even the News-Mongers and Poets will own, you have more Invention than they; nay, the Detracters or the Envious, who never speak well of any Body, (not even of those they think well of in their absence) yet will give you (even in your absence) their good Word; and the *Criticks* only hate you, for being forc'd to speak well of you whether they will or no; and all this is true, upon the word of,

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 11, 1709.

My Letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up their scarcity of Sense by their number of Lines; which is like the *Spaniards* paying a debt of Gold with a load of brass Money. But to be a Plain-dealer, I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your Letters upon mine, by printing them, (as *Dennis* did mine) *without your knowledge too*, which wou'd be a revenge upon your Judgment, for the raillery of your Wit: For some dull

¹ The sixth Volume of Tonson's *Miscellanies*.

LETTERS

Rogues (that is the most in the World) might be such Fools as to think what you said of me, was in earnest: It is not the first time, you great Wits have gain'd Reputation by their paradoxical or ironical Praises; your Forefathers have done it, *Erasmus* and others.—For all Mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary Genius, or little Friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me seriously; who have given no sign of my Judgment, but my Opinion of yours, nor mark of my Wit, but my leaving off Writing, to the publick, now you are beginning, to shew the World, what you can do by yours: whose Wit is as spiritual as your Judgment infallible; in whose Judgment I have an implicit Faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my Works in this World, from the Flames and Damnation.—Pray present my most humble Service to Sir *W. Trumbull*; for whom and whose Judgment I have so profound a respect, that his Example had almost made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill Carriage to me; having once resolv'd to have reveng'd my self upon him by my Marriage, but now am resolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by his Marriage.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 1, 1710.

I have had yours of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I desire it shou'd be, since it tells me you cou'd be better pleas'd to be sick again in Town in my company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of Happiness than of Health: yet, my dear Friend, set raillery or compliment aside, I can bear your absence (which procures your Health and Ease) better than I can your company when you are in Pain: for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your company without seeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure; there I can have you without Rivals or Disturbers; without the C——s too civil, or the T——s too rude; without the Noise of the Loud, and the Censure of the Silent; and wou'd rather have you abuse me there with the Truth, than at this distance with your Compliment: Since now, your business of a Friend and kindness to a Friend, is by finding fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope (in point of your good nature) you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine, you were so willing to be troubled with; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation (nay not by preserving his Life) since by preserving his Life he can only make him live about threescore or fourscore Years; but by preserving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as

LETTERS

the World lasts; so save him from damning, when he is gone to the Devil: Therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to save them from condemnation by the Publick. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-gentlemen do with your Trees, slash, cut, and lop-off the Excrescencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bayes, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increase the value of them, by diminishing the number. I have troubled you with my Papers rather to give you Pain than Pleasure, notwithstanding your compliment, which says, you take the trouble kindly: Such is the generosity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my Letters out of Interest, if not Kindness; since mine to you will procure yours to me, so that I write to you more for my own sake than yours; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see Interest in my Kindness, which is like the Friendship of the World, rather to make a Friend than be a Friend; but I am yours, as a true *Plain-dealer*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 11, 1710.

If I can but do part of my Business at *Shrewsbury* in a Fortnights time (which I propose to do) I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my Company, for the remainder of the Summer: In the mean time I beg you to give your self the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think superfluous in my Papers, that I may endeavour to print such a Number of them as you and I shall think fit, about *Michaelmas* next; in order to which (my dear Friend) I beg you to be so kind to me, as to be severe to them; that the Criticks may be less so; for I had rather be condemn'd by my Friend in private, than expos'd to my Foes in publick, the Criticks, or common Judges, who are made such by having been old Offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much Faith in your Friendship and Sincerity, as I have Deference to your Judgment; and as the best Mark of a Friend, is telling his Friend his Faults in private, so the next is concealing them from the publick, 'till they are fit to appear; in the mean time I am not a little sensible of the great kindness you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in Tune, since good Sounds set off often ill Sense, as the *Italian* Songs, whose good Airs, with the worst Words, or Meaning, make the best Musick; so by your tuning my *Welsh* Harp, my rough Sense may be the less offensive to the nicer Ears of those Criticks, who deal more in Sound than Sense. Pray then take Pity at once both of

LETTERS

my Readers and me, in shortning my barren Abundance, and increasing their Patience by it, as well as the Obligations I have to you; and since no Madrigaller can entertain the Head, unless he pleases the Ear; and since the crowded Opera's have left the best Comedies with the least Audiences, 'tis a sign Sound can prevail over Sense; therefore soften my Words, and strengthen my Sense, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 27, 1710.

You give me an account in your Letter, of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your hands; amongst which (you say) you find numerous¹ repetitions, of the same Thoughts and Subjects; all which I must confess my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining; as well as made me capable of committing them; since, of all Figures, that of Tautology, is the last I would use, or least forgive my self for; but seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those Papers in your hands, with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books, of my damn'd Miscellanies; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy; therefore I would not have you give your self more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the World, in writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain your self and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers; all that I desire of you, is to mark in the Margin (without defacing the Copy at all) either any Repetition of Words, Matter, or Sense, or any Thoughts, or Words too much repeated; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my *want of Memory*, with your good One, and my *Deficiencies of Sense*, with the Infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assur'd I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your Plainness a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore

(Dear Mr. Pope)

Your most obliged humble Servant

W. WYCHERLEY.

¹ The Truth of this may be seen in the whole printed Volume of his Miscellanies in Folio, in 1704, in almost every Page.

LETTERS

All the News I have to fend you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his *Exit* from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

May 2, 1710.

I am sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your Exception not unmixt with some Suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your Request, not to cross over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor connect the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expression* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion, and desire, that you should take your Papers out of my hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every Blot, as well as every Alteration and Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this Task: On the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some Pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to lose no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the same way if you please; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere Opinion, that the greater Part would make a much better Figure, as *Single Maxims* and *Reflections* in Prose, after the manner of your favourite *Rocheffoucault*, than in Verse. And this, when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an easy Task for your self to do, notwithstanding the bad Memory you complain of.

I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

The End of Mr. *Wycherley's*¹ Letters.

¹ He dy'd five Years after, in December, 1715, Aged about Fourscore.

LETTERS NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

[Wycherley to John Caryl.]

Dear Sr,

I have received the honour of yr Letter, and in it your most obliging Invitation to your house, for which I think my obligation verry great, and if I can get away from the Bath, time enough, you may be in danger of a troublesome visit from me, who should be as proud of the honour of your conversation as I should be pleas'd, and instructed by it; but least your modesty should think I am going to write an Epistle dedicatory, instead of a Letter, I say no more at present then that no man who has been longer acquainted with you than me, has better opinion of your moralls, or judgement, and humanity than

Dear Sir,

Yr most obliged and most humble Servant,
W. WYCHERLEY.

London, May 17, 1704.

As to ye Scurvy present I make you, I wish, there were any thing in it, could entertain you, perhaps in the Country where ye Gazetts are wellcome, nay and a Letter from a London Taylor would be acceptable (unless it were accompany'd with a Dun) my damnd Book may be admitted at least be less impertinent.

[Wycherley to Lord Halifax.]

May 12, 1704.

My Lord,

Since Presents of this kind, are seldom made, without Apologies, for making them; yesterday Dr Garth told me that your Lordship did me the honour, to subscribe to this Book, w^{ch} I never knew before for the Knave ye Bookfeller, who should have printed, this scurvy miscellany, broke for the credit of ye Book, before he printed it; and never told me what he had rec^d, or from whom, so robs me, of the Subscriptions which I suppose he thought his due, for not being accessary to my shame in publishing soe scurvy a Book; But (My L^d) least this should seem an epistle Dedicatory I conclude it, assuring your Lordship if I had had the confidence, to have prefix'd any illustrious name, before it, your Lordships might have been in danger, tho', I seldom use my Friends so scurvily as that comes to neither, who am,

My Lord,

Yr Lordships most obligd, and most
humble Servant,

May ye 12.

W. WYCHERLEY.

A LETTER

FROM

Mr. *SHADWELL* to Mr. *Wicherley*.

INSpir'd with high and mighty Ale,
That does with stubborn Muse prevail:
Ale, that makes Tinker mighty Witty,
And makes him Droll out merry Ditty:
Ale, that much strengthens Pedlar's Back,
And makes him lightly trudge with Pack:
With Ale that makes e'en Hunting Sweet,
When Hunters after damn'd Falls meet,
And o'er Black Pot together fet,
All that day's Accidents repeat:
In Rhyme I greet my Friend in Town,
From *Hall* yclepped *Chaderton*:
Parenthesis is some what long,
But that excus'd in Verse or Song.
I did salute Friend with Epistle,
Which has by this time wiped his Tayl;
But he when Letters to him come,
With wife *Italian*, answers Mum.
Thus by the way I gently Dun ye
For Letter that is due, not Money:
I'm drinking now with Lusty *Parson*,
Such as in *London* there is scarce one;
'Tis true, in Latin they may quell him,
For *Alum Stalum non est Malum*,
Is all the Latin he can Conster,
Who in his drink is a meer Monster,
He out-does *Clements*, the World's wonder,
Nay more, he can make me knock under.
Nor cou'd I e'er be forc'd to say
White C——t I love thee, 'till this day;
But that he's now out of my reach,
To be reveng'd, I'd hear him Preach:
Were there of strong Ale here a full pit,
He'd make no more down Throat to gulp it,
Than belch out Ufes in a Pulpit.

LETTERS

Which he can do when e'er he will,
 Eafily as I can Shite with Pill.
 In fine, this Priest has mighty Pow'r
 At Supernaculum, and drinks more
 At fix Go-downs on Reputation,
 Than e'er a Levite in the Nation.
 But now to leave off Country Story,
 Which tedioufly I've laid before ye,
 Pray let me know what's done in City,
 Among the Brisk, the Gay, the Witty:
 If at the Theatres they talk aloud,
 And about Whores in Vizards crowd;
 If they break Windows when they're Drunk,
 And at late hours, wake *Whetstone's* Punk,
 That has all day been hard at Service,
 With Clerk and Prentice, *Tim* and *Gervas*,
 If being with powerful Drink made able,
 Like doubty Knights, they Affault Constable.
 What Poets now with Plays or Farces:
 To whipping Criticks, turn up Arfes;
 Criticks that Damn with little Wit
 As *Ned*, or *Fleckno* ever writ;
 This and that, what other News in Town
 Occurs, take pains and fend it down,
 While you of Stum, Alom and Sloes,
 Moloffus, Arfnick, Lime, take Dose,
 From Roguy Vinter, and do venture
 Your Life, when you in Tavern enter;
 In White-wine, Claret, Sack, or Hockum,
 Beyond the cure of Doctor *Stockum*,
 And pay dear for't: We can Caroufe
 For *Harry* Groat, in low Thatch-house,
 With Country Justice, or with Squire,
 With fleek Black-pot o'er good Coal-fire,
 Like your true Englishmen in Ale,
 That Wholfom, Nappy, Clear and Stale.
 While you to *Chloris*, or to *Phillis*,
 (Who's as Expensive as *Su Willis*,)
 Muft Cringe, and humbly vail your Bonnet,
 And full of Wine and Love, make Sonnet:
 For Treat of Ale, or at moft Brandy,
 We can have wholfom Lafs that's handy,
 That will lye down with all her heart:

LETTERS

Here Love is Nature, there 'tis Art,
Whilst you of Politics talk much
Of Jealousies 'twixt French and Dutch;
Of setting Fleet out, raising Forces,
And talk of Dogs, and Hawks, and Horses.
Instead of *Phyllis*, or of *Chloris*,
Who with you no better than a Whore is
We here remember in full Can,
Dear Jowler, Ruffler, Towser, Vulcan,
Or Dog that is of high Renown,
That famous Mouth, or Nose does own:
Which sure is much a worthier Creature,
Than *London Punk* of brightest Feature.
But now 'tis late, Post will not stay,
But like old Time, will fly away;
To Morrow he's to dust a Stand,
That is your Servant to Command.

THE ANSWER

THAT I have only answer'd Mum,
To Letter which long since did come,
It is confess'd,
But that it never kiss'd my Bum,
Is but a Jest.

I will not make you vain Excuses,
Which between senseless Fops the use is:
Those civil Fops, who without bidding,
Forswear themselves to shew good Breeding;
But Faults forgiven when confess'd
You are as Merciful as Priest;
No business for my self or Friend
Was 'cause I Letter did not send,
Nor F—cking can like you pretend.
For sure you cannot drink and F—ck,
Like Husband of St. *James's* Duck;
Those by your leave, are mighty Talents,
Which only meet in wadling Gallants;

LETTERS

You I believe in low Thatcht-house,
 With *Cloris Vicar* do Carouse,
 And Kifs his Ruby and Clip'en;
 But *Thomas*, you F—ck now in Shipen:
 That's an Employment does not fuit ye,
 'Tis for your Officer a Duty:
 So to each other Reason do,
 You drink for him, he F—cks for you.
 With Nut-brown Bowl at long Hall-Table,
 You make't appear how you are able,
 In Shipen, he with Nut-brown Bauble.
 While you for him, make Neighbour Drunk,
 He keeps your word with Bare-foot Punk;
 Such as you call cheap wholsom Doxy,
 Who will not Beggar you, nor Pox ye:
 Such as for Apron green and Shoon,
 In Ditch with Tinker, will lye down,
 But she for Money will Swive none;
 For poor Whore's Lace to garnish Pinner,
 You may *Tom* (if you can) get in her;
 For Shoe-strings blue, or Inkle Garters,
 You may too get between her Quarters;
 For F—cking she believes no Sin is,
 But taking the Half-Crown; or Guinea's.
 But stay I think you News bespoke,
 Of what is done, 'mong our Town Folk.
 Know then there is an end of Lent,
 And Money given by Parliament,
 Yet Nation still must Fast, and eke repent.
 By Prorogation some Ajourn
 To the Fleet, 'till Priviledge return,
 To *Ireland*, or *Geneva* some,
 'Till theirs, and Court wants call 'em home:
 To *Dunkirk*, *Paris*, or *Mompelier*,
 Cause of Consumptions they are ill here,
 And in a hundred other Cities,
 Our Commons sit in close Committees:
 So *Bayliff-Bum*, like *Noll* so fierce
 Can prating Multitude disperse,
 And with their Priviledge wipe his Arse.
 Now you wou'd know some *White-hall* News,
 But my Obnoxious wary Muse
 For want of Ale, begs your Excuse.

LETTERS

Yet you may know that from *French King*
Is lately come a well-bred Thing,
Who is not with a Challenge sent,
But with a Mourning Complement,
A formal Melancholy Drolling
Which Folks do use to call Condoling;
By which *French King* we must infer,
Is sorry, Duke's a Widdower,
But Dukes not sorry I dare Swear.
The Players, who had lost their Tongues
For Grief, again now stretch their Lungs,
And drunken Punk and Fop do fit
And brawl and sweat and stink in Pit;
And then in *Hide-Park* do repair
To make a Dust and take no Air,
And shortly, your Friend *Vinegar*,
With whip in hand will make a Ring
While *Brawny North*, the West doth fling,
And then I hope you'll come to Town
With Captain, who is new gone down,
I wou'd turn o're the Leaf, but know
My Muse has tyr'd her self and you.

And so Adieu.

EPISTLES TO THE KING AND DUKE

London,

Printed for Tho. Dring, at the Harrow against the
Temple-Gate in Fleet-street.

M.DC.LXXXIII.

To the KING

WISE Men begin at th' Enterprises End,
Sense shou'd the Aim, ere 'tis an Act, commend;
With Courtiers, Fencers, Lawyers, Poets still
Boldness makes up, their want of Force, or Skill;
And Zeal is oft, the Pious Fools Excuse,
Whose rude Pray'r is the Deity's Abuse;
So when defaming Libels flie abroad,
Defaming the high Name of earthly God,
I too, scarce hold taking great Name in vain,
Must with new insolence, of theirs complain;
Who thinks your Name by Slaves can lessen'd be,
Do's to your Honour, but more Injury;
Of all your Provinces, yet ne're was known,
Parnassus (Sir) Rebellious to the Crown,
Province of Wit, more than the rest your own
Tho Poets still, by Courts were kept Threadbare,
In Verse, for Monarchy, true Wits declare,
A Wit's your true, Indigent Officer
Still out of Royal Sight, kept below Stairs,
Appearing through his Coat, seldom appears;
Court litter ere has been a Spaniel Crew;
To Fawning, Sloth, yet scarce to Master true,
Suff'ring no Poor, to come in Master's view;
If Royal Bounty, ought to Stranger throws,
The Household greedy Fawners interpose;
So Wretch for whom 'twas meant, the Boon must lose;
I am the only Spaniel of the Crown,

LETTERS

Kick'd out, and yet must still be hanging on,
 The kinder too, for being but ill us'd,
 To baffled me, why is Court-grace refus'd?
 Where 'tis Preferment, but to be abus'd
 But Poet 'mongst State-Lyars can't put in,
 And Wit with Politicks, scarce ere there, seen,
 The only bashful Lyar too, comes there,
 And only hungry, ill clad, Flatterer;
 Flatt'ry with Wit, like Paint on a good Face,
 Instead of setting off, heightning Disgrace,
 And Flattery makes Wit thought counterfit,
 As red, which does appear too plain to fight,
 Renders suspected, undawb'd neighb'ring White;
 Wit, like unfarded Beauty, will appear,
 Still best bare-fac'd, and when Men peep most near;
 Yet *Fucus* Flattery's too hard for Wit,
 Tho by Wits shelter she do's safest sit,
 Mole Flatterer, sole danger of great Men,
 Who raises levels up, whilst Heart's unseen,
 Heaving loose Hills, for trampling proud Court foot,
 In unsmooth Court paths, still to spurn about;
 Court-Underminers, are still trod upon,
 Yet to destroy them, each great Man has one;
 As Elephants have Mice to eat 'em down;
 The Horse, has lurking Bot, the Dog his Worm,
 Poet, has Worm call'd Wit, to do him harm;
 Each Mortal, do's own Bane about him bear,
 So great Prince has, his sticking Flatterer;
 Flattery copper Coin to current Wit,
 Tho so Court current, ne're pass'd with you, yet;
 That Ivy of Court Cedars, whose Embrace,
 Hinders its high Stocks growth, its worst disgrace,
 Destruction to best Pallaces high walls,
 Whilst from her clinging growth, huge Fabrick falls;
 But you hate Flattery, as you love Wit,
 Bold Flattery, always too hard for it;
 For Flatterers, tho you low Race disown,
 Still think themselves, Appendixes o'th' Crown,
 So sticking Sploach, Golds lustre will deface,
 And Cobwebs oft, hang safest on high place,
 To Courts, perpetual hanging on, Disgrace;
 Wit like your Robes, none but you there have on,
 Easie Majestick free, to be aim'd at by none;

LETTERS

In Conversation make no diff'rence yet,
 Distinguish'd then as first but by your Wit,
 Which like your Gold, from you do's freely flow,
 Fountain of Honor, Wealth, nay true Wit too,
 You are a Tyrant only by your Wit,
 Tormenting aiming Coxcombs still with it,
 And no bold Talker can safe near you sit;
 You never triumph, tho you overcome,
 Not by your Checks, but Wit, make Talkers dumb;
 Monarch of Wit, have all Wits in your pow'r,
 Yet ne're made Man blush, who cou'd blush before;
 Nay let too, forward dapper Wit, alone,
 'Till that his own bold Nonfence runs him down;
 So an ill Fencer falls by his own Sword,
 The more he pushes, the more out of guard;
 But you, Wit, like your Justice (Sir) all know,
 More than in punishment in mercy show,
 Tho if provok'd none can be sharper too;
 But sparing is the part of gen'rous Wit,
 Whilst rambling Fools shot, do's all round it, hit;
 Loud half Wits, as loud half Braves, bloody't are,
 In their Wits fury, Man, nor Woman, spare;
 But true Wits, like your Spaniels have alone,
 Their Master-Friend, by th' Crowd, kick'd, trod upon;
 Wits small great Party, you alone (Sir) are,
 Yet Poet, at *Whitehall*, sole Flatterer,
 Who by the Rules of Court, is left to starve,
 If not Wit, lying shou'd the Wretch preserve,
 Where cutting Friends up do's Knaves mouthfuls carve;
 And palling Flattery, helps Fools to dine,
 But cou'd Wits force, with Flattery once join,
 It ne're cou'd have, improsperous design;
 For Wit, with Flattery, like Force with Art,
 Lay's open fencing Courtiers cover'd heart;
 'Gainst lurking Flattery, few men there are,
 Who want their weak side, or do not lie bare;
 None but you (Sir) for Flattery too high,
 That piercing soft, feather'd Artillery;
 Which falls to Earth, aiming up, at the Sky;
 Against Court Wind-Guns you alone are fast,
 And Poyson-praise, Court-slaves before you taste,
 They have first draught, to you presented last:
 At Court, Wit lives, alas, like Loyalty,

LETTERS

Maim'd, shabby, out of date, by all pass'd by;
 Thought Favourit of Courts, gets there but shame,
 Sole Lyar there too, Subject; is to blame
 Like Cavalier, lives on Witts Lottery,
 The Play-house, starving Scene of Poetry;
 That scrambling Lottery of needy Wit,
 Where most times chance is mis'd for one poor hit,
 And all with busie, filching Scribling paw,
 For art, and pushing blanks most often draw;
 Saints meeting Play-houses play down the Stage,
 There act more lew'd love, and more Bloody rage
 With Devils, Pope, and Fryers to engage,
 And they on Pulpit-Ribaldry grow fat,
 On vices of the World too live, and chat,
 Better, than any Poet of 'em All,
 Or Coffee-holders-forth, who unhir'd Baul;
 By Prickear'd, Busie, Lasy is reviv'd,
 So did he look so whine, so sneer'd, so griev'd,
 And Foe to Plays the greatest Player is—
 Acts on stale Plot, tho People roar, and hiss,
 Low'd, bauling Bombast, tragick Villany,
 And seriously plays Pulpit-Comedy,
 Ridiculous, Religious Mimickry;
 For four hours, deaf'ning Galleries and Pit,
 While Pulpit-fixt long Ears in Pill'ry fit,
 And those merc'less Ear Executioners,
 To Pulpits pin down, for five hours, all Ears,
 With mauling, rayling, sharp invective Prayers,
 Against the Play-houses, so much declare,
 Cause such their Meeting-houses, only are;
 When Town, had but two, they cou'd ne're agree,
 What fewds will rise by late Pluralitie?
 Let Cushion-beaters rage, thump Pulpits down,
 Each thrash about him, till his Cushion's gone;
 And if (Sir) once you take away Saint's ease,
 His Praying, and his noise, will soon then cease;
 So Pillow ta'n from Sick-mans dying Bed,
 Strugler gets quiet from his fallen head;
 In meeting Play-house, thriving Players do,
 To Less then ten, with sharing audience go;
 They Tythes alone, for gain-sake still lay down,
 Because they think their Flocks fleece all their own.
 Believe as Saints, so Heaven's sole Heirs they are,

LETTERS

And wrong'd, when they are stinted to tenth share,
 Of blessings, which like showers, come without care:
 But holy Play-houses, like others do,
 Act Tragedies on Kings, in Puppet show,
 And with the Royal leave, or sufferance,
 By acting so, the active cause advance;
 Of Rapin, Rage, Rebellion, nay Lust too,
 Where rais'd up Eyes, each Dame and Purse look throw,
 There with rude Worship, Church, and Court defame,
 In Pray'r take most in vain, God's, and your name;
 Yet often't in their Pray'r you are left out,
 But in Pray'r only, 'scape blaspheming Throat;
 Such old Reformers, did old Laws withstand,
 Such by King-killing, made yours holy Land;
 And such, again, (forbid Eternal Pow'r,)
 Would so exalt their King as once before,
 But you, without Death's stroak, will ever live,
 In deeds of Mercy, like a God, you give,
 Yet Death, or vengeance deal with slowest Arm,
 By mercy (Sir) you only can do harm;
 Yours is, in sparing but destructive hand,
 With stroaks you'd heal, State-evil of your Land;
 But when you think all's Cur'd the hum'rous Sore,
 Missing your Gold, breaks out, worse than before;
Rebellion, like a Fellow, must endure,
 Squeezing and anguish, ere 'twill find a Cure;
 You ne'r are cruel, but when you forgive,
 And Rebels, whom your laws condemn reprieve,
 Saving such lives, risks that, by which all live;
 When a King's Murder'd, one Man do's not die,
 Whole Nations, suffer Death in Monarchy,
 And lose their dearest Life old Liberty:
 Your Arm, like Heaven's fences with your Foes,
 To save those lives who would your power depose;
 Excess of Mercy, is self cruelty,
 Hazzarding Life that Murderers mayn't die;
 Yet sometimes, Trait'rous Friend bids Friend have care,
 Makes him turn's Head, to take him unaware,
 When none, but his own Trait'rous hand, was near;
 But your own sparing hand, you need but fear,
 'Cause 'twou'd not kill, but only rage disarm,
 Vent'ring your self, not enemy to harm;
 Late is your Veng'ance, if it comes at all,

LETTERS

Like Heaven's hand, your great Original,
Tardy in punishment, in giving swift,
When merit calls, you give 'till nothing's left;
Kings names, by th' King of Mettles ought to live,
Yet not by Drofs they stamp, but Gold, they give;
Kings are Land-Pyrats from their taking pow'r,
By gift, not stamp of Gold, Kings are made more,
By giving each King grows an Emperour;
Yet the sole fault of giving, is excess;
Its overflowing, maks its shallowness,
By giving, Liberality will cease,
All but your self, in your Court, are at ease,
All but your self, there too, proud, big, and high;
O'reflowing honour dreins Spring Majesty,
And when a Prince puts Royal stamp on Brads,
Raifing the Mettles price, will his debase;
Some worthlefs wretches wear high Character,
As Copper Farthings too Kings Image bear,
As well as Gold, which weighs well, and looks right,
Of worth Intrinfick, glorious too, in fight;
When honours grow too cheap, it is a fign,
In other Courts of fcarcity of Coin,
So Royal stamp, in Exigences has,
Coin'd Leather, and for fterling made it pafs,
But your stamp is the fame, on Lead, and Brads;
In heat of stamping often dull Drofs may
Mix with pure Gold, and fteal its stamp away;
Yet fome there are, deferve the stamp I know.
And as true Coin, may make the falfe to go
When Princes juftly honour too confer,
Such honour'd is, his Prince's honourer;
You can make any thing, but your felf proud,
Beft Kings, are like beft Gold, eafieft bow'd;
Such is your gentle condefcending Reign,
As when Gods rul'd each Village and each Plain,
Ere Ceremony fway'd, Pride, or Difdain,
Or ruft of Avarice, did Confcience ftain;
And ere intruding, lowd Religion ftrove,
To change for tattle, filence of the Grove;
Left Heav'nly folitude t'improve the Earth,
And fcourc'd filent content, for noify mirth;
Such your Reign, as when Gods rul'd infant Times,
Your patience, bounty, mercy, are your Crimes;

LETTERS

If they are faults, the Gods are Gods by them,
 More than by Thunder, or Stars Diadem;
 Your power alone, in saving you employ,
 You still save more, than Tyrants wou'd destroy;
 Some Kings, out of revenge, but Justice do,
 But out of easiness, their pitty shew,
 And out of highest Vanity, seem low,
 You are your Nations King, yet Father too;
 Your haughty Brother, Kings by ruin Reign,
 Offenders of your Mercy but complain,
 When they act o're their Villanies again:
 You by forgiving make, and Conquer Foes,
 And bind men more, by letting of 'em loose;
 Pard'ning, in other Kings, is but an art,
 More to enslave, they give Life for a Heart,
 Which never must from them again depart;
 So give Life, but to take away a Life,
 For Death to wretch, from slavery's reprief,
 Such Kings reprieve wretch, from the quiet grave,
 To make him live in Hell here Gally slave;
 To force slave Subjects, is Kings slavery,
 A Rape on Hearts, begets disloyalty;
 Making your Subjects Hearts unask'd to give,
 Is only Gods, and your Prerogative,
 Force on Allegiance worse than Rape on Love,
 Pleasure, and rule by force, but Tirefom pain will prove
 With your rude Nation, you, have kindly strove,
 But after all your Courtship, still you find,
 The hum'rous fullen harlot, scarce is kind,
 The only she, to whom your love apply'd,
 Who sawcily, her kindness has deny'd;
 Yet will she, beastly prostrate be, lie down,
 And common grow to Fop of Shire and Town,
 Not worthy for such Majesty to own:
 Your Nation was your Mistrifs next to Fame,
 'Till she prov'd false; your wrong is but her shame,
 The more you Court, the Jilt becomes more coy,
 Your shew of Love, do's but your hopes destroy;
French Hectors kick, coy Jade e're she'll be kind,
 That way of wooing's best most Monarchs find:
 Neglect, scorn, and ill nature, best subdue
 Her who, then's only lost when you pursue,
 She to be follow'd will run out of view:

LETTERS

False Common-wealth, dear Pation of her Prince,
 She who has been chief Mistris of expence,
 Is first, who at your giving takes offence;
 Jade Common-wealth, who in your bosom lay,
 Her whom you watch'd all night, Courted by day,
 Proves now your false, and weakning *Dalila*,
 Betraying first your strength your Life wou'd lose,
 Clipping your power, you to *Philistians* expose,
Philist'ans, to Almightyness, old Foes,
 Who from your strength to mightiness first rose;
 She too, wou'd make great Master but her slave,
 Crown proud, scorns him, from bountys first he gave,
 Such fickle, false, and humorous next Fame,
 Is Mistris Common-wealth, her Lovers shame,
 Who suffers her too high, wou'd be too tame.
 Truckling's the way to make Love still despis'd,
 For haughtiness, more than for truth oft pris'd:
 That Love which can engage, yet will not awe,
 Contempt in fine on profferer will draw,
 False Subjects, like false Whores but true for fear,
 Are Loyallest, when they are kept most bare.

After new Conquests you ne're vainly roam,
 To make War which tho scouring far from home,
 At length, do's to home rage, and plundering come,
 Nay Princes, ravage home, to sack abroad,
 With burth'nous War, own Paissants first they load,
 To make strange Subjects Vassals to their Throne,
 Some squeez, tax, torture, and fire too, their own;
 Ambitiously, to others ruin run,
 First by own loss, and desolation;
 So pushing Kings, like stamping Fencers live,
 Upon those sides to which most bangs they give,
 As if that Subjects, were like hide-bound stocks,
 Whom Prince, by bangs to bearing fruit provokes,
 Slave so to Fame, for's glory slaves do's load,
 Sets fire on home, to make men fly abroad,
 So broken Knave fires own House to get Brief,
 His ruin is, his ruins sole relief;
 And Poverty in peace, that makes men run,
 From Laws; in War, leads always poor Rogues, on;
 Kings pillage slaves, 'till pillaging goes round,
 By want, as well as rage, Arms first are found,
 So those, who cannot live, nor starve at home,

LETTERS

For fear of starving to be kill'd may roam;
 Are fitted for a March, before they go,
 All hardship, want, first from their Prince they know,
 Train'd up at home, for Military Vice,
 In Theft, and Soldiers starving exercise,
 In suff'ring hunger, thirst, and stripes are brave,
 So way to Conquer, is to be a slave;
 Home-hunger, and home-thirst the slaves first try,
 Thus neighb'ring shore is made Arms nursery,
 So Officers in Muster's only-stout,
 To shew their valour, first their own men rout,
 But when none strike again, lay most about.
 Soldiers from Officers take bangs, and blows,
 That they may learn to take 'em from their foes;
 And Soldiers oft by being cloath'd, are stript,
 And being paid, have half their wages clipt,
 Like Martial Fools, are Knaves, on honours score,
 Most Courts with payments Rob, with gifts make poor
 With Titles infamous, with praise a Whore,
 Valliantest there, oft of their pay afraid,
 Most often too, but with bangs truly paid;
 By State Cashiers, and Captains are rob'd fo,
 That art of pillaging they too may know,
 E're they themselves may come, to strip a Foe;
 So Soldier who, first Arms, and Armour buys,
 By his own Arm, or Shot, their mettle tries,
 So hack they too, their Soldiers nat'ral Buff,
 To find, if that it be true hacking proof,
 And when their Geese, and Estridges can live,
 On Iron, then tame flock from home they drive;
 Then too, on heedless neighbours are let loose,
 When they are ready to eat up friends, foes;
 So Mastiffs from their hunger, and their chains,
 Get courage which their Masters Fold maintains,
 And at his Whistle follow him about,
 Lapping from Fountain made by Horses foot,
 Such, and so hard, is honours Pilgrimage,
 To honours shrine, leads many a tedious stage,
 Fames crack'd Divote, long gadding undergoes,
 As if 'twere got by wearing out ones shoes;
 From beating only Hoof, not beat of Drum,
 Late Conquerors far Provinces o'recome,
 So Pack-horses, with Snapfacks too engage,

LETTERS

The Winds, and Storms, steep Hills, and Drivers rage,
 And may be said to make a long Campaigne,
 Of which they never but by ribs complain,
 Carriers, for loading hard too, so get praise,
 And for their going on still name can raise,
 And beating of the Hoof so up and down,
 To Provinces they trot thro' are well known;
 And but for gadding far and near renown'd,
 As any Drudge, on Fames Road lately found,
 For all late wand'ring Conquests we did see,
 Reckon'd for Travels, shou'd much rather be,
 If gadding so shou'd get Drudge Prince great stile,
 What was *Tom Coriat*, or great *Mandavil*?
 No Heroes fure take now more care or pain,
 Nor World with larger Memoirs entertain;
 Whose Printed Campaigns too, walk the World round;
 And shew their harden'd Soles, have trod more ground
 Than any Fame-hunter, on Earth now found;
 When Conquests only trudging Marches are,
 Kings are Arms Pedlars, but of Fames small ware;
 They too like gadding Filchers bravely do,
 Take frighten'd Geese, Pigs, Smocks, wheres'ere they go,
 Make Corn, nay Hay, by lying on it Straw,
 And Pris'ner Poultry from warm Roost draw,
 And all this too, by Gadders Martial Law,
 With hasty Course, new Conqu'ers like the wind,
 All you blow down, alas, you leave behind;
 Skies Circling Tempests, and swift Whirlwinds so,
 Before them but old Thatch, and Forrage blow,
 And harm, to quiet Sheep, and Cattel do.
 Yet we, from Airy Head no Annals find,
 Of the vast Conquests by her Prince the wind,
 Honour is self, is in the wind light chaff,
 Of which too, whistling rumour will rob half,
 It swells, breaks bag, small nourishment do's yield,
 And no encrease, tho strew'd on fruitful Field;
 And tho it be so stuffed out to the fight,
 See it 'tis dross, and weigh it 'tis but light;
 Food fit for proud Beast who bears it about,
 Whose Load helps him to fall into the rout,
 And when once down, keeps him from coming out:
 So gadding Princes, Hackneys are to empty Fame,
 Who Loads 'em 'till she Rides 'em down or Lame,

LETTERS

All her trap'd Hackneys get by trotting on,
 To Rodes for Robbers, is to be well known;
 By Marching World round, all that Hero's gain,
 Is Dirty Boots, and labour for their pain;
 For spoiling of the Rodes, and making Padders,
 Slaves, Horfes, Affes, Thieves so too are Gadders;
 By setting, and way-laying treach'rous arts,
 As Padders Horfes, Hero's steal Mens Hearts,
 To Jade 'em in their Service, when weak, lean,
 Take trappings off turn 'em to th' Road again,
 Disabled flave in force for carrying Arms,
 Becomes a Drudge to Villages, and Farms;
 Or else a Prince 'gainst his Laws makes Bandits,
 Murderers, Robbers, or worse Parasits,
 Cruel assassins of good Mens fame,
 And ne'r let pass unrifled a good name;
 Courts are the Garrisons of Lawless tongues,
 Whence all, who are not of 'em suffer wrongs,
 If Tribute, Flattery, there be not paid,
 From Pimps, and Knaves, the only Royal Aid;
 That vile old Court Coin, you Sir have cry'd down,
 As too light, and too base for you to own,
 Fit only for Court-sweepers humble rout,
 Whose Knees, Tongues rub, and lick Court-sploches out;
 You are sole Prince, who ever would decry,
 For Coin unlawful current Flattery;
 Which other Kings are made immortal by
 Base damming Immortality, which does
 Eternize names, but to their shame, and loss;
 If counterfeiting Coin, we Treason deem,
 What is't to make a King quite other seem?
 If Treasons crime be Coins diminishing,
 What is't, to lessen, clip, wash o're a King?
 Flattery do's suspected glory bring;
 True sterling needs no rule to set it off,
 Its own Intrinsick worth, it's valu's proof;
 You are sole Prince, wou'd flattery disown,
 Which no Kings, but your self wou'd 'ere cry down,
 They set their Royal Marks upon it, so,
 Will in exchange of favour take it too;
 And in their Pallaces, each King to's face,
 That counterfeit low Coin, bowing and base,
 Treason against him, for him, will let pass;

LETTERS

Almost my crime (great Sir) prays shorth of you,
 Is diminution of your honour so, }
 That out of duty, I but Rebel grow,
 Serving you thus, such pardon shall I want,
 As you to self-accuser often grant;
 But dulness pardon, no where e're cou'd find,
 Yet Courts to impudence, have oft been kind;
 But that was more, then you Sir ever knew,
 Your Officers forgive, nay pay bold crew,
 Or else themselves in others they'd condemn,
 They modesty, as her twin-wit contemn,
 Boldness at Court, they think do's merit show.
 Men get Coin, not by Brains but outside brow,
 Thick sculs, fraught with but out-side confidence, }
 Have seldom need of inside bashful sense,
 They speak as eat, but from their lib'ral Prince;
 Honey of Courts, makes there such dronish swarms,
 Mens impudence is wealth there, Womens charms;
 But now to modesty, I've lost pretence, }
 Daring Sir, at your praise is impudence,
 Sawcy Address to Majesty Offence. }
 But you, the highest, humblest of your Court,
 Have pardon'd Millions of this ins'lent sort,
 No modest Writer, but with Pen in's hand,
 Thinks he has priviledge to mak's Prince stand.
 Poems are but Petitions too in Verse,
 Which Authors sufferings, and wants reherse;
 Large Portions they of Fame to Princes give,
 That you in Verse, and they may by it live,
 Like senseless Courtiers with mean flattery,
 Think so, Kings grace, they do not beg, but buy;
 Bold wretches, to your Memory still sue, }
 For promises, you gave to them ne're due,
 And beg, to be remembered still by you: }
 A Princess easy't boon, forgetfulness,
 I only beg, for which too, none else pres;
 Such grant too, without asking Princes give,
 By your forgetting, I new way shou'd thrive.
 To be forgotten, Sir, were grace to me,
 The only ruin'd, by your Memory;
 Worst crime is still, rejecting Heavens grace,
 Worst punishment, is not to see Gods Face;
 None wretched are, who can come where you are,

LETTERS

Wretch is damn'd here, who must that joy forbear:
 You are but terrible abroad to Foes,
 Your loaded Forehead here no terrour shows,
 You do not rule your Subjects with your brows;
 With no proud threats, your Neighbours e're alarme,
 Nor seek vain stile, to do your Subjects harm,
 Conqu'ring abroad, brings desolation home,
 Old Subjects are enslav'd, new to o'recome;
 Like Torrents, Kings, o'rethrow own banks to roam.
 But your smooth stream, seeks not to overthrow,
 Her own Banks, that to strange Coasts it may go,
 Your streams of power, on own Banks ne'er intrude,
 Yet yours, Gods overflowing hands similitude;
 You, like your *Thames* (Sir) keep a temp'rate Course,
 The Shore you glide by's fatten'd, not the worse,
 Your even Stream seeks but to keep its own,
 (From choaking Sands which wou'd its current drown)
 But not to undermine its wealthy Ghost,
 O'reflowing streams by their own Banks are lost;
 The more abroad, the stream of pow'r o'reflows,
 Drier and narrower, at home it grows,
 Dividing do's of't name, and corrent lose;
 Branching of Pow'r dreins but the first Spring-head,
 Foraign o'reflowing makes home, dry and dead;
 Making a War, is making Victors less,
 And getting power, but at their wealths decrease;
 Let other vain Kings, their Wild gaddings boast,
 What treasures they of men, for blows have lost,
 The cheapest Victories, to dearly cost;
 'Tis senseless glory got by growing poor,
 Making new Subjects, by the loss of more,
 Kings when they kill, are Men, Gods when they give,
 Not Deaths, or Rapin, bounty makes Kings live,
 Fierceness, but makes men fly, Gold makes Men kneel,
 'Tis plyant Gold that Conquers not hard steel;
 More pow'r Man has, the less 'tis to be us'd,
 Using pow'r ill, God whence it came's abus'd;
 Subject's a Rascal, whose unequal pow'r,
 In Duel-war, has made him Conquerour;
 Who with the longest Sword chooses to fight,
 Nor cause, nor heart, ('tis to be fear'd) has right,
 'Tis infamous by meer strength to o'recome,
 Becoming not a King, but wrestling Groom;

LETTERS

Kings who exceed Commiſſion to 'em giv'n,
 Are themſelves Traitours to the Prince of Heav'n,
 And who do's not to execute Heav'ns will,
 In ſparing Traitours Blood, his own do's ſpill.
 God, great Example to Vicegerents gave
 When he threw down the firſt Rebellious ſlave,
 The Rebels puniſhments, good Subjects ſave,
 And Juſtice done reprieves near dying Laws,
 Half ty'd up, choak'd, by the new, good old Cauſe;
 But Death's, the only flow reward you give
 With Heavenly patience you for Stiff-necks grieve,
 Whilſt Hypocrites to you, uſe ſelf-deceit,
 Who wou'd cheat a wiſe God, good King, himſelf do's cheat;
 Traitours to you, ſtabs to own Conſcience give,
 Ill Life's worſt puniſhment's to let it live,
 The envious you execute, by their reprieve,
 Who for the good you do, tho 'twere to them wou'd grieve,
 To pardon them, will hardly give you leave;
 And guilty Conſcience is worſt Hangman too,
 Severeſt Juſtice to it ſelf will do.
 And Subjects are Self-Felons i'th' true Sence,
 Who would deſtroy a Juſt, and Pard'ning Prince.
 The Life of free-born Man is Liberty,
 And Life of Liberty is Monarchy,
 If we beſt, firſt Man's ſervice thraldom call,
 What muſt it be to ſerve then always all?
 The Government o'th' Skies, ours imitates,
 Rul'd by one ſingle pow'r, and yet three States;
 O might our imitation throughly run,
 Your Godlike Reign Eternally laſt on,
 Excepting perpetuity alone;
 Our ſparing King, lives here a Deity,
 Of whom nothing but's wrath can ever dye.
 'Tis but your Juſtice do's ill Men incenſe,
 You, for Rebellion, leave Slaves no pretence,
 Are Good, Great, Merciful, ev'n to Offence,
 Kings, but condemn the Juſt, when they the guilty ſave,
 Suffering Tyrant Slaves, they their own Crowns enſlave;
 And Subjects mutiny, is madneſs, rage,
 When each for th' publick, 'gainſt themſelves engage,
 For fear of one King, ſet up Hundreds more,
 Who have but pow'r too, but to make 'em poor,
 Yet now are ſaving, on unthrifty ſcore;

LETTERS

So treacherous Trustees, take only care,
To spare the Tenants, but to rack the Heir,
To force releases keep him low, and bare.

}

But since your Slaves for you, too high wou'd grow,
At their own perils, let it e'en be so;
In spight, heap Titles on 'em, more and more,
That since Purse proud, they may be honour poor;
That heaviest Tax of honour, none deny;
A Tax with which all Fools, most Knaves comply;
A Tax, to beggar their Posterity.
So Pyramids more high they grow, grow less,
Their heighth is but their substances decrease.

}

FINIS.

TO THE
D U K E

Written in his Absence, occasion'd from the fight
of some Defamatory *Libels* on Him.

THE Brave and Just, life to himself does give,
Ready't to dye, is fittest still to live;
Nor Virtues, nor the Crimes of Ancestors,
Can truly magnify or lessen Ours.
Why should Syres, Mothers, Sisters, or Wives Sin,
Be a Reproach to him, that's next of Kin?
Man may to Stock, or Blood, Related be,
From Friends ill Fame, Ignoble Vice, yet free;
Virtue is still the best Nobility,
Justice, and Truth, most lasting Heraldry;
Let *Jockeys* Huntsmen of long Stocks take heed,
Value a *Horse*, or *Dogg*, but for their Breed,
And take no notice of their Shapes, or Speed.
The Stallion-Parent, only Shapes does find,
No mortal Syre, can give the God-like mind;
Wife, Just, is Noble by the *God's* above,
Good Actions best, high Linage from 'em prove:
Just form, is Royal, knows to Dye, as Live,
Life to forgotten Ancestors, does give;
In Mercy shews his Braver Conquer'd Heart,
And Wounds he's forc'd to give, first make him Smart.
In giving Life, a *Gods*, or *Heroes* part.
His Mercy is, sole danger of his Life;
To save, more than to kill, is still his strife:
To Honour, he by Arms, no siege does lay,
He dares meet Death; from Fame yet flies away.
Such are You (*Sir*) Obscur'd by Royal Blood:
Had you not own'd a KING for Syre, you shou'd,
By mortal *Heroes*, have been own'd a GOD,
Above the *Commets* dread Heav'ns held-out Rod;

LETTERS

Your suff'rings only prove your mortal Race;
Best Prince was once with People in Disgrace:
With a more *Jewish* race, you have to do,
Who wou'd their Countrys-Saviour banish too:
Yet you bear wrongs, like an immortal mind,
Some sorrows, (but for sins against you) find;
But for your self, you never feel the wrongs
Are done you, by prophaning Hearts and Tongues.
If any touch you, they are chiefly those,
Offer'd you by reneagueing slaves Friend-Foes.
Their aim they do, you cannot courage lose:
Blaspheming does no wrong to heedless Jove,
Atheist to you, shall Hell in conscience prove.
Your God-like Patience will disarm their spight;
Your Constancy, shall their perverseness fight,
Your quiet Suff'ring, shew your heart, sense right.
Wretches, who did their Lawful Prince dethrone,
Of his Inheritance, wou'd rob the Son:
Fond fools, Heav'n says, it can't, it shan't be done.
Such Insolents, once Heav'n it self assayl'd,
And 'ore the *God's* themselves wou'd have prevail'd.
Such long-Arm'd Monsters against Heav'n did rise,
Swell'd up 'gainst Government of Jove and Skyes;
And with huge Gripes, unhing'd whole Provinces,
To give disturbance to the *God's* long Ease:
With Mountains shielded, many handed Slaves,
Slung Campaigns to the skies, which prov'd their Graves:
So their own strength, own ruin most did prove,
Heav'd Hills their Monuments against their Jove,
And vainly seeking to bring their *God's* down,
Heap'd on their own heads own Destruction.
May all rebellious rabbles e'en so thrive,
Who will not let him live, by whom they live,
Wou'd pluck down their defence 'gainst forraign Foes,
Like drunken squablers Guardian-Friend Oppose.
Your Royal true Protector, you'd Destroy,
And Arms against your Bullwark wou'd Employ.
Weary of Peace, you wou'd enjoy Revenge,
To let in Warr, the Government un hinge:
Such hands as your's, once cut the *Royal* Line,
And now the sacred Clew, you wou'd untwine:
Wou'd break the double Cable, which does hold
The tossing Government, in storms so bold;

LETTERS

So Fools, to shipwrack your own selves you fall
Foul on your Noble Driving Admiral;
And that ungrateful, undefended shore,
To which he was a *Rock* and *Fence* before,
Wou'd shipwrack him, who kept off Tydes of Foes,
By falling foul: What can you get, but blows? }
That Life which fav'd, and guided, Will you lose?
Guided (I mean) in Storms, when Winds grew high,
On Neighbour-Shores, and Tempests gather'd nigh,
'Till he 'twas clear'd the Seas, and threat'ning Skye,
With Thunder, like a warning Deity.

Heav'n will at last the muddy Tempest clear,
And your tost, torn, spent-followers will cheer.
The Tempest which has shook the *Royal-Root*,
And from the shore it grew on, made it float,
Will bring you back again to Native Land,
Where tallest you, but one, did firmly Stand;
And there shall spread your ruffled Top again,
O're Shrubs, who but of your high Growth complain.
Yet by your Absence now too late they find,
Your lofty stock, was shelter 'gainst all wind;
From your Expanded Covert grew their height, }
Your Shaddow to them, was both heat, nay light;
They mis'd no warmth, who stood still in your sight;
All things grew near you, You were lofty Prop,
By which your Succors grew up to such Top;
Nay, some ungratefully yet spring, and do,
But by your absence basely higher grow;
Who first were by your Sap and Succor fed,
First thought your Growth too high, Boughs too far spread;
So clinging Ivy climbing kills her Prop,
On which she grew, and grown still help'd her up;
But firmly yet shall stand unmoving foot,
From shaking Tempest take but deeper root;
Storms alwayes reach, and shake the things most high,
Whilst low and groveling undisturb'd may lye:
Your firmness only does your danger make;
Things most immoveable wild Storms wou'd brake;
The Plyant are but safe because they bow, }
Like Plants spread more, the more blown to and fro,
For bearing Fruit contented to lye low.

LETTERS

But Shrubs, which by your side wou'd grow too high,
 And to the *Master-Cædars* injury,
 By that shade which first rays'd 'em may they dye.
 The *Navy* is once more the sheltring Oak,
 To keep the Royal Stock, from Treasons Stroak.
 Seas to their Sovereign more constant prove,
 Whilst the fixt shore, by Tempest, more does move;
 Ours is the floating, moving *North-West-Ile*,
 Which *Pylots* well-shap'd Course does still beguile;
 That hum'rous Spot of quicksand driving ground,
 Which only, when 'tis fought to, can't be found;
 And n'one in storm can touch Thee, but is drown'd;
 The toyl of Pylot, mock of Marriners,
 He nere shall make Thee, who directly Steers;
 Ungrateful. Mother-Soyle, and traytrous Earth,
 To Ship-Wrack what from thee, had first high Birth!
 So Rich-Fraught Bottom far above does Roame,
 Scapes forraign Coasts, and Storms, to Sink at Home;
 And whilst by adverse Winds, on Seas 'tis Toft,
 Is but in danger from own native Coast,
 Where wretches pray on shore, it may be Loft.
 Islanders, who by Stormes and Tempests live,
 Whose Wealth is but what others Ruins give;
 Who curse less merc'less Seas, and ceasing Storm,
 And Heaven, which for them will do no Harm;
 Call them Gods-Goods which Tempests to 'em send,
 The Sea, old Foe to Earth, is their best friend.
 When Land-Storms rise, it is in vain to strive,
 Best course is then to let the torn Bark drive.
 When winds grow lowd, Rebellious Seas to Rore,
 The Ship must roul, no dealings with the Shore;
 Sea then's ill Enemy, but worse the Port,
 Where entring Bark pays but too dearly for't:
 Fair weather may return, the Sun may Smile,
 And clear up yet, about our Clouded Ile;
 Where Mists are grown so dark, Seas so high roul,
 That Friends on Friends, on Admiral fall foul;
 Yet Halcion days, after these storms, may come,
 We may see our Toft-Admiral come Home.
 Wellcom as once to this repenting Shore,
 Which had beat off it's Admiral before.
 The love of Change, if not the love of Right,
 Will bring remorse, when once you come in Sight;

LETTERS

And you again from second Bannishment,
Once more are beg'd by Common Votes Consent,
The People shall with Tears of Joy Lament;
Their Sottish rage, and their wild frenzy mourn,
Which their own Armes, in you, so wou'd have torn;
Come to themselves; your Renegads again,
Will be your Slaves, and sue to wear your Chain.

You are our small Worlds hidden Axeltree,
Round, which whilst all things turn you fixt we see;
True Image of the patient Deitie.
Prophan'd by those, you shou'd be worship'd by,
From your own bounty, you too they defye;
Wou'd glorify you, as your Father too,
O're the whole world, in Heaven wou'd Crown you:
Your Fates wou'd be, who alwayes had been their's,
For your last Exaltation, they make Prayers:
To their own Fate wou'd be the fatal Doome,
Him wou'd subdue by whom they overcome:
Their saving Admiral wou'd run on ground,
Venture their own, but His life to confound:
Their foes, in you o're-come, be Conqu'ers so,
And all your Trophys get by spoyling you.
Base, treacherous, and losing Victorie,
By which the Conquerors wou'd ruin'd be!

Immortall Pens successful virtue claw,
Mine now for Fortunes Conqueror I draw;
Virtue distrest in my Verse still shall Live,
Who dies for Honour, him shall Fame reprieve.
Honour's a kind of losing loadam Game,
Whereby who loses Life, gets more of Fame,
And never dies in his Eternal Name:
Fame do's gain Fame, whilst Fame to you shee gives,
And Fame of her suspected truth retrives.
A Prince distrest most Honour so can give,
In being Poets Theam, you make him live.
But ready't way to Immortallity,
Is not to save your Name, but for it Dye,
The greatest Honour kept by Destiny.
I who in verse ne're thought a Name to raise,
Or for my honour, to give others praise;
Cou'd not refuse my self best way to Fame,

LETTERS

Who your great Name Enroles, Enroles his name.
 Painters so by their finish'd *Hero's* side,
 Small name in Corner of great picture hide,
 From giving of just likeness they take pride.
 Ambitious hand grasps Immortality,
 And Climes to Fame, by laying hold so high.
 If you were dead, you never wou'd be dead;
 Were there no Faith, you wou'd be worshipped:
 Did you not own a God, you might be one;
 Might sit Safe, High, were you not next the Throne:
 Wer't not your Altar, it might be your Seat;
 Serving your God and King, you are more great:
 Your Duty to both Kings is your offence,
 That fallen Rebel-Devils do's incence:
 You fear God too much, so much love your Prince;
 Nay you cou'd love too, without recompence:
 Allegiance is your fault, Virtue your Crime,
 Your Courage makes you fear'd, your Justice Grim,
 To those who wou'd the Royal House divide,
 Which stands scarce safe, but by your Propping Side:
 Your High Born-Brother was without the Sun,
 You hidden Pole on which His world did Run;
 The lower bearing Hinge o'th' Government,
 For want of which, it has on one side leant;
 More fit, by State Thief, to be heav'd aside,
 Who to unhinging has all force apply'd,
 And lent his Back, his Shoulders and each side;
 Whilst Fall of State bold Fooles own Trap might prove,
 Crushing those Shoulders, which for ruin hove,
 And Spreyn those Armes, which for unhinging Strove.
 For Monarchy they wou'd shut out of dore,
 Kings they wou'd be, yet wou'd have Kings no more;
 At *Westminster*, they'd even you Adore,
 Wou'd give your resting Courage there it's due,
 But may they, I, and Fame long keep your view.
 You to be greater, need not cannot dye,
 Y'ave got already Immortality.
 I wou'd dye for your Name, live by it too;
 Gods Name, and yours, can Life by Death bestow.
 But there is taking too great Name in Vain,
 And you (Sir) of my Vowes, may well complain;
 Which, with too small devotion, I Reherse,
 Gods demy-Gods, have yet Pray'r, Prayse in Verse;

LETTERS

Which only Zealous giver do's delight;
 Devotion, pays it self, by being right:
 Who fears not to give Honour where 'tis due,
 Shews his true worship, that's Religion true.
 Poets Devotion, without blame may have,
 Who seldom seek a Soul, but Name to save.
 Poets, Physitians, Persecutors are,
 Yet such Religions Persecutors spare,
 'Cause they for no Religion will declare. }
 Such for the Dead but to the Living pray,
 Damn, or Save men, as men will give or pay:
 But free-will'd Poet, prays to Heathen Saints,
 To Love, to *Cæres*, *Bacchus*, makes complaints, }
 Without the fear of Sharp-enn'd Pursuivants:
 'Gainst worshipping the Devil, there's no Law;
 Who dares fear Purgatory, Statutes, jaw
 Will swallow up alive at *Westminster*;
 Vretch of Redemption ever must despair!
 'Till Purgatory want Bards little ease,
 Frees him from starving world, his worst disease;
 Of which we find he's allways crying out, }
 The World's his *Plague*, his *Pox*, and his poor Gout,
 And from his Head flies down into his Foot:
 Seldom permitting him to go abroad,
 Till he goes last step, of life's rugged Road;
 And fills his hungry unstopt mouth with Clay }
 Which scarce had mouthful 'till his lifes last lay,
 And but for it was ever known to pray:
 Yet Godly malice may for ought I know, }
 Charge me, tho' Poet, with Religion too,
 By shewing short Devotion (Sir) to you. }
 Poets indeed oft are Idolaters,
 But Verse to you, is saying of on's pray'rs.
 Poets tune up to Earthly Gods fett Ayres,
 To help Coyne needs, and urgent Verse-affayres:
 Set up their Golden Calves their Stocks, their Stones, }
 Traffick their worship, but for others Boones,
 Blessings, which Cost too many heavy groans:
 Yet upstart demy-Gods nor Idols shall
 Me from my old Devotion tempt, or call.
 (Dread Sir) to you, I'll pray, bow, bend stiff knee,
 Rebellion is to me Idolatrie, }
 Our Common Fate shall be my Deitie.

LETTERS

But leaft my praying fhould be thought a fin,
 By curfing my Devotion fhall begin,
 For devout Curfers Poets ftill have been:
 Curft be thofe Jewes by whom y'are bannifhed hence,
 To whom your Firmnefs was greateft Offence;
 VVho to your Princely Forehead Thorns apply'd,
 VVound Majefty, piercing it through your Side:
 Joves, and your Brothers Thunder too defye,
 Like Atheifts againft Confcience will deny
 Your great Names Immortality:
 My mortal Verfe in your Name fhall not dye.
 The fafe bold way to fave a Poet's Name,
 Is to be Drawer of your Deeds, and Fame;
 My glory wou'd be finniſh'd, tho' yours Lame.
 Yet you, 'tis Dangerous to pourtray right,
 For he who wou'd do that, muſt fee you fight;
 Then bear you Chearfull'ſt Look, and Nobleſt Grace;
 In danger you have ftill moſt ſteady Face;
 'Midſt fire, and Deaths, ſeem Deathleſs Deity,
 VVhilt you the circling Flames but Glorify,
 And who wou'd ſee you then, muſt dare to dye.
 Cowards who Boldly'ſt charge a Prince's Ear,
 For boon of Honour, wou'd not then prefs near.
 But what to you more honour dos afford,
 You tho' a Prince, yet dare to keep your VVord;
 In Fight no more, then in ſtrict Vertue you
 A Second or a Councillor can know;
 He then became your greateſt Enemy,
 Who to ſave life wou'd let your Honour dye,
 From danger to keep you; worſt Injury!
 You alwayes cou'd forgive, and leſs wou'd blame,
 The Traytor to your life, then to your Fame.
 I fear (Great Sir) I fo have injur'd you;
 For who can ſet forth, what you did, can do?
 Your long Wing'd Honour takes ſuch Eagles Flight,
 Shee leaves her blind purſuer out of fight;
 And after all his gazeing, all he'll find,
 Your dazling Sun makes bold Obſervers blind:
 Following you, in Honours eager Game,
 Wou'd tire the Poets *Horſe*, and Wings of Fame;
 Report wou'd lag behind, Verſe wou'd be Lame:
 'Tis Sawcineſs to trace the Demi-Gods,
 VVho Spur out of all Common *Hackney-Roads* ;

LETTERS

When out of fight, by Court-mouths Winds are Toft,
 Yet higheft when to Mortals they feem Loft;
 So Eagle like, to Mortals dazel'd Eye,
 You then feem Leaft, when you are got moft High;
 The greater diftance you from Mortals are,
 To Heaven your Sphere, you are but much more neare:
 Yet may your flight be long ere you come there,
 Late let us loofe in you our Heaven here;
 Still on the Wing State Tempeft keeps you up,
 And to your Shiver'd Rock forbids you ftoop;
 For want of where to perch round Heav'n you roame,
 Made flye from home all Heaven is your Home.

But in laft voyage you'll find Volunteers;
 Who dares not with you dye, lives for more fears.
 VVhen you to Danger, and to Death lead on,
 And dying from the fick world will be gon,
 To fhort breath'd Cowards life wou'd then feem none:
 VVhen from the dead world bravely you wou'd flye,
 'Twere but Self-prefervation then to dye;
 That life is loft, which with you is not loft,
 VVhen Soule of Valour dyes, man lives a Ghof, }
 A flying Shaddow, Sneaks from Mortal view:
 When dareing Mortals wou'd Cold thing purfue,
 And when your facred Sun fhall difappear, }
 The damn'd remaining will live pale Ghof, here,
 And living will but daily dye with fear.
 Coppying Soldiers, Poets, Paynters fhall,
 Want their bold hand, and great Original:
 I draw but once an age, and after you,
 No dawbing Prayfe, fhall my Verfe Pencil fhew;
 Then can have no one fit, or fight to me,
 Or help me to exprefs true Victorie.
 Victory, whose dark Clouds but fet it off,
 And dang'rous odds, are not it's lofs, but proof:
 Victory, when vain Glory's led in Chains,
 And mans cool Sence, his heft'ring Will Conftreyns.
 Who cou'd your Glory draw fhall honour have,
 Shall conquer Envy, be the mufes Brave.
 Of tedious Drawer, you fhall but Complain,
 Of draught in little, dawbers greateft payn,
 Who you, for fo ill picture dares deteyn: }
 But who in your Great Name once draws his Pen,
 Will find it hard to finifh as begin.

LETTERS

Paynting's bewitching when the Object's dear,
 When you sit still, what dawber can forbear?
 But trembling hand bold Pencil must let fall,
 You must remain uncoppy'd, Great Original;
 You Paynters, Poets, Enemies difarm,
 Unutterable virtue will all Sences charm,
 What loads too much benums the brain and arm;
 And daring too 'sketch Immortality,
 Is no devotion, Pencil Blasphemy:
 God Heav'n and you no mortal fees right here,
 Are libell'd all, by short prayse in long Pray'r;
 And Tedioufness 'gainst God, and man's a sin,
 Not to conclude worse than not to begin.
 You when you fight, your Acts best Drawer are,
 Immortal Deeds Gods best themselves declare;
 So Gods in Miracles to men appear.
 Your drawn Sword is your Stile, Foes Iron Brest,
 Where it's poynt best, own keenness has exprest.
 Fullness of Subject drowns your Poets Pen,
 Who writing on, finds still he's to begin;
 Drowns flowing Prayse it self, with it's excess,
 And loses great Name, in own flourishes.
 Your Royal Brothers, and your only Name,
 Preserve a Flatterer, himself from blame;
 Names which wou'd make late lying Poetry,
 But spareing, modest, ciph'r'ing History:
 No Poets feign or will for lyars go,
 Who your great Brothers, and your vertues shew;
 Write all they can 'twere short of him, and you.
 Courage was n'ere thought less for modestie,
 He what he can, yet lets not bold men see.
 Th' Allmighty Thund'rers hand dos not appear,
 Whilst he low Shrubs, hard Rocks below dos tear.
 Insolent Babel-builders have a care;
 More high you Climb, your fall will greater be,
 Him you wou'd reach, the Gods defend you see.
 You'l go to Heaven (Sir) no whether Flie,
 You for your Country wou'd, not by it Dye;
 But when y'are ravish'd hence, by conqu'ring sphœres
 Blasphemous Curfes will be turn'd to Prayers:
 If you were Dead, then wou'd they make you Live,
 Fearing no more, your Valours due, wou'd give.
 But your Great Name can never greater grow,

LETTERS

By Heaven, Fame, World, Me, nay not by You;
 Fame Poets, Flatterers, Courts Lying Crew,
 In speaking Short of you, do not speak True.
 Their Praise, more than *Whiggs* Malice, will decry,
 And but Besmear Names, they wou'd Glorify;
 Lying Fools praise, or love, worst Injury.
 But *Whigg* ! That Burlesque little paultry found,
 In Ballad Verse, fit only to be found;
 Where your great Name is Sung, it shoud be drown'd.
 Yet I more lessen you Sir, now I fear,
 But when hir'd Pens against your Fame appear,
 What block cou'd help, being Verse-volunteer.
 When Pentionary Quills rebel 'gainst Fame,
 And draw upon the Noblest suffering Name,
 I boldly take my Courage, from their Shame.
 Yet I, perhaps may do Great Name more wrong,
 By short blunt Praise, than edgeless Satyr long,
 Their wicked Will is, tho' their force not strong,
 Great is their Rage, who will expose their own,
 Your Sacred Reputation to bring down.
 Such flatt'ring Foe-friends of Kings Purse and Crown,
 To starving Muse let 'em be left alone;
 Let Verse which was their Bellies, not Heads crime,
 Be'ts punishment, in Vnpoetick time:
 Instead of Living, may they starve by Ryme.
 Be like their VVritings, both short-liv'd and torn,
 By praise of Fools and Knaves, grow VVise mens scorn:
 VVho like fed Dogs, 'gainst absent bounty bay,
 Snapping that Hand, on which their wants did prey,
 Moon-Barkers so 'gainst the VVorlds second Light,
 With false Alarms disturb the quiet Night:
 For shutting out themselves, loud Noise still keep,
 And will not let those of their own House sleep.
 To Kennel (*Coffee-House*) e'en let 'em creep,
 Lap *Coffee*, and their Cares, with pall'd Jest, steep;
 Like hungry *Ratts*, for want of Food, may they,
 On their blurr'd Papers, cham'd conceipts, still prey.
 Such *Ratts* cannot devour your Deathless Name,
 'Tho' they defac'd the Register of Fame.
 Your Name, wou'd still be what it was before;
 None make you less, your Self can't make you more:
 That only is beyond your Vallours pow'r.

LETTERS

Post-script.

As he who ne're took Cudgel up before,
Vext at Foul Play, begin's thick skull to scoure,
In Poets Lifts, and layes about him round,
From sense of Friends VVrongs, clumsy strength has found.
So has my just rage sharpen'd by blunt Quill:
Forgive (Great Sir) defending you so ill;
He alwayes has best Heart, who shews least Skill.
My End is not at all to shew my Art,
In Lying Verse, but here my-Your true Heart,
Which from the Left-Right-Side can never part.
The Side Oppress'd, is still to me, the Right:
Who Loves, asks not what Quarrel Friend does Fight.
Who Draws on Your Side, nere can be i'th' Wrong.
Poets still fight the Rabble, and the Throng.
Mall'd Poets, like bang'd Braves o'th' ground, despise
The Knock-down-Crowds, who will not let 'em Rise.
The Honest, tho' the Weak side, has the Ods;
Poets, and Heroes, are help'd by the Gods.

FINIS.

To my Friend, Mr. POPE

on his

PASTORALS

IN these more dull as more censorious Days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit Praise;
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to Friendship and Desert is due.
Young, yet Judicious; in your Verse are found
Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound:
Unlike those Wits, whose Numbers glide along
So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song;
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the Head, but to the Ear:
Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull,
And are, at best, most Musically dull.
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As smoothest Speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-ground. }
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
Your Strains are Regularly Bold, and please }
With unforc'd Care, and unaffected Ease,
With proper Thoughts, and lively *Images*:
Such, as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own;
For great Men's Fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their Clothes to wear.
Some in a polish'd Stile write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the Language of the *Mall*,
Like some fair Shepherds, the *Sylvan* Muse,
Deck't in those Flow'rs her native Fields produce,
With modest Charms wou'd in plain Neatness please; }
But seems a Dowdy in the Courtly Drefs,
Whose awkward Finery allures us less.
But the true Measure of the Shepherd's Wit
Shou'd, like his Garb, be for the Country fit;

LETTERS

Yet must his pure and unaffected Thought
More nicely than the common Swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming Art, the Players dress
In Silks, the Shepherd and the Shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the Form and Mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely Ruffet of the Swain.
Your Rural Muse appears, to Justify
The long-lost Graces of Simplicity;
So Rural Beauties captivate our Sense,
With Virgin Charms, and Nature's Excellence.

Yet long her Modesty those Charms conceal'd,
'Till by Men's Envy to the World reveal'd;
For Wits Industrious to their Trouble seem,
And needs will Envy what they must Esteem.
Live, and enjoy their Spite! nor mourn that Fate
Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in Plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher Flight;
So Larks which first from lowly Fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the Skies.

TEXTUAL
NOTES

The Country-Wife

- p. 10, l. 8. *Sir Jaspar.* 4to, 1695: "Sir Jasper."
 p. 12, l. 19. *Sr. Jaspar.* 4to, 1695: "Sir Jasper."
 p. 13, l. 13. *What pity.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "What pity."
 p. 14, l. 6. [*Exeunt Ladie Fid.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "[*Exeunt Lady Fid.*"
 p. 14, l. 12. *jealousy.* 4to, 1695: "jealoufie."
 p. 15, l. 22. *What Boyes?* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "What Boys?"
 p. 15, l. 24. *whinney.* 4to, 1695: "whinny."
 p. 17, l. 16. *Franck.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Frank."
 p. 17, l. 17. *extream.* 4to, 1683 and later: "Extreme."
 p. 18, l. 30. *loose.* 4to, 1688 and 1695: "lofe."
 p. 19, l. 2. *lye.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "lie."
 p. 19, l. 7. *Cuckold.* 4to, 1695: "Cuckhold."
 p. 19, l. 19. *Clerks.* 4to, 1695: "Clarks."
 p. 19, l. 34. *alwayes.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "always."
 p. 20, l. 9. *marrys.* 4to, 1695: "marries."
 p. 21, l. 6. *Diuel.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "Devil."
 p. 22, l. 22. *I was aweary.* 4to, 1695: "I was weary."
 p. 22, l. 23. *goodlyest.* 4to, 1695: "goodliet."
 p. 23, l. 3. *gadder.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Gadder."
 p. 26, l. 15. *trye.* 4to, 1695: "try."
 p. 27, l. 2. *then love.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "than love."
 p. 27, l. 40. *she'l.* 4to, 1695: "she'll."
 p. 28, l. 27. *pit.* 4to, 1695: "Pit."
 p. 30, l. 5. *satisfy.* 4to, 1695: "fatisfie."
 p. 32, l. 36. *Gazets.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Gazetts."
 p. 32, l. 36. *Shocks.* The 12mo of 1735 here introduces a ludicrously absurd misprint and reads: "picking Fleas out of their Smocks for 'em!" This blunder has been reproduced by Leigh Hunt in his edition of 1840, and by the Mermaid reprint in the various issues.
 p. 32, l. 39. *Employment.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "imploymment."
 p. 33, l. 20. *venter.* 4to, 1695: "venture."
 p. 35, l. 22. *Oasiler.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Oftler."
 p. 36, l. 12. *lew'd.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "lewd."
 p. 38, l. 38. *bubled.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "bubbled."
 p. 39, l. 25. *lowd.* 4to, 1695: "loud."
 p. 40, l. 20. *Whitehal.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "Whitehall."
 p. 40, l. 40. *Extreamly.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Extremely."
 p. 41, l. 11. *a dayes.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "a-days."
 p. 41, l. 15. *near her now.* 4to, 1695 misprints: "wear her now."
 p. 41, l. 20. *Mistrefs Pinchwife.* 4to, 1695: "Mrs. Pinchwife."

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

- p. 41, l. 23. *santerers.* 4to, 1695: "Santerers."
 p. 42, l. 25. *to loofe me.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "to lose me."
 p. 42, l. 29. *honeft Franck.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "honeft Frank."
 p. 45, l. 19. *earlyer.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "earlier."
 p. 48, l. 5. *haling.* 4to, 1695: "haleing."
 p. 48, l. 15. *Gentleman.* 4to, 1695: "Gentlemen."
 p. 48, l. 34. *and like fortune.* 4to, 1695: "and are like fortune."
 p. 49, l. 7. *Bawds.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Bauds."
 p. 51, l. 13. *encreafe.* 4to, 1695: "increafe."
 p. 52, l. 24. *ne're intended.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "ne'er intended."
 p. 52, l. 42. *Colledge.* 4to, 1695: "College."
 p. 53, l. 18. *trye.* 4to, 1695: "try."
 p. 54, l. 2. *die.* 4to, 1695: "dye."
 p. 54, l. 40. *dried Fruit.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "dried Fruit."
 p. 57, l. 22. *man's cloths.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Man's cloaths."
 p. 58, l. 15. *Countrey.* 4to, 1695: "Country."
 p. 62, l. 29. *lock't.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "lock'd."
 p. 63, l. 19. *prettiest.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "prettieft."
 p. 63, l. 26. *I'le.* 4to, 1695: "I'll."
 p. 64, l. 4. *pitty.* 4tos, 1699 and 1695: "pity."
 p. 64, l. 12. *tuggs.* 4to, 1695: "tugs."
 p. 65, l. 5. *or battle.* 4to, 1695: "or battel."
 p. 68, l. 5. *Veale.* 4to, 1695: "Veal."
 p. 68, l. 33. *Feaver.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Fever."
 p. 69, l. 1. *steales.* 4to, 1695: "steals."
 p. 71, l. 16. *But how cou'd.* 4to, 1695 in error omits: "But how."
 p. 71, l. 23. *vaine.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "vain."
 p. 72, l. 24. *what fays fhe now?* [Enter Mrs. Pin. 4to, 1695 omits: [Enter Mrs. Pin.
 p. 73, l. 27. *Mony.* 4to, 1695: "Money."
 p. 74, l. 4. *Masqued.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "masked."
 p. 74, l. 22. *prythee.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "prithee."
 p. 75, l. 17. *i' faith.* 4to, 1695: "y' faith."
 p. 78, l. 2. *Mrs. Daynty.* 4tos, 1683 and later: "Mrs. Dainty"
 p. 79, l. 10. *Mafques.* 4to, 1695: "Masks."
 p. 79, l. 21. *Chirurgion.* 4to, 1695: "Chirurgion."
 p. 79, l. 37. *fopps.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "Fops."
 p. 80, l. 31. *denyals.* 4tos, 1688 and 1695: "denials."
 p. 82, l. 11. *straight.* 4to, 1695: "streight."
 p. 82, l. 22. *Miftris Dainty.* 4to, 1695: "Mrs. Dainty."
 p. 83, l. 2. [Exit Miftris Pinchwife. 4to, 1695: "[Exit Mrs. Pinchwife."
 p. 86, l. 34. *La. Upon my honour, Sir.* The 4tos and 1735 misprint this speech-prefix and the speech-prefix to: "This you get, and we too, . . ." as *Old. La. Fid.*
 p. 88, l. 1. *Epilogue fpoken by Mrs. Knepe.* The first quarto, 1675, curiously misprints: "Epilogue fpoken by Mr. Hart."

The Plain-Dealer

- p. 97, l. 28. *imaginations*. 4to, 1694: "imagination."
 p. 97, l. 40. *Vertue*. 4tos, 1691, 1694; 8vo, 1712: "Virtue." And so throughout.
 p. 98, l. 4. *Rooms*. 4to, 1694: "Room."
 p. 98, l. 10. *jeaft*. 4to, 1694: "jeft."
 p. 99, l. 37. *to Supper*. 4to, 1694: "to a Supper."
 p. 99, l. 38. *Tiring-Rooms*. 4tos, 1691, 1694; 8vo, 1712: "Tyring-Rooms."
 p. 100, l. 8. *Guinney*. 4tos, 1686, 1691; 1694: Guiney; 8vo, 1712: "Guinea."
 p. 100, l. 28. *la vertu*. 4tos, 1686, 1691; 1694: "la vertue."
 p. 100, l. 36. *niceft Ladies*. 4to, 1694: "nicest Ladys."
 p. 103, l. 1. *The Epilogue*. The second edition, 4to, 1678 and later, give the Epilogue at the end of the play, where the first quarto has the advertisement.
 p. 103, l. 13. *Sempstrefs*. 4tos, 1678 and later: "Semstrefs."
 p. 103, l. 25. *Brother-Templer*. 4tos, 1691, 1694; 8vo, 1712: "Brother-Templar."
 p. 103, l. 33. *Playes*. 4to, 1678 and later: "Plays."
 p. 104, l. 3. *Mr. Hart*. 4to, 1694 misprints: "Mr. Heart."
 p. 104, l. 24. *alwayes in Law*. 4to, 1691, 1694: "always." And so throughout.
 p. 105, l. 18. *Rather then be general*. 4to, 1694: "than."
 p. 107, l. 27. *Truck*. 4tos, 1686, 1691: "Trunck"; 4to, 1694, and 8vo, 1712: "Trunk."
 p. 108, l. 33. *Brandy Casks*. 4to, 1694: "Cask."
 p. 109, l. 31. *dye*. 4to, 1694: "die."
 p. 111, l. 42. *encourage*. 4to, 1694: "incourage."
 p. 113, l. 14. *Cowardice*. 4to, 1694: "Cowardise."
 p. 114, l. 7. *Serjeants*. 4to, 1694: "Sergeants."
 p. 114, l. 10. *choofes*. 4to, 1694: "chuses." And so throughout.
 p. 114, l. 41. *Rithming*. 4to, 1694: "Riming."
 p. 117, l. 28. *affectation*. 4to, 1694 misprints "affection."
 p. 118, l. 11. *sayes*. 4to, 1694: "says." And so throughout.
 p. 118, l. 25. *Lyons*. 4to, 1694: "Lions."
 p. 119, l. 16. *by her indiscretion*. 4tos, 1691, 1694 misprint "discretion."
 p. 120, l. 26. *Counsellor's*. 4to, 1694: "Councillor's."
 p. 121, l. 6. *now a-dayes*. 4to, 1694: "now a-days."
 p. 121, l. 22. *Countrey*. 4to, 1694: "Country."
 p. 124, l. 14. *onely Wit*. 4to, 1694: "only."
 p. 126, l. 25. *Conventickle-Gallant*. 4tos, 1676 and later: "Conventicle-Gallant."
 Conventickle more properly represents the pronunciation of the time, since the accent was upon the third syllable. Cf. *Hudibras* (1663), II, 437-8:

He used to lay about and stickle
 Like Ram or Bull at Conventickle.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

- p. 127, l. 18. *As an Actrefs.* 4to, 1694 misprints: "As and Actrefs."
 p. 127, l. 37. *over-conscious.* 4tos, 1678, 1686, 1691, 1694: "over-captious"; 8vo, 1712: "over-conscious."
 p. 128, l. 10. *O fie.* 4to, 1694: "O fy."
 p. 128, l. 25. *Coment.* 4to, 1694: "Comment."
 p. 129, l. 12. *Foy.* 4to, 1691, 1694: "Fy"; 8vo, 1712: "Foy."
 p. 130, l. 27. *boistrous.* 4to, 1694: "boisterous."
 p. 131, l. 33. *Hair or Perruke.* 4to, 1694: "Hair and Perruke."
 p. 133, l. 18. *winds bear away.* 4to, 1694 misprints by omitting "bear."
 p. 134, l. 14. *persuading.* 4to, 1694: "perfwading."
 p. 135, l. 35. *Pyrat.* 4to, 1694: "Pirate."
 p. 137, l. 40. *Crutch.* 4to, 1694 misprints "Church."
 p. 139, l. 16. *you'd be scouring.* 4to, 1694: "wou'd be scouring."
 p. 140, l. 23. *Emperor.* 4to, 1694: "Emperour."
 p. 142, l. 20. *quickly, Sir.* 4tos, 1691, 1694 omit "Sir."
 p. 144, l. 8. *exemplifie.* 4tos, 1678 and later: "amplifie"; 8vo, 1712: "exemplifie."
 p. 144, l. 17. *fowre.* 4to, 1694: "fower."
 p. 144, l. 26. *and remember.* 4to, 1694 omits "and."
 p. 145, l. 21. *Precedent.* 4to, 1694: "Prefident."
 p. 146, l. 37. *Effsayes.* 4to, 1694: "Effays."
 p. 147, l. 17. *The Art Military.* 4to, 1676 and later: "The Art of Military"; 8vo, 1712: *The Art Military.*
 p. 148, l. 39. *yourself.* 4to, 1694: "youself."
 p. 149, l. 29. *tedious complaints.* 4tos, 1691, 1694: "complaint."
 p. 150, l. 15. *You can.* 4to, 1694: "Who can."
 p. 153, l. 12. *wo'not.* 4to, 1694: "won't."
 p. 153, l. 29. *Edg-hill.* 4tos 1686, 1691: *Edghil*; 4to, 1694: "*Edghill*"; 8vo, 1712: "*Edghil*."
 p. 155, l. 35. *dip'd.* 4tos, 1691, 1694; 8vo, 1712: "*dipt*."
 p. 155, l. 41. *Baud.* 4to, 1694: "Bawd."
 p. 156, l. 32. *an Affair with—.* 4tos, 1676 and later here introduce a stage direction: "[*Several crossing the stage.*]"
 p. 157, l. 22. *your stomach.* 4to, 1694: "our Stomach."
 p. 157, l. 43. *let us go home then.* 4tos, 1691, 1694: "let us, come then"; 8vo, 1712 follows the first 4to.
 p. 158, l. 18. *heighth.* 4to, 1694: "height."
 p. 160, l. 14. *favor.* 4to, 1694: "favour."
 p. 160, l. 39. *mammocks.* 4tos, 1691, 1694: "Mammoks."
 p. 162, l. 27. *Fortune her self.* 4to, 1694: "it self."
 p. 162, l. 29. *Sence.* 4to, 1694: "sense."
 p. 163, l. 30. *20 lines.* 4to, 1676 and later: "twenty lines."
 p. 163, l. 40. *Politic.* 4to, 1694: "politick."
 p. 164, l. 15. *Baudy-houfes.* 4tos, 1686, 1691, 1694: "Bawdy-houfes," and throughout.
 p. 164, l. 32. *kift.* 4to, 1694: "kifs'd."
 p. 165, l. 33. *Deeds and Settlements.* 4tos, 1691, 1694: "Deed and Settlements."
 p. 165, l. 38. *Quirk.* 4to, 1694: "Querck."

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 170, l. 9. *carri'd*. 4to, 1694: "carry'd."
- p. 170, l. 11. *marry'd*. 4to, 1694: "marri'd."
- p. 171, l. 10. *Wuh!* 4to, 1694: "how;" 8vo, 1712: "Why."
- p. 172, l. 5. *Drayman*. 4to, 1694: "Dray-man."
- p. 172, l. 25. *had his Money*. 4to, 1694: "had Money."
- p. 173, l. 32. *life is unmerciful*. 4tos, 1686, 1691: "Life unmerciful"; 4to, 1694: "Life's unmerciful."
- p. 173, l. 27. *wo'not*. 4to, 1694: "Won't."
- p. 175, l. 37. *fuspitions*. 4to, 1694: "fuspicions."
- p. 176, l. 11. *you shall*. 4to, 1694: "you should."
- p. 176, l. 26. *Receit*. 4to, 1694: "Receipt."
- p. 176, l. 38. *Finis Actus Quarti*. 4tos, 1686, 1691, 1694 misprint "Finis Actus Quartus."
- p. 177, l. 9. *faux pas*. 4to, 1694: "faux pas."
- p. 178, l. 10. *fuspitions*. 4to, 1694: "fuspicions."
- p. 179, l. 24. *you were*. 4to, 1694 misprints "you where."
- p. 182, l. 11. *Dam thee!* 4to, 1694: "Damn thee."
- p. 182, l. 24. *Coaching*. 4tos, 1678 and later read "Cocking," which seems to have more point. See the Note Explanatory on this passage.
- p. 186, l. 15. *new Playes*. 4tos, 1686, 1691, 1694: "new Plays."
- p. 189, l. 4. *strait*. 4to, 1694: "streight."
- p. 189, l. 33. *wayes*. 4tos, 1686, 1691, 1694: "ways."
- p. 190, l. 1. *Sundayes*. 4tos, 1691, 1694: "Sundays."
- p. 190, l. 1. *prayer*. 4to, 1694: "prays."
- p. 190, l. 36. *unties*. 4to, 1694: "unties."
- p. 193, l. 30. *broken open*. 4tos, 1691, 1694: "broke open."
- p. 193, l. 38. *entered*. 4to, 1694: "entred."
- p. 193, l. 41. *Scarf*. 4to, 1694: "Scarff."
- p. 194, l. 6. *go out, Manly*. 4to, 1694: "go out, and Manly."
- p. 195, l. 15. *These Pendants*. 4to, 1694: "The Pendants."
- p. 195, l. 24. *Wives*. 4to, 1694: "Wife's."
- p. 195, l. 37. *only Child*. 4to, 1694: "only Child."
- p. 196, l. 3. *of a retirement*. 4to, 1694: "of retirement."
- p. 196, l. 10. *I think most*. 4to, 1694 misprints "I thank most."
- p. 196, l. 14. *your two fakes*. 4tos, 1691, 1694: "your fakes."

EXPLANATORY
NOTES

The Country Wife

- p. 1. *Indignor quicquam.* Horace. Epist. II, i. 76-78. Dryden cites and comments upon this passage in *An Essay of Dramatick Poesie*.
- p. 9. *Castril.* Kastrill is the angry boy in *The Alchemist*. In Act IV, 2, he greets Subtle with "You lie," and when asked, "The loud lie? For what, my sodaine boy?" rejoins, "Nay, that looke you too, I am afore-hand."
- p. 9. *Bayes Battels.* Hart, who spoke this Prologue, sustained the heroes of all Dryden's rhyming tragedies. He was the original Cortez in *The Indian Emperour*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the spring of 1665; Porphyrius in *Tyrannick Love*, produced at the same house about the end of May, 1669; Almanzor in *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I of which drama was produced at the Theatre Royal in December, 1670, Part II following upon the stage in January, 1670-1. *Aurung-zebe*, Dryden's last heroic play, in which Hart acted the title-rôle, was produced some ten or eleven months after *The Country-Wife*.
- p. 11. *Annis-seed Robin.* A famous hermaphrodite (temp. James I-Charles I), the hero of various indecent adventures. Cotton, *Poems*, 1689 (p. 457), has, "On *Annel-seed Robin*, the Hermophrodite. Epitaph." To Part II of Sir John Hawkins' edition of *The Complete Angler* (8vo, 1760), Oldys contributed *Some Account of the Life and Writings of Charles Cotton, Esq.*, which has the following passage (p. xliii.): "Epitaph on *Annis Robin*, the hermaphrodite, who, as our poet says, got himself with child, first of a son, and then of a daughter. He was called by that nickname, as I have read in other poems and pamphlets of those times, from his selling drams of *annis-seed-water* about the streets." The passage in Cotton's *Epitaph*, to which reference is here made, runs:

Robin Bridegroom was and *Bride*,
And of their *Marriage-tye* so tender,
He only did, with *She* engender;
Robin with *Robin* so far won,
That the *Male* half begot a *Son*,
The *Female* half, a few years after,
Happily brought forth a *Daughter*.

Caulfield, "*Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters* of Remarkable Persons from the Reign of *Edward III* to the Revolution" (1794), under Mull'd Sack (John Cottington), tells a story how Mull'd Sack was by a trick married at the Fleet to Anniseed-Water-Robin. "One night drinking at the Devil tavern in Fleet-street a match was made up betwixt him [Mull'd Sack] and one whom he took to be a real woman; but when he was married at the Fleet prison, the common place for joining all rogues and whores together, and came to be bedded at night,

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

he found his co-partner to be a noted person called *Anniseed-Water Robin*, an hermaphrodite, that is to say, a person of both sexes, he soon found nature's impotency, by reason her redundancy in making the supposed bride both man and woman, had in effect made the party neither; as having not the strength nor the reason of the male, nor the fineness and subtilty of the female." Mull'd Sack, who in his youth had been prentice to a chimney-sweep, was notorious as one of the most expert London pickpockets and thieves. He was wont to dress himself as a gallant, and thus especially frequented Cheapside and Ludgate Hill. It was admirably said that he stole "almost enough to have built St. Paul's Cathedral." At the age of fifty-five he was hanged in Smithfield-rounds, April, 1659. See three contemporary pamphlets, "Muld Sacke; or the Apologie of *Hic-Mulier*" (1620); "*Hic-Mulier*, or, the Man-Woman"; and "*Haec Vir*, or, The Womanish Man." Cottington was nicknamed Mull'd Sack from his quaffing, morn, noon, and night, that particular tipples.

p. 12. *occasional*. Apt for the special occasion. Pertinent.

p. 13. *new Postures*. Cf. Martial, XII, 43:

Molles Elephantidos libelli,
Sunt illic Ueneris nouem figurae.

Elephantis fuit poetria graeca, quae libris suis expressit ποικίλα τῆς Αφροδίτης καὶ ἀκολασίας σχήματα, cuiusmodi figuris et schematis cubicula sua instruxit Tiberius Caesar. Suetonius; *Tiberius Nero Caesar*, 43. Uide Casaubon in locum.

The *Sonetti Lussuriosi* of Aretino are famous. Giulio Romano had employed Marcantonio Raimondi to engrave sixteen plates of figures, "the character of which was highly offensive; and what was still worse, Messer Pietro Aretino wrote a most indecent sonnet for each." Vasari (Milanesi, Florence, 1906), V, p. 418. Clement VII was outraged by the indecorum, and great scandal ensued. According to Milanesi (Vasari, *Vite*, V, 418 n.), the order of the Pope for the destruction of the engravings was not wholly successful, though for many years all traces of them were lost. A set, however, was formerly in the possession of a certain Waldeck, and from these various modern (nineteenth century) copies were made. There is also a lithographed text which gives full particulars of all impressions of Raimondi's engravings known to exist, or to have existed, in recent times. Many of the plates often reproduced as by Raimondi are spurious.

p. 13. *École de Filles*. This famous work is an imitation of a prose dialogue, *La Puttana Errante*, which is often (quite erroneously) attributed to Aretino, and which must be carefully distinguished from Lorenzo Veniero's poem *La Puttana Errante* (sixteenth century). The name of the author of *L'École des Filles* is given as Mililot; Guy-Patin, however, calls him Milot, and Carpentier, Hélot. The book was first printed at Paris in 1655 (cette première édition est devenue introuvable.—Barbier), but the whole edition was condemned to be burned by the public executioner, and Mililot fled. It was, notwithstanding, clandestinely reissued in 1667.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

13 January, 1668, Pepys "stopped at Martin's, my bookseller, where I saw the French book which I did think to have had for my wife to translate, called 'L'escolle des filles,' but when I came to look in it, it is the most bawdy, lewd book that ever I saw, rather worse than 'Puttana errante,' so that I was ashamed of reading in it." None the less he bought it on 8 February following, and perused it in private, "a lewd book, but what do no wrong once to read for information sake." Cf. Leaned's *The Rambling Justice*, produced at the Theatre Royal early in 1678, IV, 6, where Sir Geoffrey Jolt says: "What's here, a Study? Aristotles Problems, excellent; and here *Leschole de Filles*, a pretty French book; and here *Annotations upon Aretines Postures*, three Excellent Books for a Ladies Chamber." Also *The London Cuckolds*, I, 1, where Doodle laments: "The other day I catch'd two young wenches, the eldest not above twelve, reading the beastly, bawdy translated book called *the School of Women*."

L'Ecole des filles has been frequently reprinted, notably in the collection *Le degré des Ages du Plaisir*, 2 vols., Au Palais-Royal, chez feue la veuve Girouard, très connue, 1798; in a Belgian edition by Gay, 1863; and at Brussels by Poulet-Malassis, 1865, with a reproduction of the engraved frontispiece of 1655.

- p. 14. *Right*. A right woman is a cant phrase (still in use) for a loose woman. See *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, Act III.
- p. 15. *Vizard Mask*. The commonest Restoration synonym for a bona roba, especially as plying the theatre.
- p. 15. *Old Beaux Garçons*. A beau garçon generally signified a cicisbeo, or sometimes a kept gallant. Cf. the Epilogue to *Sir Courtly Nice*, produced at Drury Lane in the early spring of 1685:

The City-Gallant, the *Exchange* being done,
Takes Sword at *Temple-Bar*, which *Nice* stuck on,
Comes here and passes for a Beaugarزون. }
Audacious Vizards too so fast do grow,
You hardly can the Virtuous from 'em know.

- p. 16. *Sir Martin Mar-all's gaping*. Dryden's comedy *Sir Martin Mar-all* was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields on Thursday, 15 August, 1668, with James Nokes in the title-rôle. In order to gratify his mistress the blunderer serenades her, pretending to play upon a lute, whilst Warner, his man, who is concealed, plays and sings for him. The trick is discovered by the foolish knight grimacing and fumbling his instrument long after the music has ceased. This famous scene is founded upon an episode in Charles Sorel's *La vraie Histoire Comique de Francion* (1622), Book VII, where a similar misadventure befalls the amorous count during his wooing of the doctor's daughter.
- p. 17. *Crowd*. A fiddle. Cf. *The Old Law* (4to, 1656), printed as by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, V, where Gnotho, who enters in a bridal procession with merry music, says: "Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on, . . . Crowd on, I say," but Duke Evander intervenes with, "Stay the crowd

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

awhile." Gifford has a note: "Mr. M. Mason observes that a fiddle was *formerly* called a crowd. Why *formerly*? Is it not still called so in almost every part of the kingdom?"

- p. 18. *Exceptious*. Captious; peevish; vexed. Cf. Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 301 (1769): "It is the character of Country Ladies to be exceptious; and suspicious of slights." Also Mountford's *Greenwich Park*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1691 (4to, 1691), I, where Raison says: "We are plain Men . . . and can make our Friends welcome; we can drink without being exceptious."

- p. 18. *Chateline's . . . the Cock . . . the Dog and Partridge*. There are innumerable references to Chatelin's, one of the most famous ordinaries of the day. Cf. Pepys, 13 March, 1667-8: "At noon all of us to Chatelin's, the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner."

There were several well-known houses called "The Cock," but the particular allusion is doubtless to the Cock Tavern in Bow Street, where a scene of *The Plain-Dealer* is laid. During the tenancy of Oxford Kate this house became notorious for the debauchery of Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, and Sir Thomas Ogle. See Pepys, 1 July, 1663.

"The Setting Dog and Partridge" was in Fleet Street. It is mentioned in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers*, II, where Bridget whispers to Lady Vaine: "Oh, Madam, we must go to the *Setting-Dog* and *Partridge* to Supper to Night; Master *Whiskin* came to invite us, there will be the Blades, and we shall have a Ball," and later (*Act V*) she reminds her mistress: "Madam, the Party has staid for you a good while at the *Setting-Dog* and *Partridge*."

- p. 19. *Smithfield Fade*. Cf. The Epilogue to Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8:

This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A *Smithfield* Horse, and Wife of *Covent-Garden*.

- p. 21. *Eighteen penny place*. Eighteen pence was the price of admission to the middle gallery of the theatre. Cf. Pepys, Friday, 29 November, 1661: "Sir W. Pen and I to the Theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so he went up to one of the boxes, and I into the 18d. places." The middle gallery, however, was frequented by women of the town. Cf. Dryden's *Epilogue* upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1682:

But stay; methinks some vizard Mask I see
Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery.

And the Prologue—spoken by Betterton—to Southerne's *The Disappointment, or, The Mother in Fashion*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1684:

Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees
Of Lewdness in our middle Galleries;
The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody Drunk,
Invade and grabble one another's PUNK;
They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Also the Honourable John Stafford's Epilogue to the same play:

Let all the Boxes, Phoebus, find thy grace,
And ah! preserve thy eighteen penny place!

p. 22. *Tous'd and mous'd.* Cf. Ramble's couplet, *The London Cuckolds*, V:

How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning,
But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.

p. 22. *Dear Bud.* Honey-bud, an endearing name. Cf. *An Epilogue*. Spoken to the University of Oxon. By Mrs. Cook. *Poems on Affairs of State*. . . . *With other Miscellany Poems*. Part III, 1698, p. 173:

Whilst gentle *Abigail* with *Roger* goes
To carry Master and Mistress to the Shows,
To see the *Crocidil*, and get a-stride the *Rhinocero's*.
Whilst nown dear Honey-bud his Duck neglects
To see a Naked Monster of her Sex.

p. 22. *Fropish.* Peevish; fretful. Cf. *Sir Charles Grandison*, 1754, edition 1781, II, xxxvii: "So, once, he was as fropish as a child, on my calling him *the man*."

p. 30. *Do not use that word naked.* Cf. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, XXII: "'Our institutions make our people smart much, sir,' Mrs. Hominy remarked. 'The most short-sighted man could see that at a glance, with his naked eye,' said Martin. Mrs. Hominy was a philosopher and an authoress, and consequently had a pretty strong digestion; but this coarse, this indecorous phrase, was almost too much for her. For a gentleman sitting alone with a lady—although the door *was* open—to talk about a naked eye."

p. 31. *Mr. Tatle, or Master Limberham.* These names were in common use to denote a certain type of harmless philanderer or cicisbeo. They later became famous as employed by two eminent dramatists. In *Love for Love* Tatle is "A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for Secresie." The part was created by Bowman. Dryden's comedy *The Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham* was produced at Dorset Garden March, 1677-8. It is probable that the title-rôle, "a tame, foolish Keeper," was created by James Nokes. There is a scene at the beginning of Act II which is very pertinent to the present passage.

p. 32. *Fine.* In a somewhat unusual sense of to fine = to pay a composition or consideration for a special privilege. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Rover*, Part II (4to, 1681), Act IV, where the old bawd Petronella says: "This Stranger must not be put off, nor *Carlo* neither, who has fin'd again as if for a new Maidenhead."

p. 38. *in Ure.* In use; practice. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City-Heiress*; or, *Sir Timothy Treat-all*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1682 (4to, 1628), II, 2, where Wilding says to his mistress: "*Diana*, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, dissemble, and jilt in abundance to keep thy hand in ure."

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

- p. 38. *bubled*. Cozened. A very frequent term. "An Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia* (4to, 1688), has: "*Bubble, Caravan*. The Cheated."
- p. 38. *Woodcocks*. A common term for a cully, a tom-noodle. Woodcock is the typically foolish coxcomb in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers*. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, I, 2: "O! this woodcock, what an ass it is!"
- p. 39. *the Exchange*. Mrs. Furnish, an Exchange-woman, acted by Mrs. Osborn, appears in Otway's *The Atheist*, produced at Dorset Garden in the summer of 1683, Act II of which comedy opens with an excellent picture of the Exchange and the sempstresses calling "Gloves or Ribbands? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences."
- p. 39. *Hictius doctius*. A form of nonsense words used by jugglers in performing their tricks. Often "*hiccius doccius*," perhaps *hicce est doctus*; "here is the learned man": or, possibly mere jingling gibberish. Cf. "Hey presto." Cf. *The Kind Keeper*, II, 1: "I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hictius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conscience, *Pug* can Conjure." And *Amphitryon*; or, *The Two Socias*, produced at Drury Lane, October, 1690 (4to, 1690), V, 1: "In Sadness, I think they are both Juglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing: And then *hiccius doccius*, and they are both here again."
- p. 39. *You shall hardly see a fool upon the stage but he's a Knight*. Like minds jump together. Jeremy Collier, in *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698), expresses at the end of Chapter IV, pp. 173-6, the same views as Mr. Sparkish. The dramatists are severely reprov'd for daring to introduce Quality upon the Stage. Lord Froth, Lord Rake, Lord Foppington, ought never to have been brought into plays. Molière has a word of lukewarm commendation because "he pretends to fly his Satir no higher than a Marquis." As for the English writers, "can't they lash the Vice without pointing upon the *Quality*? . . . What necessity is there to kick the *Coronets* about the *Stage*, and to make a Man a Lord, only in order to make him a Coxcomb."
- p. 40. *a Bench in the Pit*. There were no backs to the benches in the pit, and there are many allusions to fops standing upon or striding over them. Cf. Dryden's "Prologue, for the Women, When they Acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Here's good Accomodation in the Pit;
The Grave demurely in the midst may sit,
And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side
Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride.

- p. 40. *Covent-Garden-Drollery*. "*Covent Garden Drollery*, or A Collection of all the choice Songs, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues, sung and spoken at Courts and Theatres. Written by the Refinedst Wits of the Age; and collected by A. B. Price, bound, 1s. Printed for James Magnes in *Russel street*, in *Covent Garden*." 1672. This little book, which contains many interesting pieces, was compiled by Alexander Brome. It is now of the last rarity.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 40. *Tarugos Wiles* (4to, 1668). *Tarugo's Wiles ; or, The Coffee-House*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 5 October, 1667, was adapted by Thomas St. Serf from Agustín Moreto's *No puede ser*. It is on the whole a good comedy, and although Downes tells us "*The Coffee-house* by Mr. *Sincerf* . . . Expir'd the third Day" he may be in error. Lord Dorset, at any rate, has some highly complimentary lines addressed to St. Serf on *Tarugos Wiles*. It will be remembered that Crowne was indebted to *No puede ser* for a hint of some scenes in *Sir Courtly Nice*.
- p. 40. *The Slighted Maiden*. *The Slighted Maid* (4to, 1663). This play by Sir Robert Stapylton was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in February, 1662-3. It was parodied in *The Rehearsal*, and Dryden has some pretty severe strictures on the conduct of the scenes, but none the less it is an interesting, if somewhat hybrid and rococo, drama.
- p. 43. *Eclaircissement*. This was one of the words particularly affected by Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode*. It figures in the list made for her use by Philotis, Act III. And later she exclaims to Palmyra: "But let me Die if this *Eclaircissement* which is made this Day of your Quality does not ravish me." Wycherley puts the word in the mouths of his fops; Sparkish in this play, and Novel in *The Plain-Dealer*. 25 June, 1738, Hill, writing to Pope, says: "Eclaircissements is an affected French word, and I am heartily sorry I want it."
- p. 46. O *Feminy*. Gemini, often corrupted to *Leminy* or *Lemine*, was a mild expression or petty oath childishly used by the innocent and vulgar. Cf. Otway's *The Souldier's Fortune*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1679-80; where Sir Jolly cries out: "Gemini! what would become of me?" Also *The London Cuckolds*, II, where Peggy, a silly young country girl, upon being told all London cannot be seen in a week, exclaims, "O Leminy! not in a week, Aunt; and does my Nuncle own all this Town?"
- p. 49. *Squeeze'd my Orange*. Cf. The Introduction to Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the winter of 1674, which was spoken by Haines and Betty Mackarel, a notorious bona-roba of the day, who had begun life as an orange-wench in the King's house.
- Think of thy high calling, *Betty*, now th'art here,
They gaze and wish, but cannot reach thy sphere,
Though ev'ry one could squeeze thy Orange there.
- p. 50. *Pulvilio*. *Polviglio*. A sweet-scented powder. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, produced at Dorset Garden in February, 1676; III; where Mrs. Loviet says: "Fo! Their periwigs are scented with tobacco so strong—" "It overcomes our Pulvillio," concludes Sir Fopling. There is also a verb to pulvil = to perfume with pulvillio. Cf. *The Way of the World*, IV, Lady Wishfort's instructions to Foible: "Have you pullvill'd the Coachman and Postilion, that they may not stink of the Stable, when Sir Rowland comes by?"
- p. 51. *Falling-Sickness* Epilepsy.

THE COUNTRY-WIFE

- p. 51. *Natural*. A fool; a silly body. A common word long in use. Cf. Steele's *The Conscious Lovers*, produced at Drury Lane, 7 November, 1722, published 1 December, 1722, with title-page 1723, II, 1: "I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick sense, though very slow understanding."
- p. 52. *Canonical hour*. Cf. *The Way of the World*, I, *Mirabell*: "Betty, what says your Clock?" *Betty*: "Turn'd of the last Canonical Hour, Sir." *Mirabell*: "How pertinently the Jade answers me! Ha! almost one a Clock!" [*Looking on his watch.*]
- p. 58. *yvads*. Or i'vads, i'fads = In faith. A rustic expression. Cf. Duffett, *The Mock-Tempest*, II, 1: *Miranda*. "So we all think i'vads." Also D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), II, 342: "Ivads, no—I an't such a Baby neither."
- p. 59. *curiously*. Cleverly and neatly.
- p. 59. *fadges*. Succeeds. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II, 2: "How will this fadge?"
- p. 59. *squab*. In modern parlance "squat," short and dumpy. Cf. Tom Brown's "Letter from Mr. Joseph Haines . . . to his Friends at Will's Coffee-House; He . . . was as thick about the waste, as the fat squab porter at the Griffin tavern in Fuller's Rents." Dryden was roughly nicknamed by the Earl of Rochester "Poet Squab." The libellous *Medal of John Bayes* (4to, 1682), a pasquil often, but quite groundlessly, attributed to Shadwell, alludes to this:

Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear
How truly *Poet Squab* would'st thou appear.

The same verses describe the laureate as *Cherry-cheek'd*, and *Rochester's Ghost* speaks of his "slouching Booby Mien." Doubtless a coarsely expressed exaggeration.

- p. 62. *Tom-rigg*. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700) defines *Tom-boy* as *A Ramp, a Tomrig*. Cf. Shadwell's Preface to *The Sullen Lovers* (4to, 1688): "An impudent ill-bred Tomrig for a Mistress."
- p. 63. *Rol-waggon*. A low-wheeled vehicle for the easy conveyance of goods. A very rare word. Cf. Arnold's *Chronicles*, 1502 (ed. 1811), 197: "For a grate packe for the rolle wayne . . . then for a lytill packe, the rolle wayne."
- p. 65. *diffide in me*. Mistrust me. Cf. *The Old Batchelour*, V, where Bellmour says: "What Diffide in me, Lucy?"
- p. 65. *Lockets*. This fashionable ordinary stood on the site of Drummond's Bank, Charing Cross. It was named from Adam Locket, the landlord, who died in 1688. In 1702, an Edward Locket, probably a son, was proprietor. The reputation of the house was on the wane during the latter years of Anne, and in the reign of George I its vogue came entirely to an end. There are frequent references in almost every writer of the period. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, I: *Young Bellair*. "Where do you dine?" *Dorimant*. "At Long's or Locket's." Also *The Relapse*, produced at Drury Lane, December, 1696, I: *Young Fashion*. "Shall you be back at Dinner?" *Lord Foppington*. "As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of our House at Locket's."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 67. *Piazza*. An open arcade on the north and east sides of Covent Garden Market Place. It was built by Inigo Jones, *circa* 1633-4, and for well-nigh a century remained a fashionable promenade. Scene 2, Act IV, of Otway's *The Souldier's Fortune* (1680) is the Piazza at midnight. Cf. Brome, *The Covent Garden Weeded* (8vo, 1658), I, 1, where Cockbrayne says: "Yond magnificent Peece, the *Piazza*, will excell that at Venice, by hearsay (I ne're travell'd)."
- p. 68. *as good sawce . . . as an Orange to Veale*. Cf. The Duke of Newcastle's *The Triumphant Widow, or, The Medley of Humours*, produced at Dorset Garden, November, 1674 (4to, 1677), Act III, the Cook's rhymes:
- A leg of Pork lying here slasht and cut,
The Loins of Veal shot through with Orange shot.
- p. 68. *dust it away*. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (ed. 1700) has: "*Dust it away*, drink quickly about."
- p. 74. *paw words*. Paw=stupid, improper. An affected but popular word, apparently derived from the exclamation pah! Cf. *Love for Love*, V; Tattle to Miss Prue: "O fie, marrying is a paw thing." Also Lacy's *Sir Hercules Buffoon* (4to, 1684), III, 2, where Sir Marmaduke Seldin reproves Fidelia with "Fie, niece, what have you said? Those are paw words indeed."
- p. 77. *Lady Lanterlus*. Lanterloo is an old form of the game now called loo. It was exceedingly fashionable, and there are many references. Cf. Shadwell, *A True Widow*, produced at the Duke's Theatre, 21 March, 1678, III, where Prig at the theatre says: "What should we do at this damn'd Play-house? Let's send for some cards, and play at lang-trilloo 'in the box.'" Also Crowne, *Sir Courtly Nice*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1685, III, Surly's raillery of Sir Courtly: "Thou art the only Court-Card Women love to play with? the very Pam at *Lantereloo*, the Knave that picks up all." Pam is the knave of clubs, especially in the game of five-card loo, in which this card is the highest trump. Cf. Pope, *The Rape of the Lock* (1712-14), III, 61:
- "Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*."
- p. 81. *China-house*. A house where china ware was exhibited; frequently used as a place of assignation, to which there are constant references. Cf. *The Silent Woman*, acted in 1609, I, where Clerimont says of Sir Amorous La-Foole: "He has a lodging in the Strand . . . to watch when ladies are gone to the China-Houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys." Gifford tersely states that the China-houses were "a kind of bagnios," which is indeed no more than the truth of the matter.

The Plain-Dealer

- p. 90. *Ridiculum acri.* Horace. *Sermonum*, I, x, 14, 15.
- p. 97. *To my Lady B*——. Mother Bennet, a notorious procuress of the day. On Saturday, 22 September, 1660, Pepys notes that Luellin “told me how the pretty woman that I always loved at the beginning of Cheapside that sells child’s coats was served by the Lady Bennet (a famous strumpet), who, by counterfeiting to fall into a swoon upon the sight of her in her shop, became acquainted with her, and at last got her ends of her to lie with a gentleman that had hired her to procure that poor soul for him.” On Saturday, 30 May, 1668, the diarist being in the company of “as very rogues as any in the town . . . first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, when he was amongst them, and my Lady Bennet and her ladies; and their then dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world.” Mother Bennet is mentioned in *Sir Martin Mar-All*, IV: “Every Night I fin’d out for a new Maiden-Head, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford* have put off boil’d Capons for Quails and Partidges.” *The Tatler*, No. 84, speaks of this maquerelle as “the celebrated Mother Bennet.” In *The Spectator*, Friday, 4 January, 1712, No. 266, Steele, describing the desperate craft of old bawds, very justly remarks: “The Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies, these Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*, and is a Master-piece of Railery on this Vice.”
- p. 97. *Mr. Bays says of his.* *The Rehearsal*, III, 2: “*Bayes*. Nay, nay, come, come, *Mr. Johnson*, . . . I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this Play; for that’s the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? What do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play? If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I’ll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara Voyant*, I gad.”
- p. 98. *Nihil est.* Juvenal. *Satira*, VI, 283–4.
- p. 98. *Eles envoient.* Montaigne, *les Essais*, Livre III, chapitre 5: “Si c’est indiscretion de publier ainsi ses erreurs, il n’y a pas grand danger qu’elle passe en exemple et usage: car Ariston disoit que les vents que les hommes craignent le plus sont ceuls qui les descouvrent. Il faut rebrasser ce sot haillon qui cache nos mœurs: ils envoient leur conscience au bordel, et tiennent leur contenance en règle: jusques aux traistres et assassins, ils espousent les loin de la ceremonie, et attachent là leur debvoir.”
- p. 99. *Nimirum propter continentiam.* Professor Bensley has obliged me with the following note: “Tertullian, *De Pudicitia*, cap. I, after quoting 1 Cor.
(296)

EXPLANATORY NOTES

vii, 9, 'melius est nubere quam uri,' continues, 'Nimirum, propter continentiam incontinentia necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguetur.' In Migne's text, 1844, tom. 11, col. 983, we have *extinguetur*. Wycherley gives the present tense and seems to treat the quotation as verse. Did he, when ending one line with *incontinentia* and the other with *extinguitur*, allow himself to look on it as a sort of rough iambic metre? Some of the Latin University dramas in the early part of that century (e.g. Robert Burton's *Philosophasta*) are very haphazard in their metrical licenses. Does not the treatment of the passage from Tertullian as verse (if Wycherley, not his printer, was responsible) suggest that it may have been taken from some place where it was already a quotation?"

- p. 101. *And with faint praises.* Pope has stolen this in the oft-quoted line, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (*Prologue to the Satires*), 1734, l. 201:

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer.

- p. 101. *'Tis but what here you sponge.* In allusion to the curious regulation that any person entering a Restoration theatre and leaving before the end of the act then in progress was not required to pay. This practice, to which reference is frequently made, led to the grossest abuse. On Tuesday, 7 January, 1667-8, Pepys records: "to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, to look for them [his wife, Mercer, and Willet,] and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in 'The Schoole for Compliment' at the Duke of York's house, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's house; but, not finding them, nor liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home." Cf. also the ballad-epilogue to Davenant's *The Man's the Master*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in March, 1667-8:

And some—a Deuce take 'em—pretend
They come but to speak with a Friend;
Then wickedly rob us of a Whole Play
By stealing five Times an Act in a Day.
O little England! Speak, is it no Pity,
That gallants ev'n here, and in thy Chief City,
Should under great Perruques have Heads so small,
As they must steal Wit, or have none at all?

In the theatre scene, Act IV, Shadwell's *A True Widow*, we have:

2. *Door-keeper.* Will you pay me, Sir?

4. *Man.* No; I don't intend to stay.

2. *Door-keeper.* So you say every Day, and see two or three Acts for nothing.

4. *Man.* I'll break your Head, you Rascal.

- p. 101. *Lely's.* Sir Peter Lely, born at Soest in Westphalia, 1618; he died of apoplexy, 30 November, 1680. In addition to the Court Beauties, he painted a number of portraits of admirals for the Duke of York.

- p. 107. *finical.* Affectedly nice.

- p. 107. *young Pantaloon Captain.* This phrase is equivalent to "a young fop of a
(297)

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Captain." Pantaloons were breeches much affected by the Restoration exquisites. So Thomas Blount in his *Glossographia*, "A Dictionary interpreting the hard words of whatsoever Language, now used in our refined English Tongue," 8vo, 1674 (4th edition), has "*Pantaloons*, a sort of Breeches now in fashion and well known." Cf. *A Satyr against the French*, 1691:

They taught our Sparks to strut in Pantaloons.

- p. 108. *hurry durry*. A peculiarly appropriate epithet, as being a sailor's term applied to foul and stormy weather. Cf. *State Papers* (Domestic), 1672 (P.R.O.), CCCXIV, No. 90: "The wind was at East and blew hard, and, as the seamen terme it, was thick hurry durry weather, which is wind and raine."
- p. 108. *Hob*. A peg or pin used as a mark or target in games, and so especially, Hob is the game in which these are particularly used. Halliwell defines: "*Hob*, a small piece of wood of a cylindrical form, used by boys to set up on end, to put half-pence on to chuck or pitch at with another half-penny."
- p. 108. *Scuttle*. A square or rectangular hole, opening in a ship's deck, smaller than a hatchway, furnished with a movable lid or cover, and used as a means of communication between deck and deck.
- p. 109. *the Kings stamp*. Cf. Burns, *Is there for Honest Poverty*:

The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

- p. 110. *I cannot be your Friend*. This dialogue may be compared with *Le Misanthrope*, I, 1: *Alceste*. *Moi, votre ami? Rayez cela de vos papiers. . .*
- p. 111. *Bay's grand Dance*. *The Rehearsal*, V. The two Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green. When they light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne:

1 *King*. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King*. I do agree, but first, let's have a Dance.

They then "Dance a grand Dance" in which four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, Heralds, and Serjeants-at-Arms all join.

- p. 111. *Jack-chain*. A chain, each link of which consists of a double loop of wire, resembling a figure of 8, but with the loops in planes at right angles to each other; the links are not welded.
- p. 113. *Knight of the Post*. A false bail; one who got his livelihood by giving false evidence. (Perhaps, a Knight of the Whipping Post.) Cf. Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592: "A Knight of the Post . . . a fellow that will swear you anything for twelve pence." Also Brome, *A Joviall Crew; or, The Merry Beggars*, produced at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641, I: "He should have wit and knavery too, Sir: For he was an Attorney, till he was pitch'd over the Bar. And from that fall, he was taken up a Knight o' the Post; and so he continued, till he was degraded at the whipping-post." For false bails see *Pickwick Papers*, XL.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 114. *a dozen Norfolk Attorneys.* Norfolk is proverbially a litigious county. "For cunning in the Law and wrangling Norfolk men are justly noted" is an old saying. Camden, *Brittania*, 1586, has: "Si nihil sit litium lites tamen ex iuris apicibus serere callent." Fuller, *Church History* (1655), III, xii, 10, writes: "Norfolk men are characterized in iure municipali uersatissimi, where they study Law as following the plough-tail, and will enter an action for their neighbour's horse but looking over their hedge."
Cf. Ozell's translation of *Le Lutrin* (1708), V, where Sydrac addresses Chicantry: "For the *Norfock Hind* sweats at his Plough," and the note: "In the Original it is Men of Normandy, who like our Norfolk Men are remarkably Litigious."
- p. 114. *dagled.* Mire-bespattered; having the skirts splashed with mud or rain.
Cf. Swift's *A Description of a City Shower* (1727):
To shops in crowds the dagged females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
- p. 114. *green Bag.* A bag made of green material such as was used formerly (the colour now being blue) by barristers and lawyers for documents and papers. Hence a "Green-bag" came to be a slang term for a lawyer, and it is so defined by the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, circa 1700.
- p. 114. *Law-French.* The corrupt variety of Norman French used in English law books. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1677-8 (4to, 1678), IV, where Lady Knowell stops the basket, in which Sir Credulous is concealed, as it is about to be carried away, and when she is told that the contents are books, cries: "Who are their Authors, and what their Language?" Lodowick intervenes with, "Hold, hold, madam, they are only *English* and some *Law-French*." "Law-French!" exclaims the lady, "Out upon't, I cou'd find it in my heart to have the Porters bring it back, and have it burnt for a Heresy to Learning." "Or thrown into the *Thames*, that it may float back to *Normandy*, to have the Language new modell'd," rejoins Lodowick.
- p. 115. *John-a-Stiles.* i.e. John (who dwells) at the Stile, usually coupled with a John-a-Nokes as a fictitious name for one of the parties in a legal action. Cf. *The Spectator*, No. 577 (Addison), Friday, 6 August, 1714: "*The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles, sheweth, That your Petitioners have had Causes depending in Westminster Hall above five hundred years. . . .*"
- p. 115. *a hungry Judge.* Cf. *Love for Love*, I: "I have dispatch'd some half a dozen Duns, with as much Dexterity as a hungry Judge do's Causes at Dinner-time." This has been conveyed by Pope, *The Rape of the Lock*, II, 21, 22:
The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine.
- p. 115. *Fitz, Pere, and Ayle.* Fitz = *filis*, a Son. Used in law and genealogy. Ayle, Aiel or Aile (French, *aieul*; Latin, *auus*), a grandfather. *Aiel* was a writ which lay when a man's grandfather or great-grandfather (called *besaile*) died seised of lands in fee-simple, and on the day of his death the heir was dispossessed of his inheritance by a stranger.

THE PLAIN-DEALER

- p. 115. *seized*. Tenure is the mode of holding property, and seisin, the highest interest a subject can acquire, is the right to use the profits in the soil. To disseise is to dispossess or to deprive. A disseisor is one who unlawfully puts another out of his land. Actual entry on land is necessary to constitute a seisin in deed.
- p. 116. *Livery and Seizin*. "Livery of seisin simply means the delivery of the feudal possession." *Williams on Seisin*, p. 99.
- p. 116. *by digging the Turf*. An act of legal symbolism employed in certain cases to denote the real taking possession of an estate.
- p. 116. *watch your waters*. To keep a strict watch on anyone's actions. *Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*. . . . Revised and corrected by Pierce Egan, 1823. Cf. Crowne's *City Politiques*, II, where Bartoline says of his young wife: "I ha' no shuch confidentsh in a woman; I declare it before my girlesh faish I'll wash her wachersh."
- p. 117. *a starv'd Hermit a Ravisher*. Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, II, Act III (4to, 1672):

Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move
Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love;

Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair

- p. 119. *Toure*. The Tour (Tower) was a curled frontlet of false hair. In Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, produced at Dorset Garden, January, 1675-6 (4to, 1675), Act II, 2, Lady Fadle cries to her maid: "Run to my milliners for my gloves and essences . . . run for my new Towre." Shadwell, *The Virtuoso* (4to, 1676), mentions, "Tires for the head, locks, tours, frouzes, and so forth." *The Debauchee* (4to, 1677), Act II, 1, Mrs. Saleware speaks of buying "fine clothes, and tours, and Points and knots."
- p. 120. *I abominate*. [*Spits*. In *The Spanish Fryar* (4to, 1681), Act IV, when Lorenzo says to Father Dominic, "Thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?" the friar replies: "Away, away; I do not love 'em;—phau; no—(*Spits*)—I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish!"—(*Spits again*). "Why," retorts the malapert gallant, "thy mouth waters at the very mention of them."
- p. 120. *glote*. More frequently "glout," to make eyes at. Cf. the Prologue, written by Otway, spoken by Mr. Barry to Mrs. Behn's *The City-Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of March, 1681-2:

Ye go to Church to glout and ogle there.

Also Orrery's *Guzman*, produced at the Duke's house, Friday, 16 April, 1669 (4to, 1693): "*Guzman* glouts at her, sighs, and folds his arms." Another, and perhaps the more usual, meaning of "to glout" is to frown or to scowl, and this is the only explanation given by the *N.E.D.*, although "to glout" = to look amorously is not infrequent.

- p. 120. *none rail at the Court*. And so in Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, produced at the S. James's Theatre, 14 February, 1895, III, Lady

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Bracknell says: "Never speak disrespectfully of Society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that."

- p. 121. *Dreams, Almanacks, and Dutch Gazetes.* Cf. *Love for Love*, IV: *Jeremy*. I have heard 'em say, sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backward; may be you begin to read at the wrong end. *Valentine*. They say so of a *Witches Prayer*, and *Dreams*, and *Dutch Almanacks* are to be understood by contraries." See the present editor's *Gongreve*, Vol. II, p. 158, and the notes upon this passage (p. 268).
- p. 121. *spruce.* Smart. Cf. Pepys, 30 May, 1668: "Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20s. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do."
- p. 121. *Buffle-headed.* Foolish. Cf. the loyal-hearted Dr. Thomas Yalden's *The Owl and the Sun*, circa 1736:

A saucy buffle-headed owl.
- p. 122. *the Ghost in the Libertine.* Shadwell's *The Libertine* (Don Juan) was produced at Dorset Garden in June, 1675. It is not founded, as has been often supposed, upon Molière's *Dom Juan, or, Le Festin de Pierre*, produced Wednesday, 15 February, 1665, but rather upon Rosimond's *Le Nouveau Festin de Pierre, ou L'Athée Foudroyé*, given at the Théâtre Marais, November, 1669. Claude la Rose, sieur de Rosimond, was a leading actor in the company of Marais. Rosimond gives Dom Juan two companions in vice, Dom Lope and Dom Félix, "débauchez, amis de Dom Juan." Shadwell has in some scenes very closely followed Rosimond's drama.
- p. 123. *Mr. Lely's.* Lely was knighted by Charles II at Whitehall on 11 January, 1679.
- p. 124. *Fop-corner.* A particular part of the pit, nearest to the stage, where the exquisites and beau-critics were wont to forgather. There are many allusions in prologues, epilogues, and plays. Cf. The Epilogue, spoken by Charlotte Butler, to Mrs. Behn's *The City-Heiress*;

You break into our Quarters for Provision;
 Invade Fop-Corner with your glaring Beauties,
 And 'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
- p. 127. *Mrs. Grideline.* French, *gridelin, gris-de-lin* = flax-grey. "A colour partaking of white and red" (Littré). A pale purple or grey-violet colour. See H. Cogan's translation (1652) of Scudéry's *Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa*, II, 1, 10: "The third . . . was in a wastcoat of gridilyon satin."
- p. 128. *Haycocks.* A conical heap of hay in a field. Cf. *L'Allegro*, 90: "the tann'd Haycock in the Mead."
- p. 129. *Foy.* A corruption of *ma foi!* Cf. *The Double-Dealer*, I: "Oh, foy, Sir Paul, what do you mean?"
- p. 130. *Brandenburgh.* French *brandenbourg*. From Brandenburgh in Prussia, famous for woollen manufactures. A morning-gown. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, IV, 2: "Y'have a very fine Brandenburgh on, Sir Fopling."

THE PLAIN-DEALER

- p. 130. *Thames-street*. On the north bank of the Thames, stretches from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower, a distance of rather more than a mile. Here were Paul's Wharf, Broken Wharf, Queenhithe, Coldharbour, Steelyard, Billingsgate.
- p. 131. *the scent of it*. Scented gloves were introduced into England by the Earl of Oxford on his return from Italy, in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign and for a century and a half later they were very fashionable. In *The Man of Mode* Sir Fopling Flutter's gloves are "Orangerii," and going to the theatre he was "almost poison'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves" worn by his neighbour. Thereupon Mrs. Lovrit sympathizingly exclaims: "Oh! filthy Cordivant, how I hate the Smell!" In *The Kind Keeper* Mrs. Tricksy remarks to Limberham: "I have been looking over the last Present of *Orange* Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the Scent.—O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring those you wear from *Paris*?" "Mine are *Roman*, Madam," replied Woodall, to which the lady answered, "The Scent I love, of all the World."
- p. 131. *your Box*. It must be remembered that in the Restoration theatre the Boxes were let off in separate seats.
- p. 131. *Gunpowder spot*. Cf. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letter to Abbé Conti, 31 July, 1718: "The women have their arms and their necks and faces adorned with . . . various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder." Also *Petronius*, translated by Wilson, etc., 1708: "Fine Gentlemen in the Boxes with their Patches, Gun-powder Spots, and Tooth-pickers."
- p. 133. *Suburb Mistresses*. The suburbs were largely frequented by loose women, who resided in those outlying districts. The quarters beyond the Town had anything but a savoury reputation, and such bagnios as might be found there would be of the lowest order. "A suburban" was a cant term for a whore. In Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (4to, 1608), the merry lord Valerius sings "a song of all the pretty suburbians," II, 3.
- p. 135. *Picaroon loofs*. *Dictionary Canting Crew* (circa 1700) has: *Pickaroon*, a very small Privateer. Hence, a small private craft; a corsair. Loofs=luffs, changes its course.
- p. 136. *roaring*. Roystering and ramping. Cf. Dekker and Middleton's comedy *The Roaring-Girle* (4to, 1612).
- p. 137. *Ann' undec. Caroli prim'*. 1636.
- p. 137. *Snap*. A rogue; a sharking fellow. Cf. *The Spanish Curate*, licensed by Sir John Ashley, 24 October, 1622, II, 1:

Take heed of a snap, sir; h'as a cozening countenance:
I do not like his way.

- Snap is also used, as here, in a much mitigated sense, but yet slightly.
- p. 138. *Scotch Warming-pan*. A wench. Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*. . . . Revised and Corrected by Pierce Egan, 1823.
- p. 138. *Fobus*. Old stupid; old fool. From to fob=to cheat, to trick. One who is taken in or deluded. Cf. German *foppen*.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 138. *Pepper-corn Rents.* When it is desired to reserve only a nominal rent for any period, a "peppercorn, if demanded," is usually reserved.
- p. 138. *old Gold to nick upon.* To nick originally meant to make a winning cast. Then to hazard, for which cf. *She Stoops to Conquer*, produced at Covent Garden, 15 March, 1773 (8vo, 1773), III, where Marlow says: "My old luck; I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following." To nick seven is to hazard one's money on seven; to throw ames-ace (=ambs-ace, two aces thrown on the same time on two dice) thrice running is to lose by one. To nick then meant to gamble in a general sense; to make ducks and drakes of money. The point of Freeman's answer, "Guineys wou'd serve my turn," lies in the fact that guineas were new gold, not having been coined before the year 1662.
- p. 139. *Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping.* From one end of the town to the other. A tavern, Hercules Pillars in Fleet Street, is often alluded to Pepys, but here Hercules Pillars is the house at Hyde Park Corner, mentioned in *Tom Jones*, XVI, 2.
- p. 139. *scouring.* Behaving with wanton riot and destroying. To scour is to assault violently; to rampage (especially the streets at night). Here the reference is to cutting down the timber on the estate.
- p. 139. *Covert Baron.* A legal term used of a wife who is under the protection of her husband.
- p. 140. *black Guard.* The play upon words should be noticed. The lawyers are dressed in black.
- p. 141. *busk about.* A naval term used of a ship, to beat or cruise about; to tack. Cf. Charles Johnson, *The Successful Pirate*, 1713: "The ship was found busking on the seas without a mast or rudder."
- p. 143. *Reference.* This was the sending of any matter of inquiry by the Court of Chancery to a chief clerk, or taxing master, or a conveyancing counsel, that he might examine it and certify the result to the Court.
- p. 144. *Branch.* Embroider it finely with flowers of speech. To branch is, literally, to ornament or embroider satin or velvet. Cf. *Philaster*, second edition (4to, 1622), V: "You branch'd cloth of bodkin." Also Tennyson, *The Marriage of Geraint*;
 And Enid fell in longing for a dress
 All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift
 Of her good mother.
- p. 144. *soux'd.* Soused, pickled. Cf. Shadwell's *The Libertine* (4to, 1676), III: "If I serve you not in your kind then am I a sows'd sturgeon."
- p. 145. *Breviate.* A memorandum prefixed to a brief, stating its effect.
- p. 145. *brass Half-crown.* Brass=copper; alloy of copper.
- p. 145. *Marry gep.* A corruption of "By S. Mary Gipse," i.e. By S. Mary of Egypt, a holy penitent of the fifth century, feast-day 9 April, whose Relics are venerated at San Pietro, Cremona; an important Relic also in England. "Gep," however, was later confused with "Gip=Gee(h)up" and "Gup," originally addressed to a horse, and then later to any person. Whence "marry gep" came to mean "go along with you!" Cf. *The*

THE PLAIN-DEALER

Faithful Friends, attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher, *circa* 1616, III, 2: *Learchus*. Not a man admitted without money? *Flavia*. Money? Marry gip!

- p. 146. *Mr. Quillit . . . Mr. Quirk*. A quillet = a quibble. A quirk = a verbal shift or evasion. Cf. Philemon Holland, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, 1609, XXX, iv, 386: "Linking and entangling causes with insoluble quirkes and quilllets."

- p. 146. *Culpepper, . . . Aristotle's Problems? The Compleat Midwife*. Nicholas Culpepper (1616-54), astrologer and herbalist, whose works, particularly *Medicaments for the Poor*, or, *Physick for the Common People*; *Galen's Art of Physick*; *The Practice of Physick, in Seventeen several Books* (to which reference, perhaps, is here made); *The English Physician*; *Culpepper's Last Legacy to his Wife*; were frequently reprinted.

Aristotle's Problems. This work is, of course, wrongly attributed to the great Greek philosopher. The earliest edition was printed at Rome in 1475. *Aristotelis Problemata particula prima* (—*vicesima, etc.*). Per Johañem Reynhard de Emingen. There are translations in nearly all modern languages. In 1597 there was published in London *The Problems of Aristotle with other Philosophers and Phisitions*. A similar version had appeared at Edinburgh, 1595. There are editions of 1680 and 1684, and in 1710 we have "The Twenty-Fifth Edition," London. The book is frequently reprinted even to-day.

The Compleat Midwife. "The Compleat Midwife's Practice enlarged. From the experience of . . . N[icholas] C[ulpepper]. . . . With a further discovery of those secrets kept close in the brest of N.C. . . ." 8vo, 1663.

- p. 147. *Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate*. Michael Dalton (1554-1620), the eminent lawyer whose works were long supremely authoritative. *The Country Justice* was very frequently reprinted, and there appeared in 1670 a new edition of "*Officium Vicecomitum*. The Office and Authority of Sheriffs, gathered out of the Statutes and Books of the Common Laws of this Kingdom. Corrected and very much enlarged by Mich. Dalton, late of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., and one of the Masters of the Chancery." In Folio. Price, bound, 12s.

Hughs. William Hughes, of Gray's Inn, a copious but forgotten writer on legal matters. Among his works are: "*Hughes' Queries*, or Choice Queries for Moots; containing several points of Law not resolved in the Books collected"; London, 1675; and an edition of Leonard's "The Fourth Part of the Reports of several Cases of Law argued and adjudged in the several Courts of *Westminster* in the time of the late Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign." Folio, 1675.

Shepherd. William Sheppard, legal writer (*d.* 1675?), was educated for the law, and had a large country practice. About 1653 he was invited to London by Cromwell and made one of the clerks of the upper bench. In 1656 he became a serjeant-at-law, and in September, 1639, a puisne justice of the County Palatine. His works, mainly upon legal subjects, which number more than two dozen, include *Justice of the Peace*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

his *Clerk's Cabinet* (8vo, 1651); *Epitome of the Common and Statute Laws* (folio, 1656); and *The Practical Counsellor in the Law* (folio, 1671).

Wingate, Edmund Wingate (1596–1656), mathematician and legal writer, was admitted to Gray's Inn, 24 May, 1614. At the outbreak of the Civil War he sided with the rebels, and presently was made justice of peace for Bedfordshire. He was intimate with Cromwell. He died in Gray's Inn Lane, and was buried in S. Andrew's, Holborn, 13 December, 1656. He published numerous books and treatises, amongst which are *An Exact Abridgment of all the Statutes in force and use from the beginning of Magna Carta*, London, 1642 (and many editions, that of 1668 being continued by William Hughes), and *The Body of the Common Law of England*, 2nd edition, 1655, and reprinted 1658, 1662, 1670, 1678.

- p. 147. *St. George for Christendom, or, The Seven Champions of England*. It will be noticed that Jerry has confused the two titles. *S. George for England*; and, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*. The ballad *S. George for England* is referred to in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, Act V. *The Most famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendome. . . . Shewing their Honourable battailes by Sea and Land. . . .* 4to, 1596. Licensed (part I only?) to J. Danter, 20 April, 1596. *The Most Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendome; Saint George of England, Saint Denis of France, Saint Iames of Spayne, Saint Anthony of Italie, Saint Andrew of Scotland, Saint Patricke of Ireland, and Saint David of Wales; Shewing their Honorable battailes by Sea and Land. . . .* 2 vols, 4to, 1608, Black Letter. Richard Johnson's romance was extraordinarily popular, and there are numberless editions. It was, in fact, continually reissued until the latter part of the eighteenth century, and there are even nineteenth-century reprints. After the Restoration it appears to have been greatly in vogue amongst the people, and "The Tenth Impression" is 4to, 1668; "The Twelveth Impression" 4to, 1682, in which year there was yet another edition, all Black Letter.
- p. 147. *The Young Clerk's Guide*. Edward Cocker's "*The Young Clerk's Tutor* being a most useful Collection of the best presidents of Recognizances, Obligations, Conditions, Acquittances, Bills of Sale, Warrants of Attorney, etc. As also the names of Men and Women in Latin. . . . Together with Directions of Writs of *Habeas Corpus*, Writs of Errors, etc. . . ." Third Edition, 8vo, London, 1664, and very frequently reprinted.
- p. 147. *Champertee*. (French, *champ parti*; Latin, *campi partitio*.) Properly a bargain between a plaintiff or defendant in a suit and a third person, *campum partire*, to divide between them the land or other matter sued for in the event of the litigant being successful in his suit, whereupon the champertor is to carry on the party's suit or action at his own expense. But, as here, it is also the purchasing the right of action or suit of another person; illegal by Common Law, and also by 3 Edw. I, c. 25; 13 Edw. I, st. I, c. 49; and 32 Hen. 8, c. 9.
- p. 148. *a Tony*. A simpleton; a fool. Cf. *Sir Martin Mar-all*, V, where the Landlord enters "disguis'd like a Tony." After the company have gone

THE PLAIN-DEALER

away, leaving old Moody and Sir John, "Tony dances a figg." "Sir John. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o' your Company? I would fain see 'em again. [To Tony."

- p. 148. *stomachful*. Full of spirit; fiery; wrathful. *Latin*, stomachosus.
- p. 148. *Motion*. A puppet-show.
- p. 149. *Jack of All Trades*. Who kept a nicknackatory or toy-shop.
- p. 149. *Reader's dinner*. In the Inns of Court a Reader is a Lecturer upon Law. The title is now honorary. Cf. *Black Books* (Lincoln's Inn), 1517 (ed. 1897), I, 182: "Whoso bryngith any repaster to the Redar's denar or sopar, except the Redar or any of the Benche, schall pay for the Repast xijd." Also Pepys, Friday, 3 February, 1664-5: "Walkd first to Salsbury Court, there to excuse my not being at home at dinner to Mrs. Turner, who I perceive is vexed, because I do not serve her in something against the great Feasting for her husband's Reading in helping her to some good penneths, but I care not." And Friday, 3 March following: "Thence to see Mrs. Turner, who takes it mighty ill I did not come to dine with the Reader, her husband, which, she says, was the greatest Feast that ever was yet kept by a Reader, and I believe it was well."
- p. 149. *Sign of the Salutation-Tavern*. There was a well-known house of this name at Billingsgate. Pepys, Monday, 5 March, 1659-60, has: "By water to Billingsgate, at the Salutation Tavern." The sign was a man uncovering his head and bowing low.
- p. 150. *Boar-cat*. A male cat; a tom-cat. Now obsolescent, but a common term from the late sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Cf. Brydges, *Homer Travestie*, 1797:
- Scratch and bite and tear and kick,
Like two boar-cats hung 'cross a stick.
- p. 150. *Cat-calls*. The catcall was a kind of whistle or squeaking instrument generally used at the theatres to express disfavour and explode a play. So in *Love for Love*, I, Scandal speaks of: "huge proportion'd Criticks, with long Wigs, lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-books about their Necks."
- p. 150. *Trangame*. A trangam is a toy or trinket; a trumpery ornament, nearly always used in contempt. Cf. *Sir Patient Fancy*, IV, 4: "Go, go your ways, get you gone, and finefy your Knacks and Tranghams."
- p. 151. *Felo de ses biens*. In allusion to the fact that the estates of those who were found by the coroner to have committed suicide went to the King. Cf. Pepys, Tuesday, 21 January, 1667-8.
- p. 151. *Detinue or Trover*. Detinue is a personal action at law founded on tort. The grounds of the action are: (1) A property in the plaintiff, either absolute or special (at the time of action brought) in personal goods, which are capable of being ascertained; (2) a possession in the defendant by bailment, finding, etc.; (3) an unjust detention on the part of the defendant. An action of detinue must be brought within six years.

Trover (French, *trouver*), was a special action upon the case, properly

EXPLANATORY NOTES

called the action of trover and conversion, which might be maintained by any person who had either an absolute or special property in goods, for recovering the value of such goods against another, who having or being supposed to have obtained possession of such goods by lawful means, had wrongfully converted them to his own use. The action was also termed one of "conversion," but "wrongfully depriving" is the term now more frequently used. In detinue and trover the plaintiff was always out of possession, and the defendant in possession of the goods when the tort was committed.

- p. 153. *Bloomsbury*. Southampton House, Bloomsbury, occupied the whole of the north side of the present Bloomsbury Square. It had "a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the fields" (*Styrpe*). This was a great rendezvous for duellists. Cf. The Epilogue to Mountfort's *Greenwich Park*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1691 (4to, 1691), which was spoken by Mrs. Mountfort:

If you're displeas'd with what you've seen to Night;
Behind *Southampton-House* we'll do you right,
Who is't dares draw 'gainst me and Mrs. *Knight* ?

}

Edgehill, 23 October, 1642.

- p. 154. *broad Sword*. Defined by Dr. Johnson as: "A cutting sword with a broad blade."
- p. 154. *Martinet*. Perhaps only here. An exercise in arms so called from its originator, General Martinet, a French drill-master of the reign of Louis XIV.
- p. 154. *shamm'd*. Cf. The Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden circa September, 1682 (4to, 1682):

Thus in true hate of Sense and Wit's despite,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight.

Also *The Squire of Alsatia*, I, 1: *Shamwell*. "I'll speak a Bold Word, he shall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the best Wit or Poet of 'em all. *Belfond Senior*. Good agen: *Cut a Sham, or Banter* ! I shall remember all these quaint Words in time."

- p. 155. *dip'd*. Mortgaged. Cf. Dryden's *Persius*, VI, 159-60:

Put out the Principal, in trusty hands;
Live of the Use; and never dip thy Lands.

- p. 156. *Convoy*. The one who conveys.
- p. 156. *I will have a fair correspondence with you*. I will be on friendly terms with you.
- p. 156. *Lac'd Coffee*. Coffee mingled with a small quantity of spirits. Cf. *The Spectator*, 317, (Addison), Tuesday, 4 March, 1712: "Friday. *From Four to Six*. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head."

THE PLAIN-DEALER

- p. 157 *the two and thirty good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal.* Cf. Swift, *Polite Conversation*, Dialogue II: Col [onel Atwitt]. They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal. *Lady Smart.* Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see, I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones." Vol. XI. (1760 ed.) p. 140, Swift's *Works*.
- p. 158. *a Man might have din'd in this Hall.* Since Westminster Hall was anciently used as a banqueting-room to the old Palace of Westminster.
- p. 160. *mammocks.* Scraps; small pieces. Cf. Ogilby's *Æsop*, 1651 (edition 1665) 137:

Their masking Sutes
Are all in mammocks tore.

- p. 161. *disgust.* Dislike. L'Estrange, *Charles I*, 1655: "His Majesty . . . disgusting Parliaments was enforced to call in the aid of his Prerogative."
- p. 163. *Declarations.* In legal parlance a statement on the plaintiff's part of his cause of action, following after service of writ or summons. In 1875 the Judicature Acts substituted a Statement of Claims.
- p. 163. *Decree.* An edict, a law. The term is also used for the judgment of a court of equity.
- p. 163. *Littleton.* The famous English lawyer, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Edward IV. His *Treatise of Tenures*, although the interest is now mainly historical and antiquarian, must always be considered a classic of jurisprudence. He died 23 August, 1481, and is buried in Worcester Cathedral.
- p. 164. *Letter of Attorney.* A writing authorizing another person, who in such case is called the attorney of the person appointing him, to do any lawful act in the stead of another, as to give seisin of land, recover debts, or sue a third person.
- p. 164. *Hot-cockles.* "A rustic game in which one player lay face downwards, or knelt down with his eyes covered, and being struck on the back by the others in turn, guessed who struck him." It will be remembered that one Michaelmas Eve at neighbour Flamborough's, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs discovered the Vicar's daughters engaged in "this primæval pastime."
- p. 164. *Ravishment of Guard—Westminster the Second.* Ravishment de Gard (of ward). An abolished writ which lay for a guardian by knight's service or in socage against a person who took him from the body of his ward. 12 Car. 2, c. 3.
- p. 165. *squeeze Wax.* To set one's seal to a document; to impress wax with a seal. Burton's *Diary*, 1658-9 (edition 1828), III, 133: "The people are not like a young heir that hath squeezed wax, by which being once bound, it is too late after for him to repent."
- p. 165. *Underwoods, and appurtenances.* Underwoods=small trees and shrubs; coppices. *Appurtenances*, belonging to another thing, as hamlets to a manor, and common of pasture, turbary, etc.; liberties and services, out-houses, yards, orchards, and gardens are legally appurtenant to a messuage.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 165. *Bastard eigne*. An elder son born before marriage. Thus if a man have a natural son and after marry the mother and by her have a legitimate son, the latter is *mulier puisné* and the elder son *bastard eigné*. Eigné = aîné, first-born; puisné = junior, lower, inferior in rank.
- p. 166. *Prerogative Court*. The two archbishops have each of them a prerogative court. The appeal is to the Privy Council. Formerly they had jurisdiction in testamentary matters, but of this they were deprived by the Court of Probate Act, 1857, 20 and 21 Vict., c. 77, s. 4.
- p. 171. *Masty Dog*. A mastiff.
- p. 174. *Falling sickness*. Epilepsy.
- p. 177. *deface the nudities of Pictures*. Cf. *Le Misanthrope*, III, 5:
Célimène Elle fait des tableaux couvrir les nudités;
 Mais elle a de l'amour pour les réalités.
- p. 178. *renounce*. The modern term is "revoke."
- p. 180. *at one door*. i.e. At one of the proscenium doors. Act V, Scene 1, Eliza's Lodgings was a front set. It drew to discover Scene 2, a room in the Cock.
- p. 180. *Cock in Bow-street*. Oxford Kate's, one of the best-known houses of the day. In the summer of 1663 it acquired great notoriety as the scene of the debaucheries of Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, and Sir Thomas Ogle. See Pepys, 1 July, 1663.
- p. 182. *Coaching Cowards*. This is the reading of the first quarto. But the later 4tōs (1678, etc.), "Cocking Cowards," has far more point.
Cocking their hats. Settling their hats with a jaunty or martial air. Cf. *The Spectator*, No. 319 (Budgell), Thursday, 6 March, 1712: "I observed afterwards that the Variety of Cocks into which he moulded his Hat had not a little contributed to his Impositions on me." Also Colley Cibber's Epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Cibber) to Lillo's *The London Merchant* (*George Barnwell*), produced at Drury Lane, 22 June, 1731 (8vo, 1731):
The cit's ashamed whene'er his duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your hats, and take no blame at all.
- p. 189. *Scowrer*. A rake who at night used to rampage the streets, breaking windows, beating the constable, offering violence to passers-by. Cf. Shadwell's comedy *The Scourers*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1690 (4to, 1691).
- p. 189. *Bilkt*. Tricked; cheated. A very common term.
- p. 191. *Choak-Bayle*. An action raising so great an issue as to prevent the possibility of bail being offered. Cf. *The Magnetic Lady*, acted in 1632; V. 3:
Arrest him on an action of Choke-bail.
- p. 191. *Durante beneplacito*. During pleasure.

Letters

- p. 200. *C*——s, the *D*——s, the *W*——s. The Cromwells, the Drydens, the Walshs.
- p. 200. *Ch*——. Thomas Cheek, whose "midnight Jests" are mentioned in one of the letters in Abel Boyer's Collection.
- p. 201. *Rose*. This celebrated tavern stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and adjoined Drury Lane. There are innumerable references to it. Cf. *The Town-Rake*, a ballad by Motteux, sung by Pinketham in Mrs. Behn's posthumous *The Younger Brother*; or, *The Amorous Filt*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1696.

Then jogs to the *Play-house*, and chats with the Masks,
And thence to the *Rose*, when he takes his three Flasks.

Also Mrs. Behn's novel, *The Court of the King of Bantam*; "The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at the *Rose*, and parted till Seven the Night following." The greater portion of the *Rose* was demolished in 1776, when a new front was being built to the theatre.

- p. 202. *Bal*——. Balam.
- p. 202. *Moyle*. Walter Moyle (1672-1721), politician and scholar, was born at Bake, in S Germans, Cornwall. He was highly esteemed by the literary men of the day, and Dryden praised him for "learning and judgment above his age." He was an ardent Whig, and sat for Saltash, 1695-8. He died at Bake, 10 June, 1721.
- p. 202. *losing Loadam*. A very popular card game, at which, as in reversi, the loser won, the object being to gain no tricks. Cf. Cotgrave (1611): "*Coquim Pert qui gaigne perd*. A game at cards like our losing Lodam." Cf. *Love for Love*, I, where Valentine says: "For to converse with *Scandal* is to play at *Losing Loadum*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for your self." Also *The Epistle to the Duke*:

Honour's a kind of losing loadam Game,
Whereby who loses Life, gets more of Fame,
And never dies in his Eternal Name.

- p. 202. *Wh*. Probably Dr. Henry Wharton (1664-1695), chaplain to Archbishop Sancroft, and the author of many learned works, the best known, perhaps, of which is *Anglia Sacra* (the lives of Archbishops and Bishops in England until 1540). 2 vols. 1691. He was at one time engaged in a controversy, which attracted considerable attention, with Robert Wolsely, the wit and well-known champion of Rochester.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 205. *Dr. Radcliff.* John Radcliffe, the famous physician, born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, 1650; died 1 November, 1714. In 1686 he was appointed medical attendant to Princess Anne of Denmark, and he was constantly consulted by royalty and the nobility. He acquired a large fortune, and the Radcliffe buildings at Oxford immortalize his munificence.
- p. 205. *Mr. Englefield.* Mr. Anthony Englefield of Whiteknights, near Reading, a Catholic, and a man of much taste, well acquainted with polite literature. His daughter married Lister Blount of Mapledurham, and was the mother of Teresa and Martha Blount. "My grandfather, Englefield," Martha Blount told Spence, "was a great lover of poetry and poets. He was acquainted with Mr. Pope, and admired him highly. It was at his house that I first used to see Mr. Pope." This, she said, was after the *Essay upon Criticism* was published, and the meeting must, therefore, have been between May, 1711, when the *Essay* appeared, and January, 1712, when her grandfather died.
- p. 206. *Binfield.* Near Wokingham, in Berkshire, a straggling parish of about five miles in length. Here Pope's father had bought a house and twenty acres of land, where the family settled in 1700. See Pope's rhyming epistle to Cromwell, dated 12 or 13 July, 1707, which first appeared in the poetical part of Curll's *Miscellanea*, 1726, and was reprinted in 1735 in the second volume of *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence* :

Sooner shall *Rowe* lampoon the UNION,
Tydcombe take Oaths on the Communion;
The *Granvilles* write their name plain *Greenfield*,
Nay, Mr. *Wycherley* see *Binfield*.

Wycherley was devoted to a town life, and would not make excursions into the country. "But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest. He continued, as you told me long since he would, an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fine weather," writes Pope to Henry Cromwell, 1 November, 1708.

- p. 206. *Epsham.* Epsom.
- p. 208. *new Inspir'd Prophets.* The French Prophets appeared in England about 1706. They were a variety of the Camisards, who foretold the speedy establishment of the Messianic kingdom. They were much given to trances and ecstatic inspiration. Indeed they had formed a regular school for prophets, in which many young women, whom they debauched, were pupils. The Prophets make a great noise for the time being, but their fanaticism and wild claims soon destroyed their credit. One accident, which proved fatal to their credit, was the failure to occur of the foretold resurrection of a deceased brother who was issue quick from his grave on 25 May, 1707.

The Camisards (probably from *camise*, a black blouse worn as a uniform) were a sect of French fanatics who terrorized Dauphiné, Vivarais, and chiefly the Cévennes in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Their origin was largely due to the Albigensian spirit, which had not been wholly stamped out in that district, and which was fanned to flame by

the apocalyptic preaching and disordered pamphlets of the French Calvinists, such as Jurieu's *Accomplissement des prophéties*. Pope Clement XI precisely styled the Camisards "that execrable race of ancient Albigenses." Du Serre, a rank old Calvinist of Dieulefit in Dauphiné, became suddenly "inspired," and his religious hysteria spread far and wide. In 1702 the saintly Abbé de Chaila was foully murdered by these dangerous bigots, who seized arms and formed themselves into offensive bands under such ruffians as Séguier, Laporte, Castanet, Ravenel, and Cavalier. Louis XIV sent troops to subdue them, but the Catholic leaders do not seem to have appreciated the seriousness of the position, and a desultory guerilla warfare dragged on for some years. Cavalier escaped to England, whence he returned in 1709, and attempted to rekindle a revolt in Vivarais. On 8 March, 1715, by a proclamation and medals, Louis XIV announced that the stubborn sect was at last entirely extinct.

Fléchier, *Récit fidèle* in *Lettres choisies*, Lyons, 1715, and Brueys, *Histoire du fanatisme de notre temps*, Montpellier, 1713, inform us that there was a school of prophets, where Du Serre gave a systematized training, chiefly to young recruits. The prophetic inspiration, of which there were four degrees, *avertissement*, *souffle*, *prophéties*, *dons*, was communicated by ceremonial insufflation; the candidates having prepared themselves by severe macerations, having memorized long Biblical texts and imprecatory formulae, learned to perform the most hideous contortions, and generally having worked themselves up into a kind of fit or hysterical trance.

A number of these prophets fled to England and attempted to propagate their "mystical phalanx" in London, publishing there in 1707 a mass of frantic Camisard writings such as *Le théâtre sacré des Cévennes*, and *A Cry from the Desert* with a preface from the pen of the enthusiast Lacy, which was immediately answered by the Rev. George Keith, rector of Edburton, in *The Magick of Quakarism, or The Chief Mysteries of Quakarism laid open*. Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV*, xxxvi, relates that one of the leading refugees, Elie Marion, became so unpopular on account of his *avertissements prophétiques* and false miracles, that he was expelled from the country as a common nuisance. Swift, *Predictions for the Year*, 1708, has: "June. This month will be distinguished at home, by the utter dispersing of those ridiculous deluded enthusiasts, commonly called the prophets."

There is an excellent comedy by D'Urfey, *The Modern Prophets; or, New Wit for a Husband*, produced at Drury Lane, 5 May, 1709, which smartly satirizes this crazy movement. The play had been composed for production in the autumn of 1708, but had to be postponed owing to the closing of the theatres on account of the death of the Prince-Consort, 28 October, 1708. In the preface, addressed to Sir William Scawen, D'Urfey says of his piece: "The not timing its coming on the Stage, which was occasion'd by the late unhappy Mourning, and other Accidents, the Jest growing quite stale by the Dispersing and Absence of the Enthusiastick Impostors, was a great hindrance to the Run of the Play,

EXPLANATORY NOTES

which otherwise had it been acted when their Tryal was, or when the most impudent Affirmation of the Doctor's Resurrection was found to be so nauseous a Lye, might probably have lasted many Days longer. . . My intention in writing this Comedy was very serious and moral, and grounded in a Resolution, encourag'd by some, both wise and learned Persons, which was to expose the ridiculous Attempt of some Impostors, to set up for true Prophets, undermine reveal'd Religion, and covertly allure the Mob." Amongst the Dramatis Personae we have "*Father Marrogn*, A Knavish French Camizar and Priest," acted by Bowen, who is intended for Elie Marion.

One of the incidents in the play concerns the expected resurrection of Dr. Guaiacum, who has been dead six months. *The Tatler* particularly praises the acting of Mrs. Bicknell as Betty Plotwell, "A witty good-natur'd Girl . . . she is let into the secret Roguery of the sham Prophets by *Marrogn*, who designs to debauch her, pretending Inspiration, at last . . . gets . . . her Lover for her Husband." "Prophetical Agitators" are also amongst D'Urfey's characters.

- p. 208. *Tom Cheek*. Jacob tells us that this gentleman was descended from the famous Hellenistic scholar of the reign of Edward VI; that he had a good deal of ready wit, and was an excellent companion. Cheek was a minor poet of some repute in his day, and is said to have assisted Garth in writing *The Dispensary*, before which poem he has a copy of verses. Other of his poems may be found in Gildon's *Miscellany*, 1692; in *Chones Poetarum*, 1694, and elsewhere. His lines *Upon a Gentleman breaking a China Bowl at a Wedding* are given in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Part III, 1698, an excessively rare volume which does not belong to the "State Poems" series. Cheek also had some hand in altering and bringing on the stage Suckling's *The Goblins*. He would, moreover, often bestow a song as a garnish to a play, such as "*Corinna, I excuse thy face*," sung in Act V of *The Wives Excuse*; or, *Cuckolds make Themselves*; and "*Bright Cynthia's pow'r divinely great*," which was set by Courteville, and sung by Leveridge in Act II of *Oroonoko*.

In a pamphlet, *Characters of the Times*, 1728, it is stated that before Addison generously took notice of Pope, the little bard had "no Patrons but Mr. *Cheek* and Mr. *Cromwell*."

Pope took over this little couplet by Wycherley, and expanding it, concludes a letter to Henry Cromwell, 25 April, 1708, with:

To *Baker* first my Service, pray;
To *Tydecomb* eke
And Mr. *Cheek*;
Last to *yourself* my best Respects I pay,
And so remain, for ever and for ay.

- p. 209. *Ready*. Cf. "An Explanation of the Cant," prefixed to Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia* (4to, 1688): "*Cole, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready Money.*"

- p. 210. *Head-ach*. Pope's violent headaches were congenital, inherited from his mother, Edith Pope.

LETTERS

- p. 211. *Titcombe*. A Catholic gentleman, an intimate friend of Wycherley, and a leading member of the literary society at Will's Coffee-house. He is very frequently alluded to in Pope's correspondence, and, glancing at his irregularities, in a letter to Cromwell, 29 August, 1709, the poet says: "I would as soon write like D'Urfey, as live like Tydcomb, whose beastly laughable life is . . . at once nasty and diverting."
- p. 211. *Prince's departure*. Prince George of Denmark died 28 October, 1708.
- p. 211. *S^r W^m Trumbold*. Sir William Trumbull of Easthampstead Park, Binfield. Having served his country in various high diplomatic capacities in Tangier, Florence, Turin, Paris and Constantinople—King James II appointed him Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte—and having been made by William III a Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State, he resigned all public offices in 1697, when he came to pass the rest of his life in scholarly retirement at Easthampstead. He had been a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and patronized Pope, whose genius he recognized from the first. The first *Pastoral* is inscribed to Trumbull with an address, which, however, is not found in the original manuscript. Trumbull died in December, 1716, at the age of seventy-seven years.
- p. 213. *the Miscellany*. *Poetical Miscellanies; The Sixth Part* . . . London, Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1709. Published 2 May. Three pieces by Pope are here first printed: pp. 177–224. *January and May*; Or, The Merchant's Tale: From Chaucer. pp. 301–23. *The Episode of Sarpedon*, Translated from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books of Homer's *Iliads*. pp. 721–51. *Pastorals*. By Mr. Alexander Pope. [2 lines Latin. Vergil.] London, Printed in the Year 1709.
- p. 213. *Painters' Tavern*. The Three Cranes in the Vintry, situated in Upper Thames Street. "This lane was of old time to wit the 9 Richard the 2 called the 'painted Taverne lane' of the Taverne being painted."
- p. 213. *Mr. Balam*. Mr. Balam, well known in the literary society of the day, was a particular friend of Henry Cromwell, in writing to whom Pope thrice sends his service to this gentleman and desires his company. It was either the wife or daughter of Mr. Balam, who is celebrated by Cromwell in his graceful lines on Venus at Bath, in which he poetically supposes the goddess to assume in turns the fairest fascination of the beauties who frequented that place.

She talks a *Worsley*, raffles a *Fingall*,
She's *Balam* in the bath, and *Greville* at the ball.

- p. 214. *the Tatler*. The first Number is dated Tuesday, 12 April, 1709.
- p. 217. *the wise Recorder of London*. The Recorder of London from 1683 to 1686 was Sir Thomas Jenner, who was reputed to be a feeble and lack-wit creature. In the trial for high treason of Thomas Rosewell, a dissenting minister, before Lord Jeffreys on 18 November, 1684, it came out that the fanatic in a ranting sermon had said "'twere a fine sight to see fools in scarlet gowns" for "he had heard the Recorder was to be made a judge." "He hears strange stories, it seems," Jeffreys remarked to Jenner, a Crown counsel, "What do you make of this, brother Jenner?" But

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Jenner remained silent. Under James II Sir Thomas Jenner was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer.
- p. 218. *Very fine, . . . by Gad.* The phrases of Bayes in *The Rehearsal*.
- p. 220. *Mr. Betterton.* On Thursday, 13 April, 1710, at the Haymarket, Betterton acted for his benefit Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*. He was, however, suddenly seized with gout, and although by violent remedies he so far recovered as to be able to sustain his part, and to play indeed with such fire and spirit as to rouse more than usual enthusiasm in the thronging house, the consequence of tampering with the disease was that the gout flew into his head, and he died 28 April, being buried on 2 May in Westminster Abbey, in the east cloister, at the south end.
- p. 222. *overcharges and depresses him.* The same comparison occurs in Pope's letter to John Caryll, 31 July, 1710.
- p. 222. *green Essays.* The *Pastorals*, published in Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies*, VI, 1709.
- p. 222. *Smoak of Friendship.* This sentiment appears again in Pope's letter to Caryll, 31 July, 1710. The poet is known to have concocted letters out of his correspondence with Caryll, and these he published as if they had been addressed to more noted men. No doubt he kept a commonplace book, whence he took occasional sentiments which he repeated to different persons.
- p. 223. *yours of the Fifth.* This is not published.
- p. 223. *Sir Bernard Gascoign.* 1614-87, a military adventurer and diplomatist, whose real name was Bernardo Guasconi. Coming to England at the outbreak of the rebellion, he took up arms under Charles I. In 1650 he was at his birthplace, Florence, but he returned to England at the Restoration. He was high in favour at court until his death, 10 January, 1686-7.
- p. 226. *the satisfaction of their Spectators.* Bowles suggests that Wycherley may refer to Lord Keeper Wright, who was dismissed from office a little time before Parliament met, and "who had fallen," says Burnet, "under a high contempt with all sides, even the Tories, though he was wholly theirs, despising him."
- p. 226. *the two other Play-houses.* After a poor season, which ended in June, 1705, Vanbrugh reopened the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, on 30 October with his excellent new comedy *The Confederacy*, the chief rôles being sustained by Dogget (Moneytrap), Booth (Dick), Pack (Brass), Mrs. Barry (Clarissa), Mrs. Porter (Araminta), and Mrs. Bracegirdle (Flip-panta). At Drury Lane the manager was Christopher Rich, who had been approached on behalf of Vanbrugh regarding a Union—a proposal strongly supported by the Lord Chamberlain—as early as July, 1705. Rich, however, entirely declined. In *The Post-Boy Rob'd of his Mail*, p. 342, some particulars of these negotiations are recorded. See also Cibber's *Apology*, IX, for a full account of the proceedings.
- p. 228. *one of his Successors.* Wycherley himself.
- p. 234. *the first of May.* The third of Pope's *Pastorals* was addressed to Wycherley.
- p. 236. *Strada.* Famiano Strada, s.j., the famous Italian historian. He was born

LETTERS

at Rome, 1572, and he died there September 6, 1649. A scholar of exceptional brilliance, perhaps his best known work is *De bello belgico decades II*, first published at Rome 1632-47, 2 vols., folio.

The passage quoted by Wycherley is from a critical study of great acumen and distinction *Prolusiones Academicæ*. In the Rome edition, 1617, it will be found on pp. 391-392, where it occurs in Lib. III, *Praelectio prima, Momus siue Satyra Varroniana Poesi Poetisque cognoscendio accomodata*. The following is described in the margin as *Querela Typographorum*. SOCIETAS Typographorum Senatui Populoque Poetarum S.D. CRESCIT in dies magis magisque numerus eorum, qui nostra opera in uoluminibus edendis abutuntur. Id uitio potissimum fit uestri generis hominum, qui QUAE noctu somniant, haec mane lucem uidere illico gestiunt, occasionemq. Iliadum & Aeneidum undique uenantur. Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut praeliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est (nam etiam mortuo isti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protrepica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soteria, Paraenetica, Naenias, nugas. Nulla est intemperantior hominum natio, nullum aduersum nos contumacior: si quid in uersu, quod non rarenter accidit, illis excidit, continuo in nos, pro ea quam sibi sumunt mentiendi licentia confertur abunde culpa. Malum serpit quotidie latius: nos onere opprimimur. . . . The Petition ends: Haec pauca de multis uobis indicare uisum est. Uos ordinis uestri bono ac famae consulite, nobis tantum oneris detrahitte, ac Ualete.

It will be seen that this text differs but very slightly from that quoted by Wycherley. He may have drawn upon another edition, or it is possible that he unwittingly altered a word here and there as he transcribed the passage.

- p. 236. *Si ultra*. Vergil. *Bucolica*. Ecloga VII, 27-8.
- p. 236. *Falstaffe*. 1 *Henry IV*, v. 3.
- p. 236. *Jacob*. Tonson.
- p. 237. *as Dennis did mine*. "Familiar Letters on several occasions: written by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Congreve, Mr. —, and Mr. Dennis; with some passionate Love letters, and a translation of *Voiture's* by Mr. Dryden and Mr. Dennis." Price 2s. 6d. Printed for S. Briscoe, at the corner of Charles Street, Covent garden, and sold at the Leg and Star in Cornhill. 1696. (*Term Catalogues*. Hilary. February, 1696.)
- p. 238. *his Example*. Sir William had married in Scotland, in October, 1706, his second wife, Judith (*d.* 1724), second daughter of Henry Alexander, fourth Earl of Stirling. He was then in his sixty-seventh year.
- p. 238. *C—s*. Cromwells. *T—s*. Tydcombs.
- p. 239. *Newgate*. "This is a well-known matter of fact. The prisoners, before their trial, try each other in Newgate, and by that means judge whether they are likely to be acquitted or condemned." Bowles.
- p. 239. *Welch Harp*. Because he was born in Shropshire near the Welsh border.
- p. 240. *crowded Opera's*. Italian opera was enormously successful in London at

EXPLANATORY NOTES

this time, these exotic performances being thronged by persons of quality and fashion. Marc Antonio Bononcini's *Camilla*, the Italian libretto of which from the pen of Silvio Stampiglia, was translated by Owen McSwiney, had been given at Drury Lane, 30 March, 1706, and proved a long-enduring triumph. In this production appeared the celebrated Signor Valentini (Valentini Urbani), a male soprano. The following lines from the epilogue to *The Temple of Love*, a pastoral by Motteux, performed at the Haymarket, 7 March, 1706, seem anticipatory satire:

Get some fam'd Opera, any how translated,
No matter, so that t'other House don't get it.
Get clothes, tho' th' Actors with half-pay dispense;
Get whims, get anything . . . but Sense.

A visit to England of the famous Cavaliere Nicolino Grimaldi, professionally known as Nicolini, a Neapolitan castrato of superb voice, added fuel to the operatic flames. Nicolini made his English début on 14 December, 1708, when McSwiney reopened the Haymarket with his own version of *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, translated from the "book" of Adriano Morselli, and sung, partly in Italian and partly in English, to the combined scores of Alessandro Scarlatti and Nicolo Francesco Haym. *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* proved an overwhelming success. Later the evergreen *Camilla* was revived, and before the end of the season, 20 May, 1709, another new opera, *Clotilda*, was given with great applause.

In January, 1710, at the Haymarket, Bononcini's *Almahide* was sung entirely in Italian by Nicolini, Valentini, Cassani, Margherita de l'Epine, and Signora Isabella (Isabella Girardeau). 23 May a gorgeous production of Francesco Mancini's *Hydaspes* (*L'Idaspe Fedele*), a romantic Oriental opera, enchanted the Town. Niccolini took the part of Hydaspes, who is thrown naked to a lion, and, after expostulation in the minor key, overcomes the majestic stage-brute by the musical value of the major. See Addison's satirical paper, *The Spectator*, 13, for Thursday, 15 March, 1711; and also his more general pasquil on the opera, *Spectator*, 5, for Tuesday, 6 March.

p. 240. *Eris mihi magnus Apollo*. Vergil. *Bucolica*. Eclogue III, 104.

p. 243. *Inspir'd with high and mighty Ale*. Shadwell was notorious for his deep potations, which perhaps he partially affected in imitation of his idol, Ben Jonson. Dryden did not forget this in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II, 459-61:

Og from a Treason Tavern rowling home,
Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry chink,
Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link.

In a letter, August, 1678, written by Nell Gwyn to Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Earl of Clarendon, occurs the following: "My lord of Dorset apiers wonse in thre munths, for he drinkes aile with Shadwell and Mr. Haris at the Dukes house all day long."

p. 243. *Hall yclepped Chaderton*. Chadderton (Salford Hundred) is a parish now
(317)

LETTERS

1-2½ miles west from Oldham Market Place, Lancashire. Chadderton Hall was granted *circa* 1260 by Richard de Trafford to his younger son Geoffrey, who forthwith adopted the local surname. At the time that Shadwell was a guest there the house belonged to Edmund Ashton, a gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York and lieutenant-colonel in the Horse Guards. Born in 1647, he was living later than 1684. The ultimate heir of the Chadderton estates was Edmund Ashton's youngest brother, William (born *circa* 1649), who sold the family inheritance to Joshua Horton of Saverly, Yorkshire. Chadderton Hall is now a brick-built eighteenth-century house, of which an illustration may be found in the *Victoria County History of Lancaster*, Vol. V, p. 118. Of the appearance of the old Hall nothing is known. It was probably rebuilt towards the middle of the eighteenth century by Sir William Horton.

- p. 244. *Supernaculum*. A word used in reference to the practice of turning up the emptied glass or cup on one's left thumb nail to show that the draught has been drained to the last drop. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8 (4to, 1680), I: "He drank thy Health five times, *supernaculum*, to my Son *Brain-sick*." Also Cotton, *Scarronides*, I (1664):

With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No Drops beside her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had sup'd it all in:
Then turning't Topsey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

- p. 244. *Levite*. A clergyman. The word is used in a somewhat jocular or even disparaging sense. Cf. *The Old Batchelour*, IV, where Barnaby suggests to his master, "I could have brought young Mr. *Prig*, to have kept my Mistress Company in the mean time," and Fondlewife rebukes him with, "I say let him not come near my Doors. I say he is a wanton young Levite and pampereth himself up with Dainties, that he may look lovely in the Eyes of Women." In reference to *Judges* xvii, 12, "Levite" often particularly denoted a domestic chaplain.
- p. 244. *Ned, or Fleckno*. The Hon. Edward Howard was the fifth son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, K.G. He was baptized at S. Martin's-in-the-Field, 2 November, 1624. At the Restoration, like several of his brothers, he turned his thoughts to literature, and produced some half a dozen plays with other works. *The Usurper*, a tragedy which was produced at the Theatre Royal in December, 1662 (4to, 1668), is largely a satire upon Cromwell and the rebels. *The Women's Conquest*, produced at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in the winter of 1670 (4to, 1671), is a somewhat dull and certainly disappointing tragi-comedy. *The Six days Adventure, or the New Utopia*, which was given at the same house in the following spring (4to, 1671), is perhaps the best of Howard's extant plays, and has, I think, distinct merit. On the other hand *The*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Man of Newmarket, acted at the Theatre Royal in the spring of 1678 (4to, 1678), is solely interesting on account of the scenes in which jockeys, trainers, and racers appear, as giving us a glimpse of a Restoration race-meeting. *The London Gentleman*, entered in the Stationer's Register, 7 August, 1667, has not come down to us. On 15 April, 1667, Pepys went "to the King's house by chance, where a new play . . . called *The Change of Crowns*: A play of Ned Howard's, the best that ever I saw at that house being a great play and a serious. . . . The play took very much." But some of the scenes exposed the courtiers' venality too plainly, and considerable trouble ensued. Unfortunately *The Change of Crowns* has never been printed.

Other of Howard's works include *The British Princes* (1669), an heroic poem which called down a shower of ridicule on his head, and *Caroliades; a heroic poem* (1689). He also prefixed commendatory verses to Mrs. Behn's *Poems* (1685), and to Dryden's *Virgil* (1697). The wits were never weary of laughing at Ned Howard, and he is often assailed in very rough and unjust terms, being openly acclaimed the meanest of poetsasters. Thus Dorset's lines "On Mr. *Edward Howard*" commences:

Thou damn'd *Antipodes* to common Sence,
Thou Foyle to *Fleckno*, prethee tell me whence
Do's all this mighty Mass of Dullness spring,
Which in such loads thou to the Stage dost bring?

Shadwell satirized Edward Howard in *The Sullen Lovers*, produced at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Saturday, 2 May, 1668 (4to, 1668), as Ninny, a conceited poet.

Richard Flecknoe, who died in 1676-7, is said to have been an Irishman and a Catholic priest. Marvell has a bitter pasquil, "*Flecnoe*, an English Priest at Rome." "This gentleman," says Langbaine, "liv'd in the Reigns of King *Charles* the First and Second; and was as Famous as any in his Age, for indifferent Metre . . . whatever become of his own Pieces, his Name will continue whilst Mr. *Dryden's* Satyr call'd *Mack Flecknoe*, shall remain in Vogue." It is to be feared that Flecknoe will always be remembered as

without Dispute,
Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.

But the great poet, of course, exaggerates. Flecknoe's productions are numerous, but he has his quota of good things, especially an interesting "Discourse of the *English Stage*" appended to *Love's Dominion* (12mo, 1654).

- p. 244. *Stum*, *Alom* and *Sloes*, *Moloffus*, *Arfnick*. Stumed wine, or stum, is dead and insipid wine invigorated by mixing new wine with it, and so raising a fresh fermentation. Cf. Slang (still in common use) "stumer," a generic name for anything worthless, especially a worthless cheque. Cf. also the Epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Barry) to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*,

LETTERS

produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682, when she greets the fops of the pit with

You everlasting Grievance of the Boxes,
You wither'd Ruins of stum'd Wine and Poxes.

Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, produced at Drury Lane, January, 1671-2, II, where Goldingham says to Squeeze: "While the young People are together we'll drink a Cup; I would send for a Pint of White-wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molosses, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allum, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine—but I'll send for a Cup of wholsom Ale for you."

Absalom and Achitophel, II (1682), has the following line (481) addressed to Shadwell:

Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink.

- p. 244. *Hockum*. From Hockheim on the Main, where Hockheimer (hock) is chiefly vintaged. The commoner form was "Hockamore." Cf. Sedley's *Bellamira*; or, *The Mistress*, produced at Drury Lane, May, 1687 (4to, 1687), II, 1, when Lionel is rapturously talking of Isabella, and Merryman asks "Her Age?" "Seventeen," replies Lionel. "I have drunk excellent *Hockamore* of that Age," reflects Merryman, to be violently interrupted by Lionel's "Damn thy dull *Hockamore*!"
- p. 244. *Harry Groat*. Hewit's *Treatise on Coins* tells us: "The groats coined in the reign of Henry the Eighth are the old Harry groat, which bears the head of the King with a long face and long hair; the gun-hole groat; the first and second gun-stone groat. . . ." Cf. *A Vindication of the 'Naked Truth,'* by Edmund Hickeringill (folio, 1681): "In Henry the Eighth's time (when a Harry-groat was the Chiefest Silver Coyne)." In Shackerley Marmion's *The Antiquary*, II, we have: "A piece of antiquity, sir; 'tis English coin; and if you will needs know, 'tis an old Harry groat."
- p. 244. *Nappy*. Having a head; foaming; strong. A term used chiefly of ale. The word is old and very frequent. Cf. Skelton's *The Tunninge of Eleanor Rummyng* (circa 1529):

She breweth nappy ale,
and
This ale, sayde she, is nappy.

Also *A Loyal Garland* (1686):

Let . . . nappy Ale be ever free
To strangers that do come and go.

- "Nappy" is now used in the Lancashire dialect for drunken, intoxicated.
- p. 244. *Su Willis*. A notorious cyprian of the day. See *Poems on Affairs of State, The Town-Life*, I, 1, p. 192:

EXPLANATORY NOTES

What's here which in the Box's front I see!
Deform'd old Age, Diseases, Infamy!
Warwick, North, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
And that Epitome of Leudness, *Ellys*.

Also *The Wits Paraphrased* (1680), p. 18:

As true a Wench as e'er was *Willis*.

- p. 244. *vail your Bonnet*. i.e. Take off your hat.
- p. 245. *dust a Stand*. To toss off liquor; to tipple merrily. A favourite phrase with Shadwell. Cf. *Epsom Wells*, produced at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1672 (4to, 1673), "*Clodpate* is to dust his stand of ale, and he must be bubbled."
- p. 245. *St. James's Duck*. One of the favourite pastimes of Charles II was to saunter in St. James's Park and feed the ducks. Colley Cibber in his *Apology* (1739), c. 11, says of this king, "Even his indolent Amusement of playing with his Dogs and feeding his Ducks in St. *James's Park* (which I have seen him do) made the common People adore him."
- p. 246. *Shipen*. Shippen, a cow-house, or cattle-shed. The word is still in use, but more generally in country dialects.
- p. 246. *Inkle*. A kind of stout linen tape used for various purposes. It was often woven at home and of no very fine quality. Cf. *The Scornful Lady*, V, where Savil says:

My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave Inkle.

Also *The Rover*, produced at the Duke's Theatre in 1677, I, 5, where Hellena jestingly says to Willmore: "Can you teach me to weave Inkle to pass my time with?"

- p. 246. *Mompelier*. Montpellier was a famous and fashionable health-resort owing to the School of Medicine established there, one of the most eminent in Europe, which owes its origin to the Moorish physicians expelled from Spain in 1186 and welcomed by the Lords of Montpellier. The scene of Southerne's brilliant comedy *Sir Anthony Love; or, The Rambling Lady*, produced at Drury Lane in the late winter of 1690 (4to, 1691), is laid at Montpellier. Cf. Madame D'Aulnoy's *Finette Cendron*; "Le prince Chéri . . . devenoit maigre et changé, jaune comme un coing, triste, abbatu. . . . L'on envoya querir des médecins par-tout, même jusqu'à Paris et à Montpellier."
- p. 247. *a well-bred Thing*. Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth (1649-1734). She first visited England in the train of Henrietta of Orleans, May, 1670. The Treaty of Dover was signed 22 May, and on 30 June following Madame died after a sudden violent illness of a few hours' duration. Louis XIV dispatched the Marshal de Bellefonds to present the French official condolences to Charles upon the death of his dearly loved sister. After a short time Louise de Kerouaille returned to England and was warmly welcomed by the amorous King. 4 November, 1670, Evelyn notes: "I now also saw that famous beauty, but in my opinion

LETTERS

of a childish, simple, and baby face, Mademoiselle Querouaille, lately Maid of Honour to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen." 31 March, 1671, Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, died, an acknowledged Catholic. In the following October Lady Arlington was entertaining at Euston a large party of nobles and ladies of the court, amongst whom was the new favourite. Charles, who was at Newmarket, frequently visited Euston and often slept there. One evening Louise at last yielded to the King's passion, and persistent gossip, which Evelyn, however, categorically denies, openly alleged that a mock marriage had taken place, with the stocking flung, and all the merry old-time ceremonies strictly observed.

These allusions help us to date the letter, which was probably written in the summer of 1671.

- p. 249. *Fucus*. In the glossary prefixed to the second volume of his translation of Pliny (1601), Philemon Holland defines: "*Fukes*, paintings, to beautifie the face in outward appearance. They are called at this day complexions, whereas they bee cleane contrarie: for the complexion is naturall, and these altogethether artificiall." The composition of a *fucus* is described in *Cynthia's Revels*, V, 2, where Amorphus asks: "Can you help my complexion here?" and the Perfumer replies: "O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose." "Stay," says Amorphus, "what are the ingredients to your fucus?" "Nought but sublimate and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced."
- p. 249. *lurking Bot*. A bot-fly is any fly of the genus *Cæstrus*, especially tormenting to horses. So in *The Taming of the Shrew* Petruchio's steed is "begnawn with the bots."
- p. 249. *Splotch*. A favourite form with Wycherley. It is the same word as Splotch, and of obscure origin, probably being merely imitative. Cf. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, V, where Don Diego bawls out: "Thou spot, splotch of my Family and Blood."
- p. 250. *Spaniels*. Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, 4 February, 1685, of Charles II: "He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie in his bed-chamber." Rochester in his lampoon *The History of Insipids* (1676) pertly wrote:

His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

- p. 251. *By Prickear'd Busie, Lafy is reviv'd*. Busy became a generic name for puritans, and particularly for puritan ministers, from Jonson's overwhelming satire of Zeal-Of-The-Land Busy, a Banbury man, in *Bartholomew Fayre*, originally produced at the Hope Theatre, Bankside, 31 October, 1614. John Lacy, the famous comedian, died on Saturday, 17 September, 1681. He was especially applauded for his inimitable acting in the rôles of fanatics, Ananias in *The Alchemist*, and above all Semple, which he created in Wilson's *The Cheats*, produced at the Theatre Royal in Vere Street, March, 1662-3. There is, indeed, a character portrait of him in this part by Michael Wright, which now hangs at Hampton Court.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The painter has depicted the actor in three dresses upon one canvas; as Scruple, as Teague in *The Committee*, and as Galliard in the Duke of Newcastle's *The Variety*.

- p. 257. *Tom Coriat, or great Mandavil*. The result of Coryat's wanderings he gave to the world in his famous *Coryate's Crudities hastily gobbled up in five months' travel* (1611). Sir John Mandeville and his travels have passed into a very proverb.
- p. 258. *Padders*. A padder is a common term for a highwayman or thief. The substantive "*pad*" = a path or highway. Bailey (1730-6) has: 'to Pad . . . to rob on the road on foot.' Cf. Ford's *The Ladies Triall*, 4to, 1639, V, 1:

A soldier! thou a soldier! . . .

A villainous poor banditti rather; one

Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket,

Pad for a cloak or hat, and in the dark

Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.

And also Cotton Mather's *Discourse on Witchcraft* (1689), VII: "As if you or I should say: We never met with any Robbers on the road, therefore there never was any Padding there."

- p. 263. *To the Duke, Written in his Absence*. In 1679 James at the request of Charles II withdrew to The Hague, whence he visited Brussels. During his absence the treasonable (First) Exclusion Bill was impudently introduced. Upon the king's illness, however, James was recalled, afterwards being sent to Scotland as High Commissioner, 1679. He returned in 1680, but only a few months elapsed before he was again forced to retire, when another illegal Exclusion Bill was passed by the Commons, who in spite of its rejection in the Lords, seditiously maintained their disloyal measures. Owing largely to the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth, James was able to return to London (1682), and being presently readmitted to the Council, in a short time happily regained his full powers.
- p. 267. *losing loadam Game*. A favourite reference with Wycherley. Losing Loadam was a very popular card game at which, as in reversi, the loser won, the object being to gain no tricks. Cf. Cotgrave (1611): "*Coquimbert qui gaigne pert*. A game at cards like our losing Lodam." Also *Love for Love*, I, where Valentine says: "For to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *Losing Loadam*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for your self."
- p. 270. *Curst be those Jewes*. It may be remembered that in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* (Part I, published in November, 1681), Jerusalem stands for London.

PR3771
.S8
v. 2

125973

ST. OLAF COLLEGE



3 0111 00056 4210